

Current Literature

A Magazine of Contemporary Thought

VOL. XXXVII, No. 4

"I have gathered me a posie of other men's flowers, and nothing but the thread that binds them is mine own."—Montaigne

OCTOBER, 1904

CHARLES B. SPAHR

BORN JULY 20, 1860

DIED AUGUST 30, 1904

It is the painful duty of his associates on *Current Literature* to announce the death of Dr. Charles B. Spahr on August 30, 1904. Dr. Spahr had been traveling abroad because of ill health caused by overwork. Rest and change of scene had benefited him, and the reports concerning his condition indicated that he was steadily gaining. Therefore, the report of his disappearance from a boat between Ostend and Dover came as a great shock to his relatives and friends who, under the circumstances, could accept only the theory of accident.

Dr. Spahr was born in Columbus, Ohio, July 20, 1860, and was graduated from Amherst College in the Class of 1881. His collegiate studies were followed by a post-graduate course at Leipsic, and later by a course in the Columbia University School of Political Science, from which he received the degree Ph.D. His active work, after a short period of teaching in Columbus, began with lectures in this school and with editorial work upon the *Commercial Advertiser* of New York. In 1886 he became a member of the editorial staff of *The Outlook*, being associated with Dr. Lyman Abbott and Mr. Hamilton W. Mabie. During this period he published several works on economic questions as especially related to industrial conditions, which made him widely known. At the beginning of the present year he became the editor of *Current Literature*, for which he hoped to win an increased reputation, not only as an authoritative literary periodical, but also as a force on questions of politics, sociology, and economics.

Hampered almost from the first by increasing ill health, and by the unfamiliar details of financial routine, he was not able for long personally to direct the magazine on the lines of his ambition, but the high purpose, the enthusiasm for lofty ideals, the sense of truth and justice in all debatable questions which he brought to bear upon his own work and that of his associates, must abide as an inspiration to them. With equal force the words of *The Outlook* upon his resignation from its staff may be applied to his attitude toward *Current Literature*: "He brought to the service of this journal and its readers an expert knowledge in the field of economics, practical ability in applying that knowledge to current events, an inspiring and catholic sympathy for his fellow-men, especially for the poor and oppressed, carefully considered convictions founded on a passionate devotion to the truth as he sees the truth, and the power of clear statement and effective marshaling of facts and figures in the interpretation and maintenance of these conditions."

Buoyant and joyous in temperament, affectionate in disposition, loyal in friendship, lofty in ideals, pure in thought and deed, he made strong personal appeal to those who knew him. Association with him was uplifting.

C u r r e n t ✱ H i s t o r y

The Disgrace of Georgia and Alabama

"Impatience of the restraints of law, as well as of its delays, is becoming more and more manifest from day to day. Within the last few years many instances have been brought to our attention where in different parts of our beloved country supposed criminals have been seized and punished by a mob, notwithstanding the fact that the constitution of each State guarantees to every person within its jurisdiction that his life, his liberty or his property shall not be taken from him without due process of law."

As though to emphasize the already sufficiently apparent need of this warning from Judge Parker (in his speech of acceptance), the regions most concerned—the South and the West—have furnished, since these words were spoken, startling illustrations of "impatience of the restraints of law." At Statesboro, Ga., on August 16th, two negroes who had been found guilty of the murder of a white family of five persons, and had been sentenced to be hung on September 9, were taken from the court-house by a mob which overpowered the civil authorities and the militia, and were burned at the stake. Again, at Huntsville, Ala., on September 7, a mob overpowered the militiamen and civil officers, and took from the jail and hung another negro, who had just been sentenced to death for a murder committed *only the day before*. In both cases, every effort had been made to bring the culprits to justice with the utmost possible dispatch, as a concession to public opinion and in the interests of justice. Nor can there be the slightest reasonable doubt that the sentences would have been carried out. At Statesboro the local militiamen had been summoned to protect the prisoners, and had been reinforced by a company from Savannah, under command of Capt. Robert M. Hitch, who, as ranking officer, took command of all the troops. It is declared now that the plot to lynch the negroes, whether they were found guilty or not, was formed, and was generally known on the first day of the trial—which lasted only two days—and on the morning of the lynching a local newspaper published

an announcement of this plan, under bold headlines which read: "Negroes Will Be Lynched As Soon As Tried and Convicted." Scarcely had the sentence been pronounced, when the mob which had gathered about the court-house made a rush for the militiamen who guarded the stairways leading up to the court-room. Only a few of the soldiers were supplied with ball cartridges, and this was soon discovered by the attackers. Not a shot was fired, and after a hand-to-hand struggle, in which the militiamen protected themselves with the butts rather than the bayonets of their rifles, the guards were swept aside.

The repeated lynchings of this character have certain psychological aspects which cannot escape thoughtful persons. There is much profound truth in these remarks of the Minneapolis Tribune:

There was only one motive for mob law. That is the horrible instinct that leads degenerate boys to inflict torture upon helpless animals. The act was pure, unredeemed savagery. A community capable of it has sunk lower in the human scale than Sixteenth century Iroquois or Nineteenth century Apaches. This human degeneration is the inevitable fruit of indulgence in lawless vengeance. It is inconceivably rapid, when once it starts. Lynching begins with child ravishers and ends with ordinary criminals. It begins with mercifully quick hanging and ends with the prolonged torture at the stake. It pleads weakness of law at first; at last it robs the gallows to feed the fire. If these communities cannot heal themselves, they will be healed at last by the sharper surgery of the nation. The ideas and principles that are involved in suppression of mob rule lie deeper than theories of the constitution or the sacredness of state rights. They would call federal interference to maintain local order despotism; but despotism is the last desperate cure for anarchy. Free men who cannot arrest reversion to anarchy must accept despotism and make the best of it.

In discussing this general question of responsibility for the Statesboro mob's act, the Atlanta Constitution says:

So far from winking at the mob or forming a part of it, it has been proven that the best citizens of Statesboro and vicinity labored for hours to try to dissuade the rioters from doing violence to the law. They harangued them and button-holed them to no avail and in their opposition only stopped short of interposing physical opposition. When the condemned prisoners were dragged off in the hands of the mob, nine-

tenths of the citizens of Statesboro, we dare say, felt outraged for the sake of the outraged law and disgraced for the sake of their community.

But since this expression was written, the Constitution has published a special dispatch from Savannah, which opens with this statement: "W. B. Moore, auditor of the Savannah and Statesboro railroad, says practically all of the people of Bulloch county approve of the recent lynching, except a few lawyers and preachers." And Mr. Moore is further quoted as saying that "the general opinion around Statesboro is that Captain Hitch, in ordering the military not to fire, acted wisely and bravely," that "the people not only indorse Captain Hitch, but would give him a sword if he would accept it," that "there were over 200 Winchesters in town, and pickets had been stationed in the second stories" and that "had a shot been fired his candid opinion is that not a live soldier would have been brought back to Savannah." But, the Constitution asks: Should the law and order citizen go further than moral suasion in attempting to thwart the lawless purpose of the mob? We do not believe the most radical enemies of lynch law will hold that a private citizen should interpose physical force to stay the guilty hand of the mob when that duty is an official one. The law failing to assert its majesty, the citizen can only bow his head in shame and return to his home to suffer the stigma placed on this community.

We are not quite so sure about that. On the contrary, we are disposed to believe that, if nine-tenths of the people of Statesboro, or any other town, knew that murder or arson was about to be committed by the other tenth, and saw that the civil or military powers could not or would not interfere, it would become the public duty of the nine-tenths to call a halt in no uncertain terms. Captain Hitch's official report, and the testimony taken by the court of inquiry appointed by Governor Terrell to investigate the conduct of the militia, leave little doubt that the military operations were at best very badly managed. According to the Constitution's report of one of the sessions of the board of inquiry, a lieutenant said: "When the crowd came out of the building again they had the negroes. We were in line again when Lieutenant McIntyre came running up with about forty men. He wanted to take the prisoners again. He made a speech to Captain Hitch and all the men cheered. Captain Hitch discouraged him, however, saying he did not approve the plan. That ended it." Captain Hitch admitted

that he took this stand, and that he did so because he thought the militiamen could not possibly overtake the mob. But if the conduct of Captain Hitch was open to criticism, that of the sheriff and his assistants was still more questionable. For it is openly charged that the sheriff pointed out to the mob the two negroes (although he denies this), and that he made no serious efforts to oppose the crowd. Captain Hitch declares that it was one of the sheriff's bailiffs who overpowered him, took his revolver away and hustled him out of the court-house. Furthermore, the sheriff and two of his deputies had the assurance to insist to the court of inquiry that they did not recognize a single person in the mob. The unwillingness of Captain Hitch to fire into the mob because it included "numerous peacemakers," innocent persons who almost certainly would have been injured, constitutes a queer commentary on his understanding of and attitude toward assemblages of that character. Where does Captain Hitch expect to find a mob which does not include an absolutely or relatively innocent element? It is right, of course, that such persons should be given due warning to get out of such company or take the consequences, and for the matter of that a good deal of the courage of any mob is drawn from the appreciation by its more lawless and bloodthirsty members, of the fact that they are more or less protected by the presence of persons who prefer to be law-abiding and peaceable. Altogether, there does not seem to be a single mitigating phase of this Statesboro affair; from the viewpoint of any clear-headed and law-respecting citizen it was an exhibition of utter contempt for law and public morals. Nor can we resist the conclusion that the lynching itself, with all its brutishness, was condoned at the time by the burden of the active public opinion of the community concerned. Furthermore, it is significant that the board of inquiry has recommended, and the governor has ordered, the court-martshaling of all except one of the militia officers concerned.

The affair at Huntsville, Ala., seems to have been only a shade less serious than that at Statesboro. To be sure, the sheriff and a few militiamen stood their ground, and refused to surrender the negro even when the mob, after having overpowered the guard around the jail, tried to smoke them

out by burning tar and feathers in the jail building. And it is said that this mixed civil and military guard within the jail did do some shooting. Furthermore, the negro, who attempted to escape by jumping from a window, was hung and then shot to death—at all events a less barbaric proceeding than was the burning at the stake in Statesboro. But in view of the almost unjustifiable alacrity with which the negro had been tried and condemned, the mob had even less excuse for impatience than in the Statesboro case. It is also to be noted that again the militiamen were overpowered, and that again we are told they were unprepared and were taken unawares. Incidentally, we wonder if either the Georgia or the Alabama militiamen would have been equally unprepared, and with the same results, had the mobs been composed entirely of *negroes* intent upon *rescuing* the condemned men. And an especially ugly phase of the Huntsville riot was the firing upon and the wounding of several of the militiamen by the mob. Altogether there would be little enough choice between the two communities for a citizen who believes in government by law.

The Greater Crimes in Colorado

Ominous as are these expressions of a race hatred which at times not only defies and tramples upon the law, but for the moment transforms men into wild beasts, the organized, continued and overt lawlessness in Colorado is even more disquieting. In its last analysis, race prejudice in the South doubtless is, to some extent at least, a heritage from the unmoralizing—if not demoralizing—effects of slavery. Furthermore it cannot be denied that there is a perceptible trace of righteous wrath in the frenzy of such a mob as was that at Statesboro, and in other similar assemblages which have wreaked inhuman forms of vengeance upon negro brutes guilty of the unspeakable crime. That there is no sufficient excuse for such acts, and that the members of the mobs who commit them sink for the time to a moral level lower than that of the wretch whose crime has maddened them, no thoughtful person can deny; but that there may be good reason for almost ungovernable fury must also be admitted. No similar excuses or explanations of their recent acts and announced attitudes can be offered by the Citizens' Alliances, the self-styled "law and order" elements in

Colorado. There the issue is explicitly stated, and it is simply and solely this: the Western Federation of Miners must and shall be obliterated, and all persons not willing to accept this ukase, and to aid in enforcing it, must get out of the State and stay out.

On August 20, a mob of a thousand non-union miners marched into Cripple Creek. Within the next few hours, about twenty men had been seized, forcibly conducted out of the town and threatened with death should they return. A former deputy attorney-general was held up at the point of a pistol, taken from the protection of a deputy sheriff, and driven out of town; the sheriff's office was besieged; the warden of the jail was held as a prisoner; a union store was looted and several business men were forced to withdraw from the bonds of union miners who were awaiting trial on various charges. Every one of these acts was committed in pursuance of the ukase already mentioned, *i. e.*, the Western Federation of Miners and all persons not openly hostile to it, must disappear from the State of Colorado. Such outbreaks as these—and there have been several of them during the past six months—are more lawless, more reprehensible and actually more threatening to the stability of our government than are lynchings in the Southern States—or elsewhere. In most of our States the law prescribes and enforces the penalty of death for murder. The mob which lynches a murderer commits a crime because it interferes with the operation of the law, and to that extent stultifies and impedes justice. In Colorado, the case is entirely different. There scores of men have been and are being deprived of their liberty and their property upon no charge whatever except that they are or are suspected of being members of the Western Federation of Miners, or that they are not willing to withhold from any man the protection offered every citizen by the law. It is not a crime in Colorado or in any other State to be a member of the Western Federation of Miners, or any other similar organization. It is a crime, a black and threatening crime, to deprive a man of his personal liberty or of his property without due process of law. This crime has been committed over and over again in Colorado by these Citizens' Alliances, acting on their own responsibility or co-operating with the militia under the command of the ruf

fianly Bell, adjutant-general of the State, whose reign of terror was upheld by Governor Peabody. Bell has been interviewed recently by Mr. Walter Wellman of the Chicago Record-Herald. "I went up there to wipe out the Western Federation and, by God, I wiped 'em out!" said Bell. And again, describing his attitude toward the habeas corpus proceedings: "I told 'em that wasn't any good—that what they needed was not habeas corpus, but post-mortems." And this, in description of his open defiance of the court:

I bluntly told Judge Seeds I was going to hold these men, and that was all there was to it. He talked a lot about the sacredness of the court and the need of everybody bowing to its decrees. "That's all very nice," says I, "but who is going to enforce your decrees?" "The sheriff," he says. "The sheriff has the power to call on all the able-bodied men in the county to help him." "They may be able-bodied when they start in," says I, "but they'll be disabled before they get through. You just tell the sheriff to come over. He knows where to find me. But you also tell him I've got the military law behind me, the soldiers, the guns and the ammunition, and that I'll shoot him and every d—d man that tries to take my prisoners away from me." The judge saw he was up against it and the sheriff didn't come over. Later on, I had another séance with this same Judge Seeds, and I says to him, "Now you just go butting in around here and interfering with military operations, and I'll throw you in and keep you there."

If there is a community, north or south of Mason and Dixon's line, which can produce a public official whose expressions reflect a degree of combined stupidity and brutality to be compared with these utterances of Bell, the fact has yet to be made known. That such a man should not only have been tolerated, but should have been officially upheld by the Governor of Colorado, and supported by the so-called "law and order" element of the mining regions, is a deeper disgrace to that State than is the act of vengeance of a mob of men infuriated by a foul murder or a crime more maddening than murder. For a consideration of the possible remedies, we refer our readers to the paragraph treating this subject in our "Current Discussion" department. Mr. Wellman himself appears to believe that President Roosevelt might well interest himself in the situation, at least to the extent that he did during the anthracite coal strike in Pennsylvania. "The importance of the questions involved," Mr. Wellman declares, "not only to Colorado, but to the entire country; not alone to capital, but to union labor,

justifies such an effort to ascertain the truth." And it will be indeed disheartening if a pretty emphatic protest against official and unofficial lawlessness is not registered next month at the polls in Colorado.

New York Motormen's Demands

New York City escaped last month a strike of the employees of the elevated railroad system which, had it been declared, would have entailed not only very great financial losses, but an incalculable amount of inconvenience for the traveling public. That all this should have been averted is a matter for general congratulation, but the manner of the city's deliverance and, more particularly, the merits of the now settled controversy, are worthy of serious consideration because of the influence each may have in the future. The strike was threatened as the result of the stand taken by the motormen on the elevated roads in the interests of the motormen who are to drive the trains in the city's new subway. These motormen of the elevated roads constitute chapters of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers and the Brotherhood of Locomotive Firemen, which chapters were organized several years ago, when locomotives were used on the elevated system. The locomotive engineers were paid \$3.50 for a day's work of nine hours, and this arrangement was continued when the elevated roads were equipped with electricity and motor cars were substituted for locomotives. The controversy of last month was the result of a demand from the brotherhoods of engineers and firemen (which comprise all of the motormen on the elevated roads), that the motormen for the subway trains should be paid at the same wages—\$3.50 for nine hours' work. The Interborough Rapid Transit Company, which has secured the right of operating trains in the subway, and which had leased the Manhattan Elevated Railway Company, thereby inheriting the old company's agreement with its engineers and firemen, declined to grant this demand. A statement given out by the Interborough Company was in part as follows:

The Interborough Company was aware that the contract provided for a higher rate of pay and for less hours than were being granted motormen anywhere in the United States. The former management of the Manhattan Railway explained their reasons for giving these exceptional rates of pay and hours of work as being on account of the long and faithful service of the

engineers. Preparatory to the opening of the subway, careful investigation was made as to the highest rate of wages for motormen, thoroughly equipped as such and thoroughly familiar with automatic cars; also the hours required for service for such motormen; and the rate of \$3 per day of ten hours was fixed as the salary for motormen in the subway, there being no higher rate of pay or shorter hours for similar service anywhere in the United States. All employees in the train service of the Manhattan Railway have been given to understand that preference would be shown them for positions in the train service in the subway. The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees, consisting of a large part of the train employees of the Manhattan Railway, other than motormen and firemen, had signified their willingness to accept the positions offered in the subway at the salary and hours named, and many of them have applied for positions as motormen. We regard the action of the chief officer of the Brotherhood of Locomotive Engineers as being an effort upon his part and his associates to establish a rate of pay and hours for engineers whom he hopes to install as motormen upon the completion of the electrification of several of the large steam systems now working toward that end, for their terminals in and adjacent to New York.

The Amalgamated Association of Street Railway Employees, although in no way affected, voted almost unanimously to stand by the motormen, and thus the entire elevated system was threatened with a "tie-up." Both sides seemed determined and were preparing for the fight, when suddenly, and to the genuine surprise of the public, the railroad company threw up its hands, agreeing to pay \$3.50 for a ten-hour day in the subway—under conditions so favorable to the motormen that they readily conceded the one hour—and yielding to virtually every other demand of the men. There was much speculation as to the cause of this unexpected and, in the view of certain well-informed persons, unnecessary surrender. An explanation which naturally seemed plausible, ascribed it to politics. Mr. August Belmont, who as president of the Interborough Company, had charge of all the negotiations with the men, is also chairman of the National Democratic Campaign Committee. There were rumors that other prominent Democratic leaders (and in this connection even Judge Parker himself was mentioned) had urged Mr. Belmont to yield to the men, in order to avoid the possible injury to Democratic chances, especially in New York State, which would result from a strike of this character. Another explanation of Mr. Belmont's capitulation said it was due to his apprehension that a strike which would

cause such serious losses and inconvenience would have the effect of injuring chances for getting the operating franchises for the Second Avenue subway, now building.

Another and more important feature of the controversy, however, had to do with the attitude of the labor organizations directly responsible and the actual justice of their demands. It should be remembered that both sides had the future as well as the present to plan for, inasmuch as the arrangement finally agreed upon was certain to have an important influence in settling the wage-rate for motormen who will be needed with the development of electrical equipment for suburban traffic on the steam railroads. It was, therefore, of very great importance to the motormen that the prevailing rate of wages should be sanctioned and maintained. On the other hand, it must be said that their insistence upon this wage for subway motormen was hardly in keeping with the spirit of their employers when they decided that their old *engineers* should not have their wages reduced upon becoming *motormen*. For it is idle to contend that an entirely proficient motorman need be either as skilled or as experienced as must be the engineer of even an elevated train locomotive. The engineer must have a thorough knowledge of the mechanism of his locomotive, a kind of knowledge which it takes much time and intelligence, and considerable natural mechanical aptitude to acquire. A motorman, on the other hand, need have virtually no mechanical ability. In the sense that a locomotive engineer is responsible for his machine, and is supposed to "know it," the motorman has practically no responsibility; nor is he likely to have more than a few very general ideas about the mechanism of his motors. Of course, he has nothing whatever to do with the supply of power which moves his train, nor even the power which stops it (for his air-brake pump works automatically); and these are matters which are constantly on the mind of the locomotive engineer. Furthermore, the engineer is subject to considerable physical exposure in inclement weather, and has, at best, uncomfortable surroundings while at work; whereas, the motorman of an elevated train has a comfortable place in an enclosed compartment, which is cool in summer and warmed exactly to his liking in winter. Altogether, there can be no question either about the relative skill required for the two

positions, or about their relative desirability, in the matter of physical comfort.

In the light of these facts and all that they imply, it seems clear that the motor-men had been treated by their employers with distinct magnanimity which, by their recent act, they have hardly repaid in kind. The New York Sun "unaffectedly congratulates" the men on their signal victory and adds: "There can be no honest or profitable discussion of the labor question which ignores the right of labor to the highest attainable wages or which refuses to admit labor's right to strike or to do any other thing that is lawful to enforce its demands." That is true in a general sense, but it is also true that no strike can win which alienates public sympathy by reason of its being based on injustice or ingratitude, and that in the long run, the cause of labor is injured by demands in which these blemishes become apparent. We are afraid, therefore, that the effects of this bloodless victory will return one day to plague the victors.

**The Filipinos
and the
"Tariff Wall"**

In CURRENT LITERATURE for September we remarked the vagueness of some of President Roosevelt's utterances in his speech of acceptance concerning the Administration's Philippine policy, and it seems to us that, in his recent speech at Montpelier, Vt., Secretary Taft showed much of the same disposition to be indefinite, if not actually to hedge, in describing the Republican party's attitude toward that important question. To take up some of the Secretary's arguments, he says, for example:

No promise can be made to the Filipinos except that we will grant them independence when they are fit for complete self-government. The demagogues and the men of violence in the Islands—the former leaders of the insurrection—will be glad to have an opportunity to charge this Government with a breach of faith. We have been studiously careful to promise the Philippine Islands nothing but what we could carry out. . . . Let us suppose that by law the issue as to whether the people are fit for self-government is declared to be that one upon which shall turn the time for independence. The men of force, of violence and the demagogues in the Islands will go before the people and argue that the people are now fit for self-government. Is there a people in the world, however ignorant, of whom, when such an issue is presented there, would not be an enormous majority in favor of their fitness for self-government? No one of their race, however friendly to our Government, would have the courage to take the negative in such a discussion, and if independ-

ence were not at once granted, the Government would stand convicted of a breach of faith and its friends and supporters among the Filipinos would be silenced.

The first of the foregoing statements misrepresents the position of the critics of the existing Philippine policy. Neither the anti-imperialists as such, nor the Democratic platform, nor any utterance of Judge Parker, are in favor of making any promise to the Filipinos except (to use Secretary Taft's own phraseology) "that we will grant them independence when they are fit for complete self-government." The petition of the Philippine Independence Committee, which the Republican National Convention ignored, expressly says: "We do not ask that the power of the United States be withdrawn from the Philippines at once and unconditionally. But we do ask . . . that the inhabitants of the Philippine Islands be granted their national independence as soon as, with the aid and under the protection of this Republic, they can install a free government." The Democratic platform says: "We insist that we ought to do for the Filipinos what we have done already for the Cubans, and it is our duty to make that promise now," and so on; while Judge Parker in his speech of acceptance says our "responsibility will be best subserved by preparing the islanders as rapidly as possible for self-government [by which phrase, it appears, he meant *independence*] and giving to them the assurance that it will come as soon as they are reasonably prepared for it." Yet it is precisely this assurance which President Roosevelt, in his speech of acceptance, evades expressing, and which is quite absent from the Republican platform. And why? President Roosevelt answers this question by the generalization that "it would be eminently unwise to declare what our next step will be," and tries to quiet criticism by asserting that "we are steadily striving to transform this into self-government by the Filipinos, assisted by the Americans." Truly, that last is a saving clause. Secretary Taft is more definite. He explains why it would be unwise to be candid by declaring that "the men of force, of violence, will go before the people and argue that they are now fit for self-government," and he asks: "Is there a people in the world, however ignorant, of whom there would not be an enormous majority in favor of self-government?" At all events, not one of the Filipinos, we are

told, "would have the courage to take the negative in such a proposition." But, it may fairly be asked, how can it be that the Filipino people are at once so ignorant and so easily swayed by demagogues and men of force that it would be unsafe to promise them eventual independence, and yet (according to President Roosevelt), capable of taking "a large share in their government," and about ready to have a legislative assembly? and if these "demagogues"—that is to say, men who are disposed to believe and to say to the Filipinos that they are entitled to be a free people—if these demagogues are so aggressive and influential, what have they been doing all these months during which we have been striving to transform this into a self-government by the Filipinos, *assisted by Americans?*" It is all very confusing!

But we think we see a great light when we read Secretary Taft's closing sentences. Here they are:

The great object we now have in the Philippines is to build up the government there so as to make it more and more useful to the Filipinos, so that they may ultimately become an educated, intelligent and self-governing people. Then if they desire independence let them have it. But if we bring them in behind the tariff wall, if they see that association with the United States is beneficial to them, as I verily believe it will be, it is quite unlikely that they will desire full independence. It is quite likely they will prefer that association which exists between England and Australia or between England and Canada. What is the use, then, of looking so far into the future that no man can see, and of binding ourselves to a course the advisability of which no man can know, when the effect of it is certain to create disturbances among the people whose prosperity and tranquility we are trying to promote?

Ah, that is it—the *tariff wall*! It is from this benign and commanding eminence that Secretary Taft (and also, we presume, President Roosevelt, sometime free trader) beholds so clearly the salvation of the Filipinos. How quickly will they cease to search the horizon for some sign of approaching freedom once they are brought face to face with our immensely more elevating and inspiring tariff wall! But suppose they should prefer to build their own walls.

The "Yellow Peril" Again

The remarkable efficiency of the Japanese army and navy, and their repeated and signal victories over their undoubtedly courageous and well-

disciplined antagonists, has had the effect of reviving the discussion of the "yellow peril." To a considerable degree, these apprehensions are obviously the product of a certain love of the sensational and the melodramatic, especially when such conceptions are combined with the element of supposed inexplicability or sheer mystery. From this viewpoint the achievements of the Japanese are counted passing strange, to the point of the miraculous and the uncanny; and it is easy for a mind possessed of this notion to conjure up the picture of China coming under the influence of Japan with the result that in a few years there will be an up-to-date Mongol invasion which will sweep the Aryan race from the face of the earth. Some such catastrophe as this seems to describe the "yellow peril" as it is conceived by persons who would not confess that they take Mr. Riley's famous "gobble-uns 'll git yuh" poem with entire seriousness. To begin with, there is nothing actually mysterious in the obvious efficiency of the Japanese arms. Naturally we are a bit startled, to be sure, when we realize that forty years ago the Japanese soldiers wore huge iron masks wherewith to frighten the enemy; and that they were armed with the weapons of two centuries back, and were led into battle by a man waving a fan. But the instinct of self-preservation brought these naturally intelligent and clever people face to face with their status, and their advance, although remarkably rapid, has been logical and inevitable. That this advance—in the science of war, at least—was accelerated by the events of 1894 and 1900, and particularly by Russia's questionable appropriation of Port Arthur at the close of the Chinese-Japanese war, is likely enough; but that the movement had gained irresistible momentum twenty years ago has been well understood by informed persons. As to a hypothetical Mongolian invasion, supposing Japan is successful in the present struggle—and this, if for no other reason than the size of her opponent, is by no means assured as yet—it is difficult to discern the probability, much less definite traces of any such intent. Apparently the only purpose the Japanese have had in the present struggle, is to check the *Russian* invasion which, beyond all question, threatened their very existence. There is nothing in the history of Japan's

attitude to show that her people want more than the political recognition to which they are fully entitled, plus reasonable elbow-room for their rapidly increasing numbers. And we believe that if they were to dictate the terms of peace to-day, they would be content with some such conservative arrangement as a guarantee of the control of Corea, the open door in Manchuria and China generally, and the permanent possession of Port Arthur and Vladivostock.

The Carnegie Hero Fund* Mr. Carnegie's gift of \$5,000,000 to create a fund for the benefit of "the dependents of those losing

their lives in heroic efforts to save their fellowmen, or for the heroes themselves, if injured only," is a radical departure from the line of his previous benefactions, and shows that the relief of individuals appeals to him as well as the education of communities. The creation of this fund brings the sum total of Mr. Carnegie's gifts to the colossal aggregate of \$100,000,000. Of this sum almost exactly one-third has been given to libraries, another third to universities and schools, and the remainder for unclassified purposes—such as the Peace Temple at The Hague, the endowment of the National Engineering societies, and the Pension Fund for the employees of his company at Pittsburgh. The \$4,000,000 set apart to pension his old employees is the only important one of his previous gifts which has aimed to relieve the material needs of individuals. Whether the new gift

to aid heroes is as wise as the philanthropies which have preceded it is a matter of grave doubt, since there is danger that it will stimulate claims to heroism much more than it will stimulate or reward heroism itself. Perhaps the wisest clause in Mr. Carnegie's letter of instructions to the commission which is to administer the fund is that in which he stipulates that such part of the income as is not required to meet the claims of heroes shall be used to relieve sufferers from accidents until such time as employers shall be "required to provide against accidents to employees." The sanction which Mr. Carnegie thus gives to the principle of the German insurance law, that compensation should be provided for the accidents which workmen suffer at their work, ought to stimulate the agitation in favor of similar legislation in America. The losses that come to workmen through accidents are as much a normal part of the cost of every business as are the losses that come to property through fires. The losses to property are everywhere provided against by a system of insurance. Why not a similar system of insurance to provide against the losses to the workmen? Mr. Carnegie's sanction of this humane and sensible principle deserves as much attention as his great gift.

*Friends of Dr. Spahr will take a sad interest in this paragraph, since it marks the point at which he laid down his pen, and went away in search of the rest he so greatly needed. Nor can those who knew him, and who appreciated his devotion to the cause of bettering the conditions of the less fortunate classes, fail to see a singular appropriateness in the fact that this was his final utterance.—EDITORS.

Current Discussion—Both Sides

Edited by George Gladden

**President's
Letter of
Acceptance**

That there is a strong contrast between the general tone of President Roosevelt's speech accepting the Republican nomination and that of his more formal and elaborate "letter of acceptance," made public on September 12, is freely remarked, particularly by the independent press. The New York Even-

ing Post, for example, says that "the letter gives us the old Roosevelt again. He is aggressive, scintillating, cocksure—in a word, the familiar *impiger* and *iracundus* that we knew. He lays about him with words like clubs. His manner is that of punching heads rather than arguing. The imaginary Roosevelt of apologetic orators is, in short, impatiently kicked aside by the rea-

Roosevelt, and the Rough Rider dashes to the head of the Republican column." The Democratic papers make much of this feature. Says the New York Times:

The American people have never before been talked to as President Roosevelt has chosen to talk to them in his letter of acceptance. No man should conceive or utter a public declaration in this tone and spirit unless he were, not merely as a matter of dogma, but as a matter of fact, infallible. Has any candidate for the Presidency ever before "dared" the American people to review his acts and reverse his policy? The letter is Theodore Roosevelt through and through. He never put forth a more characteristic production. A President possessed of the delusion of personal and official infallibility is a novelty in this Republic. What would happen if he should in quite a human way make a blunder and venture upon mistaken and dangerous policies is a subject which may give occasion for anxious thought to the voters of the country. He would never see his mistake, of course, and his cocksureness would carry him far.

On the other hand, the Toledo Blade (Rep.) says: "The letter of acceptance is not only what might have been expected from President Roosevelt, gauged from a knowledge of his capacity, but it is more—it presents him at his very best. His thorough Americanism, his clear insight into public affairs, and his comprehensive grasp of situations, are made conspicuously apparent;" and the Cleveland Leader (Rep.) enthusiastically declares that the letter "may well challenge comparison with any paper of similar purpose and purport ever given to a civilized and enlightened nation."

Of some of the President's political doctrines, the Post says:

The one part of the Constitution which President Roosevelt takes seriously is the "general welfare" clause. He regards himself as the judge of that welfare, rushes ahead and does what he thinks best, and then tells you that any Constitutional objection to his course is a "false construction" by which he will not be bound! On the tariff, President Roosevelt has made a complete surrender to the most besotted protectionists. He writes like the most abject groveler before the tariff fetish. His own words he eats without choking—not alone his statement in his Life of Benton that protection is wrong in theory and vicious in practice, but even his declaration in 1902 that any tariff duty sheltering a monopoly should be at once abolished. The President's meek submission to the high-tariff wing of his party lays him open to strong attack. He deprecates the use of any word implying that the tariff has moral relations. Let us think of it, he says, as pure "expediency." He does not know what is in the minds of the best men in his own party. Even in the Union League Club, old-fashioned Republicans are

saying that their party is in danger of standing no longer for a cause but for special interests.

Weak and retreating on the tariff, the President is positively alarming when he comes to talk about the finances. What would cause a true statesman the gravest concern—namely, the coincidence of falling revenues with mounting expenditures, the certainty of a deficit and of the need of new taxes—he dismisses with a snap of his fingers. Far from urging retrenchment, he promises new lavishness. Where is he to find the money? It never occurs to him to ask. "We do not stand still," he boasts of his party. Exactly; and that is why sober men are afraid of it and of him. They see him profoundly discontented with the routine work of giving a good administration, and eager to launch upon unknown seas.

And the New York World (Dem.) says:

The country knows now what to expect, and if it gives the President a mandate to swing his "big stick" over the heads of the world in general, and the Western Hemisphere in particular, it will do so with its eyes open. Mr. Roosevelt boasts that his foreign policy of universal meddling has been "not only highly advantageous to the United States, but hardly less advantageous to the world as a whole." Who authorized him to look after the interests of "the world as a whole?" The accidental occupant of the Presidency of the United States, he assumed the functions of Lord Protector of the Western Hemisphere. Are we to add to that the title of Guardian of the Universe?

As to the President's utterances on the tariff, the non-partisan New York Journal of Commerce says:

President Roosevelt's letter of acceptance might be regarded as a skillful and effective political document from a merely partisan point of view, if he had not injected into the middle of it a long disquisition upon what he calls "the great question of the tariff." That is such a complete surrender of judgment and reason to the champions of unqualified protection that it is impossible to reconcile it with both intellectual acumen and political sincerity. We leave it to the friends and admirers of the President to determine which of these important qualities he is deficient in. There is a striking similarity between his mental attitude upon the tariff problem and that of Mr. Bryan on the currency question, except that it is known that the view which Mr. Roosevelt now takes is not that which he formerly entertained.

In an approving vein the Chicago Evening Post (Ind.) says:

Taken in its entirety the President's letter is one of the most illuminating documents presented to the American public in many a year. It is much more than the campaign plan of a political leader, it is the calm, judicial, vital expression of a statesman. It will appeal powerfully to the common sense and judgment of the intelligent voter, no matter what his partisan affiliations. Its frankness, definiteness, satisfying completeness, vigor and dignity are in most refreshing contrast to anything that has

been said or written by the Democratic candidate or any Democratic leader since the holding of the national conventions.

The Baltimore Sun (Dem.), one of the conservative and very able Democratic papers of the South, treats some of President Roosevelt's arguments as follows:

He takes up the Panama resolution first, and the recognition of the "republic" by the Government of the United States. In the light of the President's recital the transaction seems to have been a proper one throughout. Yet there is something lacking in the explanation. Undoubtedly the naval and military forces of the United States were employed to prevent Colombia from dealing with the revolutionists as secessionists. No light is thrown on this phase of the Panama question, yet it is the vital phase, and ought not to be ignored in any discussion of the subject. "To what phase of our foreign policy or to what use of the navy do our opponents object?" asks the President. This is a very adroit way of putting the case. Still, so far as is known, the party in opposition to Mr. Roosevelt has not objected to any of the exploits enumerated above. Their position, as defined by their spokesmen, is that they fear the "big stick" may be employed to promote less worthy objects—to further the so-called imperialistic policy in the Philippines and the Orient. Mr. Roosevelt, in his discussion of the trust issue, reflects upon the failure of the Cleveland administration to cope successfully in the courts with the trust problem. He gives his own administration credit for substantial achievements in dealing with the trusts—notably in the case of the Northern Securities Company. His opponents claim that this is a barren victory after all, and that it has not been followed by prosecutions of other alleged unlawful combinations. It is in his discussion of the Filipino problem that the President apparently touches upon the race question in the South. After making the interesting announcement that the Filipinos are receiving "the substance of the benefits guaranteed to our people at home by the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments," he adds: "Can our opponents deny that here at home the principles of the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments have been in effect nullified? In this, as in many other matters, we at home can well profit by the example of those responsible for the actual management of affairs in the Philippines." It is rather significant that our Philippine problem and our race problem in the South should be linked together by the Chief Magistrate of the nation.

There will be further discussion of this highly important document in the November issue of CURRENT LITERATURE.

Federal Interference in Colorado In the Current History department of the August number of CURRENT LITERATURE, it was pointed out that, sooner or later, President Roosevelt

would be likely to be held responsible for the prolonged and desperate lawlessness which has accompanied the strike of the Colorado metal miners. The recent renewal of this lawlessness, as expressed by other deportations of union miners, has caused further discussion of the significance and justification of the remarkable conditions involved, and ex-President Cleveland's magazine article describing his reasons for sending the Federal troops to Chicago in 1894 is being frequently quoted. It is somewhat difficult to find temperate and intelligent treatments of the situation in the Western press. The Denver Republican, which has been an uncompromising opponent of the Western Federation of Miners and a staunch supporter of Governor Peabody and Adjutant-General Bell in their deportation enterprises, says:

The situation in Cripple Creek recently has been that of two elements which it has been impossible to harmonize. One of these has demanded that the district go forward, that the mines be operated, that business resume, and that all men desiring to work be protected in their labor. The other has sought by every insidious and unlawful device to re-establish the power of the Western Federation of Miners without regard to the effect upon the industries of the camp, the employment of labor, or the prosperity of the merchants. It became impossible for these two conflicting elements to occupy the same territory in peace. One had to give way to the other. If it had been decreed that the district should not go forward, and that the conflict between labor and capital should continue, the agents of the Western Federation of Miners would probably have triumphed, and that unlawful organization would have been again established in power. Confronted with the alternative of seeing the industries of the camp destroyed or of expelling the disturbing element, a large number of citizens compelled the leading agitators to move on. In doing this no more violence was employed than the leaders found necessary to persuade the agitators to leave the district, and the latter felt themselves fortunate to escape so lightly. No doubt legal niceties were not strictly observed, but that has been true of many other and similar movements of a population to rid itself of an objectionable and dangerous element.

The foregoing is a characteristic explanation and defense of the conditions which have caused the propriety and necessity of Federal interference in Colorado to be seriously discussed. As to the general aspects of the case, the Baltimore American (Rep.) says:

The people of Colorado may imagine that it is the business of nobody but themselves whether

neighbors deport one another and threaten them with murder if they do not move and keep on moving, but the American people generally believe that a time has come when it is the business of civilization to halt the disgraceful proceedings which appear to have no limitation at the hands of Coloradoans. There is no politics in the Cripple Creek disgrace. Men of all parties and factions have banded themselves together to say that other men of all parties and factions shall not live in the homes they have made for themselves by years of toil. Men who have lived honorable lives, against whom no word of dishonor has ever been uttered, have been driven from home and family because of an expression of opinion. The people of Colorado should understand that they are responsible not only to themselves, but to all the people—to the whole country—and that if they would not earn indelible contempt they must at once put a stop to outrages which have never been paralleled among civilized men.

And the Philadelphia Public Ledger (Ind.), after remarking that "it may be questioned whether the Colorado doings are not more serious than the Georgia burning, horrible and degrading though it was," continues in part as follows:

For two years this civil strife has gone on, and no man can tell where it will stop; it is a menace not only to the State of Colorado, but it is dangerous to the Union. It is spreading anarchistic notions abroad over the land; giving numberless hot-headed and ignorant people the idea that they may disregard the authority of the law with impunity, and bring popular government into contempt. It is time to stop this anarchy. The good citizens of the State ought to form themselves into law and order clubs, not with the idea of aiding miners or mine owners, unionists, or nonunionists, but with the set purpose to stand up for the law and to redeem the State from the lawless hordes of all kinds who make the rights of American citizenship a laughing stock the world over.

Of the various suggestions concerning the right of Federal powers to interfere for the protection of the deported miners (or the sympathizers with them), the peremptorily deposed civil officials and the citizens whose property has been injured by the arbitrary acts of the mob, the most definite we have seen are those set forth in the Springfield Republican (Ind.). In one of these expressions, the Republican quoted from the fourteenth amendment to the Federal Constitution as follows:

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States, and of the State in which they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges and immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property without due

process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws. Continuing, the Republican remarked that "if ever the constitutional rights of citizens of the United States were flouted and trampled upon in any State, they have been in Colorado, and a more flagrant case of the kind it would be difficult to conceive," and that "it is not for want of lawful authority that President Roosevelt has failed to take a hand against the reign of mob and military violence in that State." As to these assertions, the Washington Post (Ind.) says:

Whatever of wrong and outrage may have been perpetrated by the State authorities of Colorado, they have been careful to avoid giving the United States Government cause for intervention. There is neither law nor precedent for the action which The Republican advocates. Its citation from the 14th amendment has no more relation to or bearing on this case than a quotation from "Paradise Lost," or "Innocents Abroad." . . . It is not probable that The Republican does not know that the Chicago rioters furnished the ground on which President Cleveland sent troops into that city. They interrupted the transportation of United States mails. Nothing of that kind has occurred in Colorado. The trouble there has not had a single national phase. It is, or ought to be, impossible for Democrats to complain of the President's respect for the constitutional rights of a State.

To which the Republican replied in part as follows:

Mr. Cleveland, only within a few days, has stated the grounds of his action in the case of the Pullman riots, and expressly mentioned among them is Section 5299 (Revised Statutes), which has no more relation to interstate commerce or the carriage of the mails than with the right of jury trial in Porto Rico. Evidently the defenders of President Roosevelt need to have this statute again forced upon their attention:

"Whenever insurrection, domestic violence, unlawful combinations, or conspiracies in any State so obstructs or hinders the execution of the laws thereof, and of the United States, as to deprive any portion or class of the people of such State of any of the rights, privileges, or immunities, or protection, named in the Constitution, and secured by the laws for the protection of such rights, privileges, or immunities, and the constituted authorities of such State are unable to protect, or, from any cause, fail in or refuse protection of the people in such rights, such facts shall be deemed a denial by such State of the equal protection of the laws to which they are entitled under the Constitution of the United States; and in all such cases, or whenever any such insurrection, violence, unlawful combination, or conspiracy, opposes or obstructs the laws of the United States, or the due execution thereof, or impedes, or obstructs the due course of justice under the same, it shall be lawful for the President, and it shall be his duty,

to take such measures, by the employment of the militia, or the land and naval forces of the United States, or of either, or by other means, as he may deem necessary, for the suppression of such insurrection, domestic violence, or combinations."

If that does not fit the Colorado case quite as closely as the Chicago case, will the Washington Post kindly give the reasons why? Is one of the reasons that these statutes enacted for the enforcement of the provisions of the 14th amendment are only applicable when property rights are endangered and not at all when the rights of citizens of the United States among the poorer classes are transgressed? Granted that President Roosevelt does not believe Mr. Cleveland had any right to interfere at Chicago on these grounds—and we believe he heartily approved of all that was done—still, that action having been taken and become a precedent, would it be well to leave it standing as a warrant for Federal interference within the States only when the rights and privileges of property are effected, and not when the rights of persons and of their property in labor are? Let it not be supposed, either, that the laws of the United States provided for carrying out the provisions of the 14th Amendment for the protection of citizens of the United States in their personal rights have been exhausted in the above citation. There are others, and among them laws enabling the President to set purely judicial processes at work through the United States courts, without the use of troops unless they may be needed to enforce the authority of the courts. Here, then, is the law empowering the President to interfere in such a case of revolution and anarchy as has arisen in Colorado, if it does not impose a duty of interference; yet there is no action from one whose fearless and zealous activities in the guardianship of all rights under the law are the boast of the campaign for election. Why is this so? And why should his supporters be so heatedly sensitive to a mere suggestion as to Colorado?

The Parker Constitutional Club

The formation in New York City of the Parker Constitutional Club attracted much attention throughout the country, not alone because of the organization's avowed purposes "to advance the course of constitutional government, civic freedom, and adherence to law, through the election of Alton B. Parker to the presidency of the United States," and to criticize President Roosevelt's administration from these points of view—but also because of the national reputation of the men at the head of the movement. James C. Carter is the president of the club. Wheeler H. Peckham, John E. Parsons, Joseph Laroque, and John G. Carlisle are the vice-presidents; William Church Osborn is the secretary, and the treasurer is William E. Curtis. On the executive committee are William B. Horn-

blower, Francis L. Stetson, John G. Milburn, Howard Taylor, and James W. Gerard, Jr. In a letter to the Democratic College Men's Club of New York, Mr. Carter has these things to say:

The one great lesson which young men from the universities should carry with them into life and make the rule of their political action, is that the only just function of government, and, indeed, the only just function of all law, is to secure to each individual the largest measure of natural liberty which he can enjoy without encroaching upon the equal liberty of every other. This fundamental truth seems to be forgotten, or the delusion to have been embraced, that the great laws of human society are but empty formulas which may be violated with impunity. A day of bitter reckoning awaits that erroneous departure from the just theory of government displayed by this policy of exacting tribute from the many to distribute to the few; nay, it has already come. We see it in the unrepublican schemes to conquer and hold in permanent subjection foreign peoples, in the abuses of executive power setting at naught the international policy of prudent hesitation, in the recognition of revolutionary States, in the appropriation by mere executive order of millions of money which should have been held subject to congressional disposition—measures none of which would have been taken except for the presidential election.

As to such declarations, and the avowed objects of the Parker Constitutional Club, the New York Tribune says:

We highly approve of the Democratic lawyers if they are ready to stand for the Constitution and the whole Constitution; but the country pretty well sees through the century-old Democratic humbug cry of "unconstitutional." Jefferson started it by proclaiming George Washington "unconstitutional," and when he himself came into power he proceeded to acts which he himself believed and said made "blank paper of the Constitution." Andrew Jackson made great parade of his superior devotion to the Constitution, but no man ever rode roughshod over law more readily than he.

The Democracy held it "unconstitutional" to keep slavery out of the territories. Then when the Civil War came on it declared the saving of the Union "unconstitutional." Somewhat later anything but a "tariff for revenue only" became "unconstitutional." After that the single gold standard was "unconstitutional." The Porto Rican and Philippine legislation was "unconstitutional" until the Supreme Court decided otherwise, and according to Judge Parker's speech of acceptance the Supreme Court itself is sometimes "unconstitutional," which may account for his vote in favor of Mr. Bryan's proposition to pack the court to reverse the income tax decision. Now the Republican administration in general is "unconstitutional," notwithstanding Judge Parker's careful neglect to make any issue with it on any one of the great questions of public policy. That sort of devotion to the Constitution is simply an empty pretense.

The New York Evening Post remarks that Mr Peckham, Mr. Parsons, Mr. Hornblower and Mr. Fox "enjoy the highest standing at the bar." and that "every one of these showed his independence and courage in the Bryan days by opposing that candidate for the presidency," and continues:

Now they believe that the issue of constitutional as against personal and autocratic government in the United States is so pressing as to demand their best efforts, precisely as did the gold standard issue in 1896 and 1900. They cannot be sneered at as mere alarmists, nor can their motives be questioned. Here is plain proof that men accustomed to dealing with matters judicial and legal have responded to the clear notes of Judge Parker's speech. His assertion of the need of a government of laws and by law has gone home with them, and their organization for the campaign is one of the promptest proofs of the effectiveness of the Judge's utterance.

The Springfield Republican (Ind.) says that "it would be difficult to bring together a more distinguished array of lawyers," but "it might be easy, however, to present a list more weighty for political effect, considered apart from professional influence." Continuing, the Republican says:

So far as appears, all of them are men of previous Democratic affiliations who did not act with the party in 1896, and most of them also bolted in 1900. The list fails to reflect any break from the Republican column on this issue, nor is it, on the other hand, indicative of any warning of the radical Democracy toward the Parker ticket. Hence the organization of the club is significant simply of a disposition on the part of those Democrats who controlled the St. Louis convention generally to give its ticket their hearty support and to make prominent what is rightfully regarded as the deep, underlying issue presented in Mr. Roosevelt's candidacy. How far will such men be able now to impress others with its great and vital import? Mr. Roosevelt does not himself alone make up this issue. He is the present personification of a spirit which took hold on the Government at Washington before his presidency. Constitutionalism suffered by far a more staggering blow than was administered in the Panama outrage or the pension usurpation when the Government of this nation, even before coming into formal possession of the Philippine islands, declared a war of conquest and grab against them, and proceeded, in defiance of all law worthy of the name, upon as bloody and devastating a course of aggression against a weaker people as history records. That was when imperialism was fairly dancing upon the prostrate body of Republican constitutionalism; yet that was just when these distinguished lawyers could see no question of primary importance in the issue of constitutionalism versus imperialism. They are right, however, in regarding that question as now paramount and vital, and

their accession, somewhat tardy though it may be, is to be welcomed.

Of the men associated with the movement, the Buffalo Times (Dem.) says:

They are not men to unite in a political movement from a mere instinct of partisan gregariousness nor for the gratification of political ambition. They have seen with the clear vision of the professional mind the tendency manifested in national affairs to disregard constitutional obstructions to the accomplishment of partisan policies, and knowing the absolute necessity of curbing such a tendency, they have united in the effort to place in the White House one whose eminent legal ability and judicial habit guarantee the preservation of those limitations upon the powers of the various departments of our governments which its founders deemed sacred.

Statesboro Although in the main there
Lynching is little difference in the
Explained, and journalistic views of the
Condemned horrible lynching at Statesboro, Ga., on August 16, some of the Southern papers laid quite as much emphasis upon the unspeakable brutality of the crime for which the negroes were burned, as upon the significance of the mob's act. In some instances this way of treating the ghastly and brutal affair amounts, in effect at least, almost to a defense of the mob. The Atlanta Journal, for example, says in part:

It may be said that lynching is unjustifiable under any conditions. It is said by many that burning at the stake is barbarous, cruel and inhuman. Measured by the standards of law and morality, it is true; and yet, there are crimes which go far beyond the law and punishments which the law is utterly incapable of administering adequately. Such a case is the murder of the Hodges family at Statesboro. The act was committed by two negroes who were very devils incarnate. Murder, in its ordinary acceptation, does not begin to tell the crime of these creatures. It is doubly distilled murder of the worst possible form, when men deliberately plan to take the lives of a whole family, especially when that family is composed of helpless and innocent children. Such a crime is not defined by the term murder; neither is there language to express the horror, the cruelty, and the utter abandonment of heart, that is capable of committing it. Human beings with immortal souls, possessed of ordinary sanity, are not equal to it. It requires the lowest order of brute; the devilish ingenuity of a fiend, to concoct and commit such a crime. Admitting all that can be said in regard to lynch law and the enormity of the crimes committed under its name, where is the man who can wholly condemn those who, on yesterday, avenged the cruel murder of the Hodges family? They felt that an example—a fearful example—was needed for the protection of innocent ones living. They, therefore, avenged the crime in the worst manner that they could possibly devise, viz.: by burning at

the stake. It is difficult to sympathize with lawlessness in any form whatever. It is impossible to sympathize with that class of crimes known as lynching by infuriated mobs, particularly where the victim is denied the right of trial by a jury of his country—but it is not easy to condemn a thousand citizens, outraged by the enormity and the cruelty of the crime, who, having permitted the law to take its course by submitting to a trial by jury the question of innocence or guilt of the accused, and who, after due and lawful conviction, determined to show to the living how such crimes and such criminals will be dealt with. The lesson is this: The man who creates in the mind of the negro a belief that he can ever become the social equal of the white man, is the man who indirectly plants within that negro's breast the belief that he may commit crime with impunity, and escape his just punishment. Illogical, we may say, but nevertheless true. The friend of the negro to-day is not the white man who implants within his breast the germ of dissatisfaction with his condition as regards the Caucasian race, but that one who teaches the negro that he can never rise to the plane of social equality, nor can he commit crime without expecting due punishment.

In marked contrast to this are the expressions of some of the other Southern papers, such as that of *The State* (of Columbia, S. C.), which says:

We share in Georgia's greatness. We are proud of her men, her Toombs and Stephens, and Gordon. We claim her great deeds as our own. Her sorrow and shame and suffering, too, are ours. And in the name of that common sisterhood which makes us one, we do protest against that spirit of lawlessness which, at Statesboro a few days ago, brought disgrace upon our whole country by defiance of the laws and the courts which our fathers set for the protection of their children and of the country for which they shed their blood. But there was such provocation, some will say. It is only in the face of great provocation that a self-respecting man has passions. It is no honor for a man to control himself when unprovoked. Only fools and idiots commit crime without provocation. The true man is he who restrains himself when his passions are surging and boiling. It is so easy to wreak vengeance—any savage can do that. It is so hard to withhold the hand from the guilty; only a man can do that. There was great provocation to violence on that occasion, but even those whose relatives had been murdered, let the law have its way. And the negroes must have felt the majesty of the law. The South cannot continue with this cancer eating into her bosom. The two peoples must be reconciled to each other. But with every such event as that at Statesboro an understanding is postponed further and further, while animosity is still more inflamed on both sides. Violence may cow down the spirit of crime for a while, but it does not drive it out. As long as punishment is ministered in revenge, there will be crime to punish. This much we can do, and it will be great in the doing—let every negro who has influence with his people teach

them that their interests can be furthered only by observance of the law—let every white person resolve that he will do his best to restrain the spirit of lawlessness in his own community.

And the *Houston (Tex.) Chronicle* says:

When, in a few instances, negroes have been lynched by that method, the barbarity of the act has been in a measure overlooked and forgiven because people felt that for the awful crime of rape, itself worse than death, no punishment could be too severe; but to burn human beings for any other crime will not be forgiven nor condoned by the people of the South. The putting to death of the negroes by lynching in any form was unnecessary, because in a few days they would have been legally executed, and to take them from the hands of the law and burn them was not only an affront to the court and a reproach to the State, but unspeakable and horrifying barbarism. The deed committed by the negroes was most atrocious and brutal, but the law by formal, speedy and regular methods would, as far as was possible to do, have soon executed the legal penalty, and the act of the mob was murder and nothing less, and murder made more horrible by the barbarous method of its commission.

In the same vein, the *Washington Star* says:

The moment the mob assumes the rôle of executioner—usually indeed of judge and jury as well—it commits a crime worse in its broadest aspect than the offense of its victims. The man who pulls at a rope tied about the neck of a trembling wretch, however guilty, is himself a criminal, a murderer. The man who applies the torch to burn men alive, however fiendish their crime, is himself a savage at heart as well as a murderer in fact. This particular form of mob murder, by burning, stands for the full horror of the mob menace. Blood lust is no longer sated with the mere "conventional" lynching. Once the mob was content to hang its man at night and depart, keeping all faces hidden and all identities concealed. But to-day the mob works in broad daylight, without masks, without a pretense of concealment. It does not hesitate to adopt the most atrocious methods of execution. It glories in its bestiality. Beside its offense the original crime sinks into insignificance, so far as the effect upon the public morals and conscience and security is concerned.

Most of the comment in the Northern press is unsparingly condemnatory, not alone of the mob and of its act, but of the seeming cowardice or intentional inefficiency of the militia. Says the *Philadelphia Public Ledger*: "The inability of the courts to enforce their own decrees, or to punish those who set their judgments at defiance, often in evidence in lynching communities, tends to bring the law into contempt and to encourage such scenes as that just enacted at Statesboro." The *Cleveland Leader* remarks:

Ohio papers are constrained to speak with caution in criticism, lest the disgraceful lynching

and riots at Springfield be thrown in their teeth. There is nothing to prove that the Springfield mob would not have been as brutal as that in Georgia had the Northern environment been the same and the provocation as great as that afforded the Southern lawbreakers. And the Pittsburg Dispatch sweepingly declares:

The simple fact with regard to these horrible manifestations of mob murder, is that they destroy our claim to civilization. In their presence we have no right to reprove either the brutalities of Kishinev or the atrocities of Chinese Boxers. Unless we are to revert to absolute anarchy with all protection of law and order destroyed, sober men should unite in stringent measures to stop such horrors.

Further discussion of this occurrence will be found in the department of Current History.

**Southern Views
of the
Negro Plank**

As a matter of course, there has been much denunciation in the Southern press of the "negro plank" in the Republican national platform. That plank is as follows:

We favor such Congressional action as shall determine whether by special discrimination the elective franchise in any State has been unconstitutionally limited; and, if such is the case, we demand that representation in Congress and in the Electoral College shall be proportionately reduced, as directed by the Constitution of the United States.

"That it is a rotten plank, sectional in its character and likely to cause great business disturbance and injury by stirring up old animosities, we all know," says the New Orleans Times-Democrat (Dem.), and continues:

It stands condemned by the late leader of the Republican party, McKinley, the man who led it to victory, and whose aims and purposes the Republican convention pretended to be carrying out. Mr. McKinley was opposed to Crumpackerism, and not only prevented a Crumpacker plank in the party platform, but went out of his way to defeat the passage of a Crumpacker resolution in Congress, seeing the harm it would do, not to the South alone, but to the business interests of the whole country, for he knew that the encouragement of sectional bitterness is a two-edged sword, which cuts both ways. The negro plank is therefore condemned by Mr. McKinley and condemned by the two Republican conventions which nominated him. It is not even in accord with the general principles laid down by the late Chicago convention, which claimed to be carrying out his policy. The South has simply applied the Massachusetts suffrage laws to the negro voters as Massachusetts and Rhode Island applied them to foreign-born citizens. The franchise is open to every negro who chooses to earn it by

learning to read and write, and to deserve it by doing what all white voters are required to do—pay their poll-taxes.

The New Orleans Picayune (Dem.) remarks that the fourteenth amendment to the Constitution "was adopted with the express intention of humiliating the white people of the Southern States," and continues in part as follows:

It is true that in the law no specific allusion is made to the South, but these post-bellum amendments were expressly intended to apply to this section to humiliate and annoy its people. The requirements of the fourteenth amendment have not been applied to the South so far for the reason that no systematic disfranchisement of the negroes was commenced until within the last decade, a quarter of a century after the close of the war which set the negroes free and converted slaves at a single stroke of the pen into citizens. In the South Mississippi in 1890 was the first State to enact laws that operated to disfranchise large numbers of negroes. The illiterate, the ignorant and the shiftless of all races were deprived of the ballot, and thus an example was set which was followed by most of the other Southern States at intervals more or less great; and although there has been from time to time talk of Congressional action against the South, nothing has been done in the matter. But who can speak with any confidence of the future if Mr. Roosevelt should succeed himself as President? That the negro plank was inserted in the Republican platform is charged to the President himself, and it seems entirely probable, with his reckless disregard for law and legal methods, that he might undertake to force such a measure through Congress. Many persons fear that if President Roosevelt shall be re-elected he will force the United States into a foreign war. It seems quite as likely that he may start an internecine, sectional and race warfare in the country should he be allowed to inaugurate and carry through a real Roosevelt administration as he has desired to do.

**David B. Hill
Promises
To Retire**

The announcement of David Bennet Hill, governor of New York from 1885 to 1891 and United States Senator from 1891 to 1897, that on January 1st he would retire from politics, naturally attracted much attention, and has prompted much comment. Some of the papers do not take the declaration seriously, the New York Sun (Rep.), for example, dismissing the matter with these two questions: "Will D. B. Hill give a bond to that effect? And who will go on his bond?" And the Baltimore Evening Herald (Ind.) remarks.

His declaration regarding retirement must be taken with reservation. Politicians old in the business do not get out of harness unless compelled to do so by ill-health or some other misfortune. As soon as politics becomes warm,

they find themselves drawn into the contest, because they cannot help it. Senator Platt has frequently said that he intended to retire, but he is as active as ever, notwithstanding his age. The fascination of politics is irresistible.

How Judge Parker's candidacy is likely to be affected by Mr. Hill's declaration, and what might be the political results of his bona fide retirement, are discussed by many papers. The Chicago Evening Post (Ind.) says:

If the general voter could be persuaded that Hill really means to retire, that nothing could induce him to accept favors from Judge Parker in case the unexpected should happen next November, we are free to admit that yesterday's surprising announcement from Albany would do Parker's cause good rather than harm. But here comes the rub. Mr. Hill never has secured the confidence of the people. Even though ostensibly out of politics, they will consider him the "power behind the throne," an influence sinister, "boss" in everything but name.

And the Baltimore American (Rep.) after remarking that the public will not take Mr. Hill's declaration seriously goes on to say:

Whatever has been thus far demonstrated in the New York campaign, nothing is clearer than that Hill is at the moment the Jonah of his party. Everyone knows it. The national committee shudders at his malevolent influence; Parker feels it in his bones, but cannot interfere with the leader to whom he owes his nomination, and Hill himself, though as egotistic as most men, probably realizes it. It is probable, however, that Hill has doubled once too often and that the hounds are close upon his heels. Nothing that he can do will convince his enemies in the New York Democracy that he is out of politics so long as there is a politic left to get into.

The Boston Herald remarks that Mr. Hill, "as a Senator displayed an ability of statesmanship greater than in any other office he had held; but he was unable to clear up his past record or propitiate the favor of the country." As to the effect of the announcement upon the presidential campaign, the Herald thinks it may "be said with confidence that it can be no disadvantage to the Democratic candidate in any quarter. It may have come too late to be of signal advantage." With regard to the ex-governor's actual achievements, the same paper says:

Whatever his shortcomings, Hill has always fought the domination of Tammany in the State and labored to confine its greedy power to New York city. Whatever may have been his motive, the work was a desirable one on every account, and it is not apparent that anyone else will have equal efficiency in this particular.

The Buffalo Times (Dem.) thinks "it is

apparent that Senator Hill declares himself out, believing that such a move on his part will aid in the election of Judge Parker," and continues in part as follows:

The necessity for his retirement is not apparent, and we believe that the sacrifice he is offering for the party good is ill-advised.

For a great many years he has been prominent in the party in the State and in the Nation. In all those years a dishonest dollar never crossed his hands. If ever a man in public life was money honest it is Senator Hill. His sole income is from his law practise. He is not connected with any corporations, though his ability in the law is sought, in fighting the cases of some of the large institutions. It can never be said of him that he ever deserted a friend or faltered in a fight. He has given the best years of his life and his best efforts to the party cause, and, if men of that caliber must retire, who, it might be asked, is going to lead in party movements?

The New York Evening Post (Ind.), for many years a relentless opponent of Senator Hill, has these things to say about his retirement:

"Nothing in his life became him like the leaving it." For twenty years and more Mr. Hill has owed this step to his conscience and his country, and at last he has seen fit to take it. We do not mean to say that Mr. Hill has never been guilty of a worthy act, but that, except for occasional lapses into political virtue, he has throughout his career been a malign influence. He has sacrificed everything but his personal ambition for what he has regarded as party welfare, and to his ambition he has sacrificed even that. When he no longer could look for anything for himself, he did what he could for his party in working for the nomination of Judge Parker. In this movement, as in that of 1902, when Hill deliberately crowded Parker out in favor of Coler, Hill has apparently had no more consideration for Parker than for a mere piece in a game of chess—in 1902 a pawn; in 1904 a king. And there is no evidence that Parker has felt under special obligations to Mr. Hill. Judge Parker must have realized that Hill's support was merely a confession of Hill's despair of snatching the prize for himself. Mr. Hill's announcement, however, is proof of the futility of gossip about Hill's place in the Cabinet. Mr. Hill understands, as he virtually acknowledges this morning, that Judge Parker has a mind of his own, and will, in case of election, choose his own advisers. Mr. Hill knows he will not be "in it," and he gives his party what help he can by a frank admission that he withdraws all pretensions to office and a voice in a potential Parker administration.

Judge Parker's Philippine Policy

Although Judge Parker's expressions in his speech of acceptance concerning the Philippine Islands and our attitude toward that general problem seemed plain enough to many of his support-

ers, certain of them seemed to think that his use of the phrase "self-government" was a trifle ambiguous, while some of his opponents declared that, as a matter of fact, his declarations were substantially identical with those of President Roosevelt on this subject. The resulting discussion prompted Mr. Parker to write to John G. Milburn of Buffalo the following letter:

You are entirely right in assuming that as I employed the phrase, "self-government," it was intended to be identical with independence, political and territorial. After noting the criticism referred to by you, I am still unable to understand how it can be said that a people enjoy self-government while another nation may in any degree whatever control their action. But to take away all possible opportunity for conjecture, it shall be made clear in the letter of acceptance that I am in hearty accord with that plank in the Democratic platform which advocates treating the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans; and I also favor making the promise to them now to take such action as soon as it can prudently be done.

This very definite declaration was widely noticed. The Cleveland Plain Dealer (Ind. Dem.) says: "That makes the issue direct between the two candidates—unless President Roosevelt should in his letter of acceptance go beyond his speech of acceptance as in that he went beyond his party's platform." The Richmond Times-Dispatch (Dem.) seems to be inclined to support President Roosevelt's declaration as to the unwisdom of making definite promises. It says: "But it must be said in candor that it is impossible for this Government now to make a definite promise when the Filipinos will be given absolute independence." The Hartford Courant (Rep.) has very definite ideas of what keeping such a promise would involve. It says:

A vote for Alton B. Parker is a vote for Filipino independence—which, according to Secretary Taft, Governor Luke Wright, Bishop Brent and every other responsible American who knows the archipelago, is all one with voting for Filipino confusion, discord, civil turmoil, universal throat-cutting and a welter of anarchy that will be ended only when the derelict islands are appropriated by some strong European or Asiatic power.

So, too, the St. Louis Globe-Democrat (Rep.) says:

The promise of independence made in the Democratic platform, and now indorsed by the Democratic candidate, will have a tendency to raise hopes among the Filipinos which the American people will never grant. A larger and larger share of self-government, until finally

something like Canada's under the British system is reached, is the promise which the Republicans hold out. This will give home rule and American protection, which is what the most enlightened among the Filipinos will indorse. If Judge Parker wants to know what the American people think of flag furling, let him scan the returns of the Republican landslide in the congressional elections in the fall of 1894, a few months after Cleveland hauled down the flag in Hawaii.

And the Baltimore American (Rep.) thinks the promise would be an imprudent one, for these reasons:

In the first place, Judge Parker's new phrasing is an admission that independence cannot be prudently conferred now; in the second place, that no one can tell when such action will be prudent; in the third place, that it may never be prudent. Yet Judge Parker would promise "now" to give to the Filipinos an independence which it may never be prudent to confer.

The New York World (Dem.), on the other hand, says:

We did not retire from Cuba until it was safe to do so for "free Cuba" and for us, nor until we had obtained ample security for our proper national interests in the future. Judge Parker would "make the promise to the Filipinos now to take such action as soon as it can prudently be done." In honor, this nation can do no less. In prudence, it can do no more. Judge Parker has stated his own position and that of the "safe and sane" anti-imperialists in a manner that defines this issue sharply for the campaign. For this he is entitled to the credit everywhere given to honest convictions and the full candor and courage of them.

"It will have to be confessed now that Judge Parker's idea is not Mr. Roosevelt's—government by Filipinos, assisted by Americans, who may exercise a veto on whatever the Filipinos may do," remarks the Boston Herald (Ind.). And the Baltimore Sun (Ind.) contributes this significant forecast:

Here is where the two parties will join issue, and the difference between their respective policies seems to be vital. At the same time the fact must not be ignored that if we are to "treat the Filipinos precisely as we did the Cubans," we shall inevitably impose some restrictions on them which will deprive them of certain inalienable rights enjoyed by every absolutely free and independent nation. The Filipinos will not be permitted to alienate any of their territory; a limit will be placed upon their power to borrow money; the United States Government will employ its naval and military forces to put down rebellion if the Philippine Government is unable to cope with insurrection. Cuba's independence has a string to it. If the Philippines are ever given independence by either political party it will probably be a limited independence such as that which the Cubans now enjoy as a gift from Uncle Sam.

Books on Vital Issues

Man's Place in the Universe*

"MAN'S Place in the Universe" is the outcome of the interest excited by an article which appeared in the English "Fortnightly Review" and the "Independent" of New York in 1903. The statements made there by Mr. Wallace called forth adverse criticism on the part of two astronomers, and the controversy demanded a fuller presentation of the argument than the limits of a magazine allowed. This is not to be regretted, for the extended work may be said to bring down to date the consideration "whether or no the logical inferences to be drawn from the various results of modern science, lend support to the view that our earth is the only inhabited planet, not only in the Solar System but in the whole stellar universe."

The question is by no means a new one. Five books at least stand out as noteworthy of such a discussion. Fontenelle, in 1686, influenced probably by the growing acceptance of the Copernican theory and by the astronomical view of Descartes, published his "*Entretiens sur la Pluralité des Mondes*," a work which was soon translated into nearly every European language and, as lately as 1794, into Modern Greek. Fontenelle held that not only were the moon and planets of this Solar System inhabited, but that other systems had similar abodes of life. In 1854, Professor Whewell, of Cambridge, England, in his "Of the Plurality of Worlds," argued against the probability of planetary life. This aroused the opposition of Sir David Brewster, who replied in his "More Worlds than One." In 1870, Mr. R. A. Proctor issued "Other Worlds than Ours," still a favorite book with those who do not attempt to keep pace with astronomical investigation. He followed this up in 1875 with "Our Place in the Infinities," and summed up his conclusions in an essay, "Life in Other Worlds." In this essay he says: "If only one in each of the million orbs is inhabited, the number of inhabited orbs is infinite."

Of these four authors, Fontenelle was in no sense a scientist; Whewell was a physicist of wide attainments; Brewster was a physicist, but of much narrower limitations; Proctor was an astronomer of considerable distinction. The question is not one of personal knowledge merely, but of weighing scientific evidence, and, as astronomy has made such marvelous strides, especially in the field of astro-physics, since Proctor's death in 1888, it is fitting that we have a modern view of the modern evidence. Mr. Wallace is not an astronomer. His capability of weighing scientific evidence, however, will scarcely be called in question. For this reason we may welcome his work, and trust that the words of Huxley are at least as true now as when he uttered them: "Men of science . . . have learned to respect nothing but evidence, and to believe that their highest duty lies in submitting to it, however it may jar against their inclinations."

It is self-evident that the question is purely a matter of science. It relates solely to cosmic laws in the material world. Ascertained truth forms the only groundwork of argument, and the argument must be weighed according to the strictest laws of logic. In this spirit only can we approach Mr. Wallace's book.

Nevertheless, the past history of astronomical research and the present phase of astro-physical investigation compel us to ask whether the present statements of science are final truth. Some, from the very nature of the case, must be so; others can have no finality until further investigation has penetrated nearer to the ultimate cause. Hence, not even Mr. Wallace's inferences can be accorded finality. They must remain subject to revision, for among the premises there are some which cannot be regarded as ascertained truth, but only hypotheses, good working-hypotheses, if you will, but hypotheses.

There is no evidence that he desires the inferences to be regarded as final. He is too scientific to dream of such a thing. He is quite within his rights, however, when he erects safeguards around his position and

*MAN'S PLACE IN THE UNIVERSE. By Alfred Russel Wallace. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$2.50.

says: "Neither the facts, nor the more obvious conclusions from the facts, are given on my own authority, but always on that of the best astronomers, mathematicians, and other men of science to whose works I have had access, and whose names, with exact references, I generally give." Mr. Wallace, therefore, has approached the subject solely from the scientific side, using the results of investigation up to date. He has no intention of overturning the faith of any one, even if it were involved in the question. No phase of spiritual life, whether of pre-existence or future existence for the human race, enters into the discussion. The point at issue is whether physical life, such as we see around us and feel within our own bodies, exists in any other sphere, no matter where that sphere may be. Is "our earth the only inhabited planet, not only in the Solar System but in the whole stellar universe?" Mr. Wallace concludes that it is.

His method of proceeding in his argument is as follows: After briefly stating the early ideas about the universe, he goes on to modern times, where he necessarily deals with the works of those of his predecessors who have already been mentioned. Then he comes to the revision of our knowledge by the New Astronomy, that marvelous mode of investigation in which the telescope, once supreme, plays a subordinate part to the spectroscope and photographic camera. This brings on a consideration of the distribution of the stars, their relative distances, motion through space, unity in a single system, evolution, number, grouping. This is followed by a study of the uniformity of matter and the laws to which it is subject, and so we are led on to a consideration of the essential characters of living organisms and the conditions essential to their existence.

After demonstrating that Earth has long afforded these conditions; that "in remote ages the climate of the earth was generally more uniform, though perhaps not warmer, than it is now"; that "the greatest phenomena of nature were but little varied from those that prevail in our own times"; that the equability of climate and other conditions extended over a much larger space than at present; that the distribution of land and water has played an important part in the evolution of life, and that the centrifugal flight of our moon from the earth had much to do with this distribution; the author is ready to discuss the question

whether Earth is the only habitable and inhabited planet of the solar system. The evidence is clearly in favor of the view that it is. Not only does it seem probable that none are now or have been habitable, but it is probable (for the inductions of physical science can only be "probable," but with the highest attainable probability) that none can ever be.

The argument must now advance to the stellar universe, and here again, the revelations of the spectroscope are opposed to any existence of what we recognize as life. The vast amount of non-living matter will be an obstacle to those who persist in the old question of analogy. Mr. Wallace, possibly to meet the objection of "waste," hazards the suggestion that "some of the highly complex processes that go on in plants may be helped" by radiations of energy from the stars. He acknowledges that this is "highly speculative." Why introduce it, then? It gives a weak point to the argument. Students of nature are prepared for "waste." They have learned that she is "careless of the single life,"

"that of fifty seeds
She often brings but one to bear."

Perhaps a short quotation may best show what thoughts pass through the great mind of Mr. Wallace as he contemplates his position at the end of his argument:

"Much of the wealth and luxuriance of living things, the infinite variety of form and structure, the exquisite grace and beauty in bird and insect, in foliage and flower, may have been mere by-products of the grand mechanism we call nature—the one and only method of developing humanity." And again, "The immensity of the stellar universe, with its thousand million suns, and the vast æons of time during which it has been developing—all seem only the appropriate and harmonious surroundings, the necessary supply of material, the sufficiently spacious workshop for the production of that planet which was to produce, first, the organic world, and then, Man."

Not only, then, is the earth the only abode of life in the whole universe, but Man is the highest expression of all creation. The idea is a grand one; let not any one thoughtlessly scoff at it. To compare great things with small, it takes many tons of pitchblende to produce a grain of radium, but no one thinks of doubting the result when he

sees the product, although there is certainly "waste." With all our investigation, we stand as yet but upon the threshold of na-

ture. Mr. Wallace has perhaps been granted the privilege of drawing aside the curtain for a moment.
Robert Blight.

The Slav in the Pennsylvania Coal Fields*

ONE of the most important and interesting of present day problems growing out of the industrial development of the country, is presented by the rapid Slavonianizing of the anthracite coal fields of Pennsylvania. Very able and comprehensive discussions of this problem in its economic, political and social aspects are presented by the two books, some idea of whose contents we endeavor to set down herewith. Mr. Warne's book is a distinctly readable, as well as scholarly, presentation. for its author, besides being a trained student of economics and sociology, is an experienced newspaper man, and as such has learned the value of avoiding technical terminology and of presenting his thoughts in simple and vigorous language.

In his opening chapters Mr. Warne sketches rapidly the beginning and development of the coal-mining industry as such, and of labor unionism among the mine employees. The Workingman's Benevolent Association was organized in 1868, and about the same time the organization of the operators was effected under the name of the Anthracite Board of Trade of the Schuylkill Coal Region. In 1875 the union was decisively beaten in a six months' strike. This defeat Mr. Warne ascribes to three reasons—(1) "a defect inherent in nearly all such movements—the inability to control all the workers in the three fields;" (2) the railway ownership of mines, and (3) the "Mollie Maguires'." The buying up of the coal lands by the railroads—the Reading road in particular—was due to "the repeated strikes and suspensions and lock-outs which 'had made the transportation of coal so uncertain that the revenues of the railroads were considerably affected.'" The upshot of these movements Mr. Warne describes as follows:

The first indication of the change of policy of the railroads was given when the operators attempted to resume mining in 1871. Without warning the railroads raised the freight rates

on coal to figures hitherto unheard of. The rates of the Reading were tripled at one bound. . . . Many of the operators were forced to sell to the railroad companies, inaugurating a period of rapid railway purchase of coal lands, which has continued down to the present day. There are to-day, less than seventy-five "independent" operators in the entire region. Public sympathy with the miners' cause was greatly weakened by the widespread lawlessness which prevailed throughout the region at this period. Much of it necessarily accompanied the numerous strikes inaugurated by the Workingman's Benevolent Association, but to this organization was also attributed by the railroads, and by an indiscriminating public, the burning of breakers, and the scores of murders committed by the "Mollie Maguires," a secret, oath-bound organization which flourished in the region from 1866 to 1876. And when the terror which the depredations of the latter had given rise to was relieved by the conviction and hanging of the criminals, public indignation was skilfully directed in taking vengeance upon the miners' organization.

"This ten-year period of conflict in the anthracite coal fields, which has been briefly traced," concludes Mr. Warne, "was a struggle toward industrial organization on the part of the English-speaking mine-workers—the Englishman, Scotchman, Irishman, Welshman, and German." During the next twenty-five years, "organized labor, completely crushed, was quiescent. Why the scattered fragments were not gathered together, is partly to be discerned in a study of the effects of that movement of population to the United States from Poland, Austria, Russia, Hungary, and Italy, which gave to the anthracite industry a type of laborer widely different from the English-speaking nationalities."

Mr. Warne presents some very startling statistics showing the increase of this Slavic element in the two decades preceding 1900, and the disappearance during the same interval of the English-speaking miners. In 1880, the total foreign-born population in the entire anthracite region was 108,827; in 1890, 170,582, and in 1900, 193,692. Of these the Slavs (*i. e.* natives of Poland, Austria, Russia, Hungary, and Italy) numbered in 1880, 1925; in 1890, 43,007, and in 1900, 89,328. The statistics of the English-speaking population during the same period are as follows: 1880, 102,421; 1890, 23,636; 1900,

*THE SLAV INVASION AND THE MINE WORKERS. By Frank Julian Warne. J. B. Lippincott Company, Philadelphia, \$1; and ANTHRACITE COAL COMMUNITIES. By Peter Roberts. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$3.50, net.

100,269. That is, as Mr. Warne says: "In 1880, the English-speaking races composed nearly 94 per cent. of the total foreign-born in the eight hard-coal producing counties; in 1890, they had decreased to less than 73 per cent., and by 1900 to less than 52 per cent. The Slav races . . . formed less than 2 per cent. of the total foreign-born in the anthracite region in 1880, over 25 per cent. in 1890, and over 46 per cent. in 1900." From Mr. Warne's very illuminating discussion of the conflict represented by these statistics, we select the following significant passages:

Primarily and essentially, this struggle was a conflict between two widely different standards of living. . . . The English-speaking mine-worker wanted a home, wife, and children. . . . In that home he wanted none but his own immediate family, or very near relatives. His wife he liked to see comfortably and fairly well dressed. For his children he had ambitions which required their attendance at the little red school-house on the hill. . . . But in marked contrast to all this was the mode of life of the Slav mine-worker. . . . Wife and children he had none, nor wished for them. . . . Under such conditions he was satisfied to live in almost any kind of a place, to wear almost anything that would clothe his nakedness, and to eat any kind of food that would keep body and soul together. . . . In many cases the unmarried Slav mine-worker "boards" at a cost of from five to twelve dollars a month. With a wage of thirty dollars a month, this type of laborer can save nearly twenty dollars a month. A Slav family could not save so much; but even with a wife and children the married Slav's cost of living is less than that of the English-speaking mine-worker. . . . The Slav was willing to work for longer hours than the English-speaking laborer, to ply his pick in more dangerous places, and stolidly to put up with inconveniences that his English-speaking competitor would not brook. . . . Under the contract system in vogue in many collieries, the skilled miner was also able to draw advantages from this cheaper laborer. . . . The English-speaking miner before long began, though too late, to see his mistake. For in the course of time, the Slav became not a mere pair of hands, but a skilled worker.

The inevitable result of this competition was the forcing of the English-speaking miner out of the Schuylkill field, with the very interesting consequences which Mr. Warne describes as follows:

He moved North. [That is, into the coal-fields north of Schuylkill county, specifically, into Lackawanna county.] But as the Schuylkill miner retreated, the Slav followed him closely. . . . By 1900, the English-speaking races were beginning to migrate from the Wyoming field also. . . . Just at this most critical period for the English-speaking mine-worker a new and hitherto little recognized force. . .

began to operate in the anthracite region. It was the United Mine Workers of America. . . . The English-speaking mine-workers, recognizing it as an instrument of defense against the Slav, found themselves organized within the ranks to such an extent that they inaugurated a strike in September, 1900. . . . But the successful issue of the strike of 1900 had two important effects on the Slav invasion. Not only was the movement of the English-speaking miners out of the industry checked by giving them a wage-earner to their standard of living, but the Slav, who shared in the advance, began to see his advantages in maintaining it. . . . When the struggle of 1902 was precipitated, the English-speaking miner and the Slav were found working side by side for a common cause. . . . After a five months' industrial conflict, the like of which had never before been witnessed in this country, the English-speaking mine-worker of the Northern field once more returned to his place in the mine, upon assurances that the forces which for so many years had been operating upon him with such great destruction to his industrial supremacy in hard-coal mining, as well as to his standard of living, would be controlled.

In the chapter, "Some Present-day Tendencies," Mr. Warne discusses certain other influences obviously at work in the coal-fields in consequence of the Slav invasion. Of the political potentialities of the Slav he remarks: "It is too early to judge him finally; certainly he should not be judged too harshly, especially as he has shown himself adaptable. But we may not blink the fact that the Slav offers at present a problem of much complexity and danger. In communities where he has settled he has wrought nothing less than a social revolution." Our author thinks, too, that the effect of the invasion "upon religious denominations formerly well established in the anthracite region has been disastrous." We are told, also, that "with the Slav has come a large and insistent element professing atheism. Furthermore, as to the parochial school, Mr. Warne says there is strong reason for believing that it does not take the place of the public school "in the making of American citizens out of Slav children." On the other hand, according to Mr. Warne himself, many of the Slav children "are in regular attendance at the public schools and in general are diligent and painstaking students."

The precise political predilections of the Slav Mr. Warne considers somewhat threatening. He notes that in Schuylkill county "they are rushing into the naturalization courts at the rate of sixty a month," and continues:

In the presidential election of 1900, . . . the

total vote cast by the Socialist party in the six more important hard-coal producing counties was 706, and by the Socialist-Labor party 335. Two years later, in the election for governor, when usually a lighter vote is polled than in a Presidential election, the Socialist party cast in the six counties a total of 11,952 votes, and the Socialist-Labor party a total of 1620. . . . In Luzerne, Schuylkill, Carbon and Northumberland counties this vote gives to the Socialist party a sufficient number to decide any election. It is true that the comparison is made under what some may claim to be abnormal conditions, the industrial disturbances of 1902 furnishing an exceptional and favorable opportunity for the spread and inculcation of Socialist doctrines. Even with all this granted, do not the conditions teach us a warning? The material is in the anthracite region whenever the opportunity comes (and that it will come again there is no doubt) for the enforcement through political machinery having legal sanction, of principles and policies which, to say the least, are foreign to our past.

Even more significant is Mr. Warne's discussion of "The Task Before the Union"—the United Mine Workers of America.

This organization is taking men of a score of nationalities—English-speaking and Slav . . . and is welding them into an industrial brotherhood, each part of which can at least understand of the others that they are working for one great common end. . . . It is to-day the strongest tie that can bind together 147,000 mine-workers and the thousands dependent upon them. It is more to them than politics, more than religion, more even than the social ties usually holding together the members of a community. It is all this and more to the mine-workers because it has done for them what all these others could not do. . . . It is changing the mine-worker from a pessimist to an optimist. It has not prevented him from being discontented; it has probably made him more so, but there is as much difference between a despairing pessimism and a noble optimistic discontent as there is between poverty and progress. . . . The spokesmen of the United Mine Workers have often pointed out that the organization is but attempting to do for mine-labor what its employers have already succeeded in doing for anthracite capital, yet the aptness of the comparison has been little understood. Was there a well-recognized over-supply of labor? So was there a surplus of capital. . . . The forces compelling the mine-workers to unite for their common good are so powerful that the opposition of the combination of capital must ultimately prove futile. . . . And the cost to capital in opposing the working of these forces will in the end be far greater than would result from a recognition of them and the directing of efforts toward minimizing their evil results. As it is, organized capital . . . demands for non-union labor what it refuses to grant to non-union capital. From the point of view of the public, however, if organized capital exercises the "right" to compel non-union capital to sell its coal at the rates set by the capital having the greater cost of production, then organized labor has just as much "right" to compel non-union labor to sell the labor at a price—to work for a wage—which will

enable that part of it to support its standard of living which is at the greater cost in producing its labor. If this is true, then its opposite—that the laborer has the "right" to sell his commodity in a "free" market to whom, when and how he chooses—is not true. It would be just the same as demanding and compelling that capital in the anthracite industry which can produce coal at the lowest possible price shall have the "right" to sell its commodity in a "free" market at whatever price the owners of that capital choose to ask. But when this question is propounded to the manager of capital invested in railroad mining companies he at once ceases to be a consumer of mine labor and becomes a producer of coal. . . . If the forces which each year bring greater pressure to bear on capital to secure a relatively lower cost of production are allowed to work on labor uncontrolled, it will be only a question of time when the coming supremacy of the Slav will in turn be attacked by a still cheaper labor, and the struggle of the past quarter of a century will have to be fought all over again. Whatever nationality is to dominate the industry, a standard of living conformable to American conditions should be enforced upon the workers as well as upon capital. This is possible under present conditions only through such an organization as the United Mine Workers of America.

The remainder of Mr. Warne's book is devoted to a history of the great coal strikes of 1900 and 1902.

DR. Roberts' book has about three times as much letter press as Mr. Warne's, and is correspondingly more elaborate in statistics. The two authors cover much the same ground, however, and their points of view, as well as their conclusions, are in the main similar. Dr. Roberts cites the opinion of the Inspector-in-Chief of the Bureau of Mines that "the anthracite collieries have reached their maximum capacity." These conditions, he thinks, foreshadow a problem of some seriousness, since "the surplus population will be forced out to other industries, but the process of expulsion will intensify the conflict within the mining industries, for the reason that the major part of the surplus labor-seeking employment will not readily migrate," while the ancillary industries cannot furnish work for the crowded-out factions. Of the political and social potentialities of the Slav, Dr. Roberts says:

He is conservative and slow to deviate from the customs and usages of his ancestors, and this conservatism of the Slavs leads us to think that the dreams of socialists will have little influence among these peoples, providing an intelligent and persistent effort were put forth to show them the benefits of the capitalistic system.

Their natural persistence makes of them

good union men, as well as good workmen, but, on the other hand, the percentage of illiteracy among them is very high, "they are dirty in their homes and a vast majority of them exercise very little thought in their daily toil. . . . If these men," continues Dr. Roberts, "in whom the brute lies so near the surface, lose respect for law and constituted authority, one cannot but look with grave apprehension to the future of these communities where industrial friction is so liable to occur." A brighter light in the picture is that which is shed by the natural thrift of the Slavs who, Dr. Roberts says, "now hold over two and one-half million dollars' worth of real estate, which is an average of about \$100 per capita of Slav population, all of which has been saved in the last ten or fifteen years." In this connection Dr. Roberts remarks: "Coal companies who unyieldingly grasp every inch of property under their control, and refuse to sell an inch of land to their employees, commit a grave mistake." As to the houses in which the miners live, an author gives this significant information:

In Luzerne, Schuylkill, and Northumberland counties, the assessors classify many of these miners' dwellings as "shanties," and assess them at from \$10 to \$25. For these the companies charge from \$1.75 to \$3 a month. Over 50 per cent. of the company houses are assessed from \$10 to \$1,000. One of the men told us: "We cannot keep warm in winter," and if the members of that company were not rendered impervious by greed to the demands of humanity, they would not ask these men to dwell in these shells during the winter season. . . . Many companies in recent years have built houses for their employees, but in every instance they are better dwellings than those which were put up in the early years of mining. . . . One thing is patent, the better houses erected in recent years by these companies do not pay so large a dividend as the miserable shanties built half a century ago.

Some of the darkest pages in this book are those which picture the domestic life of the miners. "The code of domestic ethics prevailing among these [Slav] miners largely savors of that of marriage by purchase." The lot of the children is even more forbidding. "How," asks Dr. Roberts, "can modesty and decency be practised in a house with one bed-room?" The schools of the district are equal to that of second or third class cities, but on the average "the boys leave school before they are eleven years old, and the girls before they are twelve." In the mining camps "from 90 to 95 per cent. of the scholars do not

advance beyond the primary department.

. . . Most of the boys, as soon as they are sufficiently well developed physically, are employed in the brakemen," where they lead pitiful lives and often are subjected to very demoralizing influences. For, Dr. Roberts asserts, no employer observes the law which requires that a record shall be kept of all boys under sixteen years old; and goes on to say: "No industry in the State is so demoralizing and injurious to boys as the anthracite coal industry. . . . For the last half century the sons of anthracite mine workers have been left to the saloon, the dancing hall and the theater, and lawlessness, irreverence and crime have steadily increased."

Dr. Roberts remarks the over-supply of churches, particularly of Protestant denominations, but he seems to disagree with Mr. Warne as to the religious sympathies of the miners, for he says: "In a careful canvass of one of our mining towns as to the religious affiliations of its inhabitants, out of 2,900 families visited, only one individual was found who discredited the Christian religion and had no sympathy with the work of the churches." Decidedly ominous, however, are the pages which consider the evil of intemperance among the miners. In the entire territory there is, on the average, one saloon to every 160.8 persons, or, on the Hazleton mountains, for example, one saloon for every 53.6 adult males. The Slavs are the best patrons of the saloons, and—an added evil—there are few saloons in the mining towns which do a strictly cash business. Dr. Roberts thinks that of the \$10,800,000, the estimated aggregate receipts of the saloons in the anthracite region, \$7,200,000 is from miners, and approximates one-eighth of their aggregate wages. Regarding political standards our author asserts, "We have known men of unquestionable integrity positively to refuse the request of their fellow-citizens to enter the council of a borough, because they would not be seen in company with the men who occupied seats therein," and that "the character of town councils in many boroughs in the counties of Lackawanna and Luzerne has been such that the Lehigh Valley and Delaware & Hudson companies have forbidden their foremen and assistant foremen from entering these bodies."

George Gladden.

Cartoons upon Current Events



A DEATH GRAPPLE

—Rostrup in Richmond Times-Despatch



HEIR TO WHAT?

—Chicago News



THE NEW NAVAL CHAMPION

—Maybell in Brooklyn Eagle



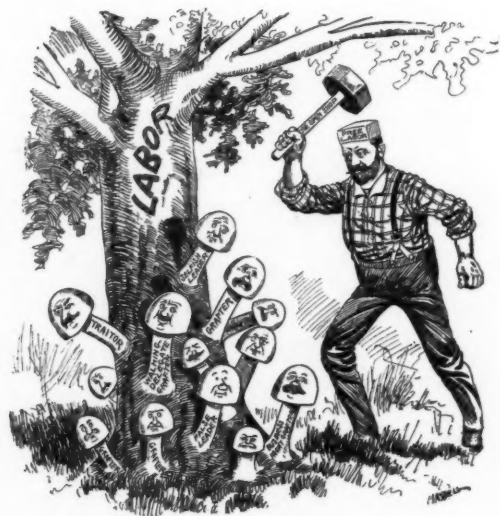
HARVEST DAYS

—Donahy in Cleveland Plain Dealer



MEAT EATER TO THE VEGETARIAN
VEGETARIAN TO THE MEAT EATER

"SO YOU'RE UP
AGAINST IT
TOO, I SEE!"



GOOD STRIKES
KNOCK AWAY THE FUNGUS GROWTHS



THEY'RE OFF!

—C. G. Bush in N. Y. World



THE JOLLY BUTCHERS

—Westerman in Ohio State Journal



THE "BLACK HAND" ACROSS THE SEA



"THUS FAR SHALT THOU GO AND NO FARTHER!"
(TENOR OF FORMER JUDGE PARKER'S SPEECH OF ACCEPTANCE.)

—Lambdin in Binghamton Press



MOST STRENUOUS LIFE YET FOR ROOSEVELT
—Warren in Boston Herald



—Brinkerhoff in Toledo Blade
ANOTHER BLACK EYE FOR RUSSIA



JOHN BULL ENTERS THE FORBIDDEN CITY
J. B.—"DON'T YE KNOW, TIBET, YOU CAHN'T STOP THE MARCH OF 'COMMERCIAL EVANGELIZATION' WITH A BLOOMIN' NO-THOROUGHFARE SIGN?"

—Barelay in Baltimore News

People in the Foreground

A new story by the author Mrs. Frances of "Little Lord Fauntleroy" Hodgson Burnett is a literary event of such importance as to warrant a reprinting of the portrait of this favorite writer. Mrs. Burnett's new story is entitled, "In the Closed Room," and appeared in "McClure's Magazine," the second and concluding installment being printed in the September number. It is a curious coincidence that it should venture into the same fields of psychical research as those into which the recent very remarkable story by



FRANCES HODGSON BURNETT

Kipling, "They," introduced the reader. Mrs. Burnett's story is less mystifying and confusing than Kipling's much discussed episode, but both, it is scarcely necessary to add, show the poetic feeling and imagination of the literary artist and the skill and felicity of handling which mark the trained and finished craftsman.

It is a new departure for Mrs. Burnett to entertain spirits and psychic phenomena. Hitherto her material has been nothing if not concrete, material and personal. Kipling

has dallied with the invisible world on one or two occasions previously, but never with quite so complete an effort of occultism as in "They." Can it be that these parallel psychic stories by eminent authors are the sudden flashes that reveal a widespread but restrained popular interest in the world of psychic research?

Mrs. Burnett has been spending the summer at her English country home, Maytham Hall, in Kent. The estate is a very old one, lying in the most beautiful part of England's most picturesque country. The foundations of the house are over seven hundred years old, and the old church on the grounds is mentioned in the Domesday Book. Attached to the Hall are two quaint villages, Rolvenden Street and Rolvenden Lane. The section of Kent in which Mrs. Burnett lives is very popular with literary people. Henry James, Joseph Conrad, Ford Maddox Hueffer and Madame Albanesi all have homes within a few miles of Maytham.

The Archbishop of Canterbury

We have had many foreign visitors first and last, distinguished in almost every department of human endeavor, politics, science, the drama, the arts, letters, education, and sociology. For the first time, however, this fall the highest dignitary of the Church of England will visit America and is indeed already "in our midst"—the first primate of all England to cross the Atlantic.

The Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, Archbishop of Canterbury, is a Scotchman, the son of a physician, and was born in 1848, so that he is by no means the venerable personage suggested by his title and many honors. His student days were passed at Oxford where, in spite of delicate health, he won the reputation of a scholar. He became private secretary to Archbishop Tait—whose daughter he married. As Bishop of Winchester he was the spiritual advisor of the late Queen Victoria, and was present at her death. Other positions of honor in the Church held by him were those of Dean of Windsor and Bishop of Rochester. A year ago he succeeded the late



By Courtesy of The Booklover's Magazine.

From a Painting by Arthur S. Cope, A.R.A

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY
Who is visiting the United States

Archbishop Benson as primate of the English Church. "In churchmanship," says a writer in the "Booklover's Magazine," "he is considered an 'Evangelical' or Low Churchman. His sympathies are entirely in that direction. He attended the funeral

of the late Rev. Mr. Spurgeon, and pronounced the benediction at the grave of the eminent Baptist preacher. The Archbishop is frequently heard in the House of Lords; but he is not, as has been said in some of our American papers, a 'politician';

He would indignantly repudiate such a statement. He is a man of very deep piety and earnest convictions, and while he is undoubtedly a Low Churchman he has always maintained that the existence of the Established Church depends on her toleration of all parties."

As primate of the English Church, he takes high rank in the House of Lords, following the royal princes. He is a member of the Privy Council, and a Knight of the Grand Cross of the Royal Victorian Order. In the House of Lords he appears as "the Right Honorable and Most Reverend Randall Thomas Davidson, G. C. V. O., D.D., Lord Archbishop of Canterbury." With the exception of the Pope and the Vatican and St. Peters, there is no ecclesiastical personage of such traditional glory and veneration as that of the Archbishop of Canterbury, who before the reformation outranked all other Archbishops.

"The prerogatives of this office," says "The Independent," "include—besides the magnificent palace and princely provision made for its occupant—the administration of the affairs of State should any lapse occur in the reigning power. In such a case the Archbishop would be the head of certain dignitaries (including the Lord Chancellor and the Premier) who discharge the functions of Royalty in the interregnum. It is generally supposed that the last time that the necessity arose for such a commission was after the death of Queen Anne and before George I could reach England."

His Grace's visit to this country is for the purpose of attending the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church, to be held in Boston in October, and incidentally, to seek change of air and scene for relaxation of mind and body.

Irving
Bacheller

On the northern shores of Long Island Sound, nearly opposite Oyster Bay, stands a little house which is probably unique in appearance and situation. It is a square-built structure of stone, and rests upon arches between two cliffs, so that when the tide comes in the water flows under it to the landing of stone steps. In a storm the spray dashes over the building, and in calm weather the water laps under and around it unceasingly, and the sound of it never stops. Its pier is like

a steamer's deck at sea. In this "den" Mr. Irving Bacheller writes:

He has no special methods for work. Rising early every morning, he dives off his small dock into the Sound for a swim, and divides his day between work, golf, fishing, or long walks with an extremely intelligent collie, of which he is very naturally proud. He does his writing whenever the mood is on, and if the inspiration continues, he works far into the night in his boat-like study, and sleeps there rather than return to the house and disturb his family. There is an immense fire-place in the den, and in cold weather a wood fire burns there always, crackling and sputtering, and filling the little room with good cheer. Around him are many books. They are on the tables, the chairs, the lounges, even the floor. Over the door is the mounted head of a caribou which he shot in Newfoundland last year.

Mr. Bacheller was born in the little town of Pierpont, New York, on the edge of the Adirondacks, and was graduated from St. Lawrence University. He began life as a journalist, and his first fame was earned from his association with the Bacheller Syndicate, of which he was the founder. But a serious literary impulse was latent in him and needed only the right inspiration to develop into action. The inspiration came in this way. About the year 1892, a certain group of bright newspaper men, among them Stephen Crane and Irving Bacheller, used to meet for recreation and mutual enjoyment on the roof of a quaint old building in a district of New York known as Monkey Hill. They called themselves the Lantern Club, because lanterns symbolize enlightenment, and because they were used to illuminate the club itself. Among their diversions was the custom of writing stories and sketches to be read aloud at the meetings. Free criticism—brutally free—was expected and offered, and in this honest if rough school some very fine literary training was given and received. Both Crane and Bacheller began to do serious work as the direct result of the meetings of the Lantern Club. Mr. Bacheller had two books to his credit, neither of which had been especially successful, when one day a friend said to him: "If you could put the human interest you get into your poems and sketches into a book of fiction, and along the same general

lines, you'd make a big success." Next summer he wrote a novel "on the same general lines," and the result was "Eben Holden."

He himself is in the early prime of life. A man of great stature and strength, he is a profound nature-lover and a devotee of outdoor life. An old friend of his, who has accompanied him on numbers of his frequent excursions into the North woods, said recently: "I have been in the woods with many a man, but there isn't one I ever knew who was in such absolute sympathy with nature, and so completely indifferent to his own comfort—in short, such a good woods companion. He seemed to love every blooming thing that grows or could move or speak—that means ferns, and animals, and men. He had a way of getting in touch with the guides, and bringing out every characteristic they had. He'd work with them, and do more than his share every time. And everybody liked him."

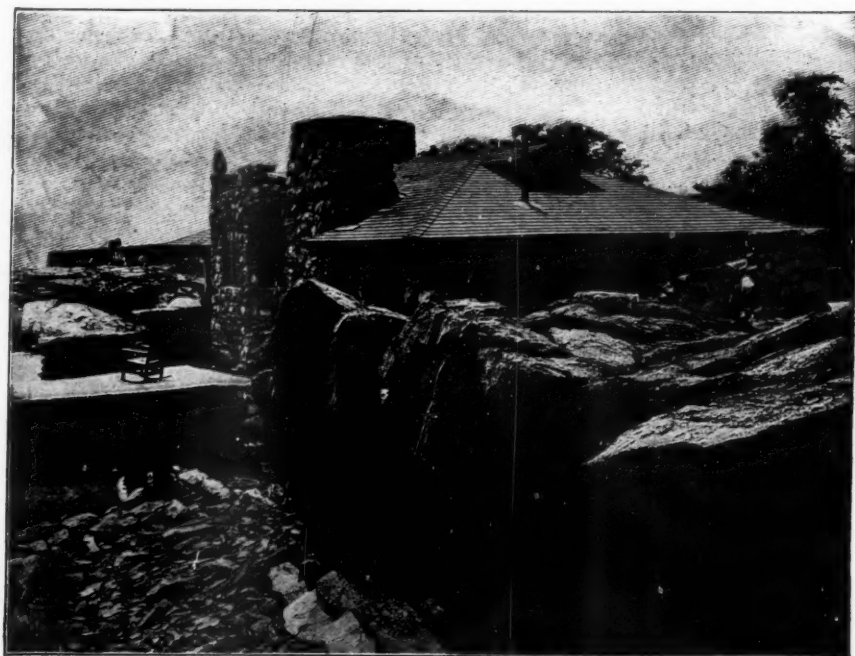


IRVING BACHELLER

Mr. Bacheller has been at work for two years on his new story, just published, "Vergilius," which is so absolutely different in subject and style from any he has ever written before that its publication presents him as almost a new writer. "Vergilius"

is a story of Rome just before the Nativity, of the old, crude, barbaric conception of love, and the coming into the world, with Christ, of the new. It is difficult to imagine the author of "Eben Holden" writing a story in which there are intrigue and fighting and plots and counterplots, revolving around the Emperor Augustus and King Herod the Great. It could not be more surprising if General Lew. Wallace should reverse his side of the shield and produce a novel like "Eben Holden."

Mr. Bacheller recently remarked that in preparation for this novel he had read over one hundred volumes. He is a careful workman, and loves his task. He has the good fortune to receive practical assistance



IRVING BACHELLER'S "DEN" AT SOUND BEACH

from his wife, who has been a real helpmate in all his undertakings. She was Miss Anna Detmar Schultz, of Brooklyn. Besides presiding with ease over her charming and hospitable home, Mrs. Bacheller has perfected herself in typewriting in order to assist her husband in his literary work. She is also a clever musician, and plays and sings admirably. She is as fond of out-door life and of animals as her husband is, and, besides the collie already referred to, has other pets, including a Japanese robin that greatly interests all visitors to the Bacheller home. Mrs. Bacheller frequently accompanies her husband into the woods, where they camp out and "rough it" together.

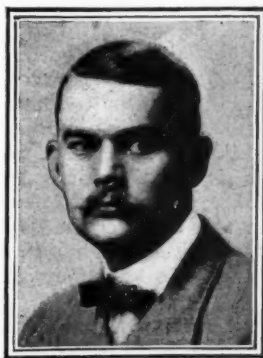
Guy Wetmore
Carryl

The continued success and the widespread praise bestowed upon the "Transgression of Andrew Vane" only serve to emphasize the extent of the loss sustained by the literary world and the circle of his friends, in the death of Guy Wetmore Carryl. It is not too late even now, perhaps, to present his portrait to our readers. One hears much to-day of the young man in politics, the young

man in finance, the young man under heavy responsibilities of every sort. The place of the young man in letters might well be filled by the name of Mr. Carryl, for surely it is an achievement in letters that a young man of only thirty-one should have held the attention and won the praise of the

reading public as did the author of "Zut" and of "The Transgression of Andrew Vane."

Few foreigners have ever written of Paris and its life with the sympathetic comprehension and complete knowledge which this young author was able to command. Not only the public of his own land, but that of Paris also, have reason to deplore the death of so gifted and sympathetic an interpreter.



GUY CARRYL

Tom Masson

The series of luxurious little volumes of society verse issued by Life Publishing Company and compiled from the columns of our humorous and satirical contemporary, are representative of the work of the present generation of young American poets. Both "Rhymes and Roundelays" and "Taken from Life" are



TOM MASSON

familiar to readers of verse. These two volumes were made up of the work of a number of verse writers. The new volume of the series is called "In Merry Measure," and includes only the work of Tom Masson, whose name is familiar to newspaper and periodical readers the country over. Mr. Masson is so versatile, however, and his verse covers such a variety of subjects, varying in form from the quatrain to a comedietta satirizing society, that one finds plenty of variety in "In Merry Measure."

The Summer Girl is so much of an institution now that it will be of interest to know that the first verses that were ever written of her were written some fifteen years ago by Mr. Masson, who has included them in his characteristic collection of verse, "In Merry Measure," just issued by the Life Publishing Company.

"I wrote the verses one February," said Mr. Masson, "during a blinding snowstorm, and the only thing I could think of was 'The Summer Girl.'" The poem was

widely copied, and the phrase thereafter became a part of current speech.

Mr. Masson was born in Essex, Connecticut, in 1866. His father was one of the best known old-time sea captains in the United States, and Mr. Masson went to sea when he was nine months old. He has been the managing and literary editor of "Life" for the past ten years, his writings for that paper and other magazines having become universal.

Mr. Masson is a resident of Glen Ridge, New Jersey. "My family," he remarked, "consists of three children, three dogs, three servants, and only one wife."

If you have not yet made the acquaintance of Susan Clegg and her friend Mrs. Lathrop, it will be quite worth your while to do so. She is a first cousin in literary kinship to Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch and will prove to be quite as worthy and as amusing a companion as that lively lady. "After all," she says in "The Marrying of Susan Clegg," "the Lord said 'It is not good for man to be alone,' but He left a woman free to use her common sense, 'n' I sh'll use mine right now;" whereupon she dismisses all the ardent rustic wooers who have flocked about her when it becomes known that her father at his death has left her a snug fortune.

Anne Warner, the creator of Susan Clegg, is in private life Mrs. Charles Ellis French of St. Paul, Minn. She has gathered into one volume the separate Clegg stories which appeared originally in the "Century Magazine," and added a new one, "The Minister's Vacation." The book is announced for publication early in October. Her literary career began in 1901 with the publication of a short story. Since that time she has

been a frequent contributor of short stories to the leading magazines. Her first book, "A Woman's Will," published last spring, was an international love-comedy written almost wholly in dialogue, and proved to be one of the popular books of summer reading.

Our readers will find on page 349 of this number of CURRENT LITERATURE the opening story of her new book "The Marrying of Susan Clegg." In justice to the author it should be stated that limited space necessitated editorial condensation.

It was seven Mme. Gabrielle years ago that Rejane Mme. Gabrielle Rejane was last seen in this country. Even at that time her reputation as an artist was great, and each year since it has increased, so that her appearance the coming season in America might, therefore, be regarded in the light of an "event."

Madame Rejane is a curious example of a person who gained her first success through a failure—paradoxical as that may sound. After a good deal of hardship, but blessed with the influence and kindness of valuable friends, she had been able to enter the Conservatoire with which Regnier was then connected. At fifteen she was graduated, but received only second prize. It was the storm of dissension awakened by her not having received first prize that brought her into prominence. It did more than this. One of her warmest defenders, indeed her principal supporter in this controversy, was Sarcy, the great critic, so that thereafter Madame Rejane came to be something of a protégé of this man, whose influence was widespread. Gifted as she was with personal charm and magnetism, offers of engagements now came in from every quarter to the talented young girl. She made



ANNE WARNER
Author of "Susan Clegg and Her Friend
Mrs. Lathrop"

her début in Paris at the Vaudeville Theater, March 25, 1875. For two years she played there, acting in almost every piece presented, but always playing secondary rôles and without any great opportunity being offered

"Amoureuse," "Sapho," "Madame Sans Gene," "Zaza," "Catherine," and many other plays.

It is hardly necessary to speak at this time of Madame Rejane's art. All who



MME. GABRIELLE REJANE

her. It was not until after she had left the Vaudeville and appeared at the Variétés in Meilhac's "Decore" that she really made her place. From that time onward she advanced steadily through such successes as "Germinie Lacertaux," "Ma Cousine,"

know the European stage know the very high place which she occupies. The bare list of the plays in which she has appeared shows her versatility and suggests her capabilities. Her coming means a stimulation and a benefit to the whole American stage.

The Mystic Mid-Region*

THIS is the happy title of a book dealing with the arid region of this country known popularly, in the West, at least, as "the great American Desert." It is a region familiar in its fleeting phases to the transcontinental traveler who, from his comfortable seat in a Pullman coach, or from the window of a dining-car, where he is feasting luxuriously, looks out on the desolate sage-brush and alkali deserts of Nevada and Utah or across the endless stretches, shimmering in fierce heat, of the Mojave desert of southern California and Arizona. It is the region which lies "between the lofty range of mountains which mark the boundary of the great Mississippi Valley and the chain of peaks known as the Coast Range, whose western slopes look out over the waters of the placid Pacific"—a mid-region of limitless desolate silent stretches beginning and ending in horizons that spell only mystery to the eye and mind. "There is a mystery about the desert," says the author, "which is both fascinating and repellent. Its heat, its dearth of water and lack of vegetation, its seemingly endless waste of shifting sands, the air of desolation and death which hovers over it—all these tend to warn one away, while the very mystery of the region, the uncertainty of what lies beyond the border of fertility, tempts one to risk its terrors for the sake of exploring its weird mysteries."

That is precisely what the author does for us, and after a careful reading of his story the reader is much enlightened as to the life carried on in these forbidding spots, and the air of mystery resolves itself often into an atmosphere of very practical pursuits, as, for instance, the following account of the salt industry in the Colorado desert:

"The most remarkable harvest-field in the United States, if not in the whole world, is located in the heart of the Colorado desert. The spot is known as Salton, and it lies 265 feet below the level of the sea. The

crop which is harvested is salt. So plentiful is the natural deposit of this necessary article that it is plowed with gang-plows, is scraped into windrows as hay is raked in the field, and, like hay, it is stacked into heaps from the windrows, and is then loaded into wagons, and later into cars to be carried to the reduction works three miles away.

There are about one thousand acres in this saline field. When one looks upon this glittering, sparkling, and scintillating field, which lies like a great patch of snow dropped down into the midst of the burning sands of the plain, he is reminded of that passage of Scripture which says:

"Lift up your eyes, and look on the fields; for they are white already to harvest."

This field is literally white to harvest, and a most phenomenal harvest it is. Over a briny, oozy marsh lies a crust of salt six to sixteen inches thick. As often as removed, the crust quickly forms again, so that crop after crop is taken from the same ground. In fact, although these harvests have been going on nearly twenty years, and two thousand tons of marketable salt are annually taken from the beds, but ten acres of the one-thousand-acre field have been broken.

The laborers employed in breaking up the salt crust, in loading the salt on to the wagons and taking it to the mills, in cleaning and preparing it for the market, are mostly Japanese and Indians. In the summer season the temperature reaches 130 to 140 degrees at Salton, and white men are unable to endure the work exposed to the burning rays of the sun.

The ease with which the salt is procured in this field makes it a valuable one. At very little expense the salt is made ready for market, and it brings from six to thirty-six dollars per ton, according to the grade.

The Coachella Valley, in which this great field of salt lies, is ninety miles long, and from ten to thirty miles wide. Its one thousand six hundred square miles of territory lie wholly below the level of the sea, its greatest depression being 275 feet. The

*THE MYSTIC MID-REGION. The Deserts of the Southwest. By Arthur J. Burdick. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York and London.

southern portion of the valley is devoid of vegetation, save when irrigation has been introduced, but about the northern portion of the valley the sage and mesquite have obtained a foothold in the sandy soil. Near Indio, in the northern portion of the valley, an artesian well was drilled a few years ago, and a copious supply of water was obtained. Now more than two hundred and fifty of those wells are pouring their waters over the thirsty soil, and a large tract of land has been brought into a high state of cultivation. The land about the salt fields, however, is too strongly impregnated with salts and alkali to offer any inducements to the rancher now or in the future. The constant harvest of salt, however, is a rich enough return for the lands thus unfitted for agriculture.

This desert salt is remarkable for its fine quality. An analysis made in San Francisco shows its constituents to be as follows: Chloride of sodium, 96.68 per cent.; calcium sulphate, .77 per cent.; water, .75 per cent.; magnesium sulphate, 3.12 per cent.; sodium sulphate, .68 per cent.; total, 100 per cent."

It is not all as yet, however, given over to the exploiting of commercial enterprises, and it is safe to say that there are spots, like the famous Death Valley for instance, which, in spite of human efforts to overcome their perils, will hold to their volcanic birth-right, and threaten with terrible death the rash intruder.

Of all the phases of the desert which awe and terrify, the author gives us vivid pictures—the terror of thirst exceeding all others in its grim horror.

"One who has never experienced it can gain no idea of the torture of thirst upon the desert. The scorching sun from a cloudless sky, with never so much as a hint of haze to temper its rays, seems fairly to drink the blood of the traveler exposed to its fierceness. From the sands rises a cloud of fine alkali dust which penetrates the nostrils and enters the mouth, stinging and inflaming the glands, and adding to the torture of thirst. A few hours of this suffering without water to alleviate the pain is sufficient to drive most men mad.

It is this desert madness which travelers most fear. If one can keep a clear head



PLOWING SALT IN COLORADO DESERT



A DESERT POTTERY FACTORY

he may possibly live and suffer and toil on to a place of safety, even though bereft of water many hours, but once the desert madness seizes him, all hope is lost, for he no longer pursues his way methodically, but rushes off in pursuit of the alluring mirages, or chases some dream of his disordered brain which pictures to him green fields and running brooks, ever just at hand.

Men tortured by thirst become desperate. A thirsty man knows no law save that of might. Men who would, under ordinary circumstances, scorn to do even a questionable act, will, when under the pressure of extreme thirst, fight to the death for a few drops of water."

The flora and fauna of the desert show a surprising variety, and afford food and fuel to the wandering Indian tribes who inhabit these waste places of the world. Among these tribes the Seri Indians are remarkable.

"The Seri Indians are found at the extreme southern portion of the desert. At one time there were considerable numbers of them in the Colorado desert, but in 1779

the Mexican Government, then in possession of the territory, removed them to the island of Tiburon, where the greater number now live. A few families are to be found, however, in the vicinity of the "Volcanoes" in the Colorado desert.

The Seri Indians are unreasoning, treacherous, and indolent. The women of the tribe command great respect from the men, and the family relationship is always traced through the mother. In the language or dialect of the tribe there is no equivalent to the word "Father," although there is for "mother." Little attention is paid to the death of a male member of the tribe, but when a woman dies the funeral ceremonies are elaborate."

"Ships of the Desert" is the title of a chapter in which the author discusses the means of transportation in use in the desert. The burro is, of course, the familiar instance that comes at once to mind and "he is to the American desert what the camel is to the deserts of the Eastern hemisphere." Concerning these two ships of the desert, the author says, in part:

"As a means of transportation the camels

[introduced in 1853, by Mr. Redwine, of Los Angeles] were a success. The heat and drought and sands of the desert were as naught to them, and they thrived on hardships that would have proven fatal to horses or mules, but their approach to a military post was a signal for a stampede of the stock, and the camels were marked for destruction. Every now and then, as opportunity offered, the soldiers would shoot down one or more of the camels, till their numbers were so reduced that there were not enough for a caravan. Then the remnant of the herd was turned loose in the desert, to live or die as might happen. True to instinct, the liberated animals sought an oasis, and there they began to multiply. Later, however, hunters shot them for sport, and, so far as is now known, they have become extinct.

Redwine, the man who introduced the camels to the deserts of California, closed his earthly career in the desert town of Imperial in July, 1902. Much of Mr. Redwine's life was spent in the deserts of the great West, and this region of mystery, so terrifying to most men, seemed to possess for him a peculiar charm, and when the desert city of Imperial was started he left his comfortable home in Phoenix, Ariz., to take part in the founding of this town.

When the camel project came to an end, the burro came to the front and has since held the foremost place as a means of desert transportation in localities not reached by the railroads.

The burro is a native of Spain, and he came to America at the time of the Spanish conquest. He carried the accoutrements of Cortez through Mexico and into the Montezumian capital. He was with De Soto when he journeyed into the heart of the American continent. De Balboa was indebted to him for the opportunity to discover the greatest of oceans. The padres who planted the chain of missions through Mexico, and who three hundred and fifty years ago reared the walls of the mission of San Xavier del Bac, in Arizona, had the assistance of the burro. The Franciscan fathers, who more than a century ago dotted the coast of California with another chain of missions, depended upon the burro for aid, and he did not disappoint them. And so, for more than three centuries, he has been in the procession of progress and has marched at its head.

The fortunes of the Spaniard have fluctu-

ated, but the burro has known no rise nor fall in its prospects. He came as a beast of burden, and as such he has remained. It is all one with him—Spain or America. If he has a little to eat, a few hours for slumber, and is not too heavily burdened, he will patiently and contentedly perform his work and offer no complaint.

He clammers up the mountain trail where the horse could find no footing, carrying upon his back twice his own weight, and he picks his way along the brow of the mountain or the edge of the mighty precipices as unconcerned as though he were treading the pavement of a boulevard or the soft turf of green meadows. If his owner places too heavy a load upon him he makes no complaint. Not he! He simply lies down till the burden is made lighter. There is no arguing the question with him. He is indifferent alike to blows and pleadings. Not an inch will he stir till matters are adjusted. He knows his capacity, and his load must conform to it.

Few mines have been discovered in the mountainous or desert regions of the West without the assistance of the burro. The steel tracks of the locomotive which wind in and out the cañons and passes and over the mountains were led thither by the burro. The explorer has thrown the burden of his efforts upon him, and the prospector deems him indispensable. He is the veritable "ship" of the western desert, and many a man owes his life to his burro. He will live longer without water and scent it farther than any known animal save the camel.

The burro draws no color line. He affiliates as readily with the Mexican and the Indian as he does with the whites. The desert tribes have little success with horses, and even the rugged bronchos cannot endure the heat and thirst incident to life in that region, but the burro is as much at home and seemingly as contented there as are his brethren who live and labor in the alfalfa meadows of the fertile belt.

The burro is never vicious. Unlike his cousin, the mule, he knows no guile. As a playmate for children he has no rival. He humors them, bears with them, and lets them work their own sweet wills with him. He requires little care, asks little to eat, and seems simply to crave existence.

Let the artist in search of a model for contentment go to the burro. There he will find contentment personified.

He does not sigh and moan that he, alas,
Is but a mongrel, neither horse nor ass.
Content that being neither, he may do
His work and live as nature meant him to."

In the chapter "The End of the Desert," the author prophesies the end of these arid wastes and their transformation into productive land. From his statement of what has already been done—two thousand acres of the great Colorado desert having

schemes in use long before the first white man visited the region.

The modern phase of irrigation was begun in 1890 by enterprising men who forwarded the idea and succeeded in interesting the Government.

In 1900 work was begun on a channel for utilizing the waters of the Colorado river which was found to be both beneficial to the soil and permanent in its supply. By



IRRIGATING DESERT LAND

been reclaimed, for one example—he does not seem to draw too long a bow. And the great key to this land, the open sesame which is to transform it from a land of desolate mystery into fair smiling countryside is—Irrigation.

The earliest inhabitants utilized irrigation in their farming, so that it is no new thing in the desert. Arizona and New Mexico both show traces of great irrigation

1903 the canal had grown to be one hundred miles long and the story of the transformation worked by it reads like a tale of magic.

The death of the desert, writes Mr. Burdick, will be a beautiful one. There will be no lack of flowers to lay upon its bier. Its grimness and fierceness and terrors will have given place to peace, plenty and prosperity. The region of death will be transformed into a kingdom of life

The Woman's Book Club

The Confessions of a Club Woman.*

THIS is an age of confessions. From the woman with a lurid past to the school-boy, one struggling with her emotions, the other with his spelling, each and all seem bound to entertain a more or less unwilling world with the history of their lives.

The latest contribution to this form of fiction (for it is hard to take it seriously) is called "The Confessions of a Club Woman," and in it the aspirant for social recognition may learn how to set about obtaining it—in Chicago at least, for it is by no means certain how such a plan would work further East.

The club woman in question is a girl in a little Kansas town where "not to have achieved matrimony by the time one was twenty-five was evidence of some lack of charm, mental or, worse yet, physical; where to go on to middle life without prefixing a 'Mrs.' was to drop into the deadliest level of insignificance possible to women." To avoid this fearful fate she marries a hustling young grocer from Chicago and begins her married life in rooms over the store. Two children are born to them, and then Johnnie (for Johnaphene is the name her parents have bestowed upon her) begins to feel a desire for a larger life and a wider outlook. This desire is fostered by a faithful perusal of the society column in the Sunday papers, and in that column the news of the Women's Clubs attracts her very strongly. She belongs to a Bible class, the leader of which, Mrs. Theodore Parsons, is a woman of great social prominence, and through her the grocer's wife gains admittance to the *Nota Bene*, a prominent club with a membership of five hundred. From this on the story runs easily and we follow Johnnie's career with interest and amusement, though at times our credulity is perhaps a little strained.

The grocer's circumstances improve, he leaves the retail business for the wholesale, and Johnnie, aided by her natural gifts and the friendship of Mrs. Parsons, becomes an important member of the club. Home and husband are neglected; her mother comes to

live with her and takes the housekeeping off her hands that she may have time to attend the endless meetings connected with her position in the *Nota Bene*. She is made a delegate to the Biennial Convention of the National Federation of Women's Clubs, and goes, against the express wishes of her husband. On her return, however, she succeeds in pacifying him, and when an invitation comes from the all-powerful Mrs. Parsons for Johnnie to visit her at her country place on the Maine coast, he is not only willing but anxious to have her go. Here she comes across a friend of her childhood who has become a popular preacher and whose friendship raises her wonderfully in the estimation of the summer colony at Meguntic Cove. There is a trifle of tentative love-making of the might-have-been variety, and Johnnie returns to Chicago with another social experience to her credit.

Her next step is her election to the presidency of the *Nota Bene* and, her husband having gone to London to establish a branch of his business, the coast is clear for her further advancement, which is rapid. In her capacity as president of the club she entertains, at the annual "Gentlemen's Night," the Governor and his staff and other distinguished guests, including our old acquaintance, the French Count with the hypnotic influence, who can always be counted on to take the part of the Destroyer of Domestic Happiness. This rôle he conscientiously tries to fulfil, and shortly after the return of Johnnie's husband an anonymous letter puts him on the track of his wife's indiscretion, for it has been nothing more. There is a decided breach which an opportune railroad accident suffices to heal, and the two come together again, Johnnie ready to give up her club for her husband's sake, he not asking that sacrifice.

The story is written in an entertaining style and shows much knowledge of the inner working of those large organizations. The interview between the officers of the Good Government Club and the editor of the *Thunderer* is amusing, and the incident resulting in the naming of a shoe after the club may

*THE CONFESIONS OF A CLUB WOMAN. By Agnes Surbridge, Doubleday, Page & Co., New York. \$1.50.

have had its prototype in another organization further East, but it is hard to believe that any woman's club has the social influence represented as belonging to the *Nota Bene*. That the wife of a grocer could, in such a short time, scale such social heights by means of her membership in a popular club, seems odd, to say the least, and we lose some of our faith in Mrs. Parsons as a model of good taste when we read her counsel to Johnnie to drop her husband's name and be known as Mrs. Jack Henning because "Mrs. Joseph is common, not to say plebeian; . . .

but Mrs. Jack—that has some style to it."

The author evidently believes firmly in the great importance and value of the woman's club, although she reluctantly admits that a woman may become too much absorbed in one, but the general reader will not probably take it quite so seriously, or agree entirely with the closing words which fall from the lips of the woman who is supposed to be the best balanced of them all. "The all-around perfect club-woman is, after all, only the all-around perfectly developed woman."

Mary K. Ford.

More Truth About Women in Industry

IN this department in our September number, we printed extracts from an article by Mrs. Flora McDonald Thompson, which appeared in the May number of the "North American Review" under the title, "Woman in Industry." Mrs. McDonald, although a shining member of the class of which she writes, drew a melancholy picture of the wage-earning woman, and summed up her conclusions in the words: "In a word, the truth about woman in industry is, she is a frightful failure."

A champion of the sex now crosses lances with Mrs. Thompson in an article in the August "North American Review," and a sense of justice prompts us to quote her refutation of the arguments advanced in the earlier article. The present writer is Mrs. Elizabeth Carpenter, an American woman of high standing in literary and historical work.

Mrs. Carpenter tries conclusions at each point with the author of the first article, a statement of which is manifestly impossible in this notice. We may only quote her arguments on one or two of the more salient points. First, then, concerning the question of wage-earning women and maternity, the author says: But here we approach Mrs. Thompson's third point, "the effect upon the woman herself is to impair her physical fitness for the maternal function, and to subject her to a false system of education, which mentally and morally unfits her for her economic office in the family." To the first clause of such a sweeping paragraph every earnest thinker will be moved to pay the closest attention; and if it can be established as an incontrovertible fact that labor impairs woman's "physical fitness for the maternal function," it is one that must "give us pause."

But has not this danger been, at least partly, realized and provided for? In France, we are told, the Council of Salubrity determines "what branches of industry a woman may engage in without detriment to her health."

France, among the modern nations of the world, has an enviable record in regard to her industrial ability. She has a thriftiness, a capacity, a recuperative quality, not easily equaled, and yet we hear continually that "in France, the men are the women and the women are the men." That is, in France it is a notable fact that the clear-headed, steady-nerved, keen-sighted wife is the economic force which conserves, and also frequently produces, the supplies necessary for the support of the family.

But it is also true, as the quick observer will at once note, that in France the problem of declining maternity is at present a menacing one, and on the surface, the idea that economic success injures motherhood's probabilities, might appear to be justified. But M. Zola, who was the great modern materialist, in this especial phase of human living, has declared in many of his books, and most especially in his novel, "*Fécondité*," that, when families in France are restricted in numbers, it is generally due to one of two things. First, the hard-working husband objects to many children as a drain upon his resources; or, second, the ambitious rich couple refuse to raise families, as their chief desire is to leave their estates intact to a single heir, and thus transmit the family name and possessions.

Here, then, we have an array of facts which leaves the woman in industry unassailed, and modern American life sustains the situation. Mrs. Thompson says: "Now, in the design of nature, which neither uni-

versity courses nor political emancipation can overthrow, the destiny of woman is wifehood, maternity. Abstract these offices from any calculation concerning the sex, and we have the end of the world." The truth of this is readily granted; but we are told also, that in the industrial world 17.22 per cent., including all workers above ten years of age, covers the entire class of feminine industrial factors. There are thus left 82.78 per cent. to sustain the normal order of production; and when we consider the widows, the spinsters, and the deserted wives who are forced upon the field, through no desire of their own for economic independence, the actual number of women insisting upon equal competition within masculine lines grows even ridiculously small.

Noting now that this minute army is "constantly depleted by marriage," and also, that "the permanency of woman in industry is as a class and not as an individual," and then admitting that, through her less dominant demands, the woman is able to toil for a lower wage than the man, it still persistently appears, through Mrs. Thompson's own conclusions, that any deterioration in the scale of living which female labor brings about is counterbalanced by the delicacy of woman's constitution, which demands for her comforts and luxuries, all of which are an expense to her employer.

Where maternity is concerned, the admitted truth fully exonerates the average woman in the economic world. It is not the laboring-man's wife, the washerwoman, nor the scrubwoman who fails in fecundity, although these toil daily with all their might, overtaxing repeatedly their poorly nourished physiques; nor is it the mate of the middle-class man, that ideal housewife who justifies the old saw:

Man's work is from sun to sun;
But woman's work is never done

It is not these (let us insist upon this significant fact); it is not these women who are childless; it is those who rival the lilies of the field. "They toil not, neither do they spin"; but it is they—the rich women, the prosperous ones, the unemployed, the leaders of "social sets," the queens of "social functions," who are more and more insistently refusing to perform the only labor which life has asked of them—the office of reproduction. To the average girl in factory or mill, a home, a husband

and a child are still, evidently, such desirable things that she leaves her work and her wage continually, and insists upon "depleting by marriage" her industrial world, until she is the despair of the statistician.

In the light of the broadest truth, then, the effect of economic labor is not to be compared in harmful tendencies to the effect of the unused leisure, the petty, social ambitions, and the soul-benumbing selfishness which follows so often in the train of men's acquired millions.

It is not toil, effort, energy, which disintegrates an individual or a nation; it is idleness, inertia, and a desire to allow the willing few to assume the burden of personal support for the many. The spectacle of one hard-pressed male called upon to feed, clothe and decorate half a dozen able-bodied females, "his sisters and his cousins and his aunts," is one the modern world finds degrading to both parties in the uneven contract, and in this remnant of mediæval ethics there is a semblance of mediæval crudeness.

Again, "the physical fitness for the maternal function" cannot be impaired except through physical degeneration, and careful physicians have shown that among the most trying, enervating and exhausting strains to which the feminine physique can be subjected, perhaps washing, ironing, sweeping and nursing the sick may be counted as in the lead. The trained nurse is an eminently feminine laborer, and yet the testimony in many hospitals is that which declares that it is the exception and not the rule, to send out graduates whose physical condition is as good as when they entered upon their training. Statistics claim that, among the insane, farmers' wives often lead in the list; and yet, the life of a farmer's wife is dominantly domestic.

But there is still a second clause to be met. "Mentally and morally," the working-woman is unfit for her "economic office in the family." Now why? The writer uses herself as an illustration, and we are therefore excused for becoming personal for a moment. Mrs. Thompson says: "I hire a capable woman to manage my house, and by working at my profession I earn money that compensates my family for the money loss entailed by my domestic inefficiency." Surely, the "capable woman" in the kitchen ordering a household régime and paid by another one, equally capable, at her desk in the library, is a far better situation for

any family than a literary woman bungling over range, in linen closet, and dining-room, and a first-class, but not learned, house-keeper vainly hunting work by which to sustain her own possible family.

Why is it a proof of mental or moral inefficiency that a woman earns money in a way which is both pleasant and easy for herself and profitable for others less gifted intellectually? Was Mrs. Browning of less use to her husband and to the world than she would have been if she had attempted to cook the family meals and sweep the common house? All labor is dignified and uplifting, if properly approached; but all labor is not fitting to each individual.

Shall, then, the women of active mentality be accused of inefficiency if she lacks only tough physical fiber, or even the practical intelligence that deals knowingly with

a domestic régime? It was Mary and not Martha who "chose the better part," according to the greatest of all teachers.

Let it not be said, then, that in a world of men, where even a statistician "never forgets that he is dealing with ladies," the demand upon women recognized in the twentieth century is only for the functions acknowledged by primitive man.

When woman touched man's brain and his soul; when she proved she could sustain fully her maternal functions, and also meet him as companion and friend; then, for the first time in his history, man became altruistic and realized that, within the compass of one home, and with one wife, he could reach a higher grade of civilization than when he ignorantly insisted that motherhood alone should absorb all of a woman's energies.

M u s i c ✦ a n d ✦ A r t

AMONG the great works of musical genius created in this generation no purely orchestral composition has, perhaps, taken such strong hold of the musical public, professional, student and amateur alike, as the sixth symphony of Tchaikowsky, popularly known as the "Pathetic." The announcement that it is to be performed at a concert is almost sure to bring out an audience that usually fills the house, and that has for its main object a hearing of the noble work.

In a recent article by Mrs. Newmarch in the "Musical Times," reviewing the last volume of "The Life and Letters of Tchaikowsky," edited by his brother, Modeste, there is given an interesting account in the composer's own words, of the conception and working out of the "Pathetic" Symphony, which will add greatly to the musician's knowledge and appreciation of the work.

Tchaikowsky's inner life, says the writer in the "Musical Times," was marked by regularly alternating phases of light and shade. The acute moral tension which preceded his retirement from the Ministry of Justice was followed by the calm and happy summer of 1862. To the glad and hopeful mood which characterizes his correspondence

at the beginning of 1877 succeeded the acute suffering consequent on his unfortunate marriage a few months later. So, too, the year 1893, destined to witness his unexpected death while still in the full vigor of his creative power, opened with no foreboding of sorrow, but rather in a mood of cheerful content, the result of his intense satisfaction in the progress of the Sixth Symphony. The creation of this work seems to have been an act of exorcism, whereby he cast out all the dark spirits which had possessed him in the preceding years. In his letters written at this time there is a tone of comfort and spiritual refreshment, as of a man who has thrown off some oppressive cloud and stands once more in the sunlight.

The first mention of this symphony occurs in a letter to his brother, Anatole, dated February 10, 1893, in which he speaks of being completely absorbed in his new project. The following day, writing to his favorite nephew, Vladimir Davidov, he enters into fuller particulars: "I must tell you how happy I am about my work. As you know, I destroyed a symphony which I had partly composed and orchestrated in the autumn. I did wisely, for it contained little that was really fine—an empty play on

sounds without any inspiration. Just as I was starting on my journey [the visit to Paris in December, 1892] the idea came to me for a new symphony. This time with a program, but a program of the kind which remains an enigma to all—let them guess it who can. The work will be called 'A Program Symphony' (No. 6). This program, which has no existence, is penetrated by subjective sentiment. During my journey while composing it in my mind, I frequently shed tears. Now I am home again; I have settled down to sketch out the work, and it goes with such speed and ardor that in less than four days I have completed the first movement, and the rest of the symphony is clearly outlined in my head. There will be much that is novel as regards form in this work. For instance, the *finale* will not be a great *allegro*, but, on the contrary, an *adagio* of considerable dimensions. You cannot imagine what joy I feel at the conviction that my day is not yet over and that I may still accomplish much. Of course, I may be mistaken, but it does not seem likely."

This letter was dated from Tschaikowsky's country house at Klin, where he usually retired when he had any important work on hand. By March the *scherzo* and *finale* were both fully sketched out. The composer, growing more and more enamored of his work was impatient to complete the orchestration when the time arrived for his visit to England, and he was reluctantly compelled to lay the Symphony aside.

The account of this visit to England is of great interest in the light it throws upon Tschaikowsky's character and upon the impressions made on a foreigner by British customs and characteristics. It was for the most part social martyrdom for the shy but courteous "Hermit of Klin," but he speaks appreciatively of Cambridge and of the ceremony of investiture which included Saint-Saens and Boito.

The prospect of a journey abroad invariably filled Tschaikowsky with the most painful nervous apprehensions. He was only able to endure the prospect by keeping his mind fixed on the earliest possible date of his return. On this occasion, the interruption of the creative inspiration at white heat made him the more unwilling to start westward. We must bear these circumstances in mind when we read the intimate records of his visits to London and Cambridge, and

discount what at first sight may seem ungracious features in his character.

Only those who know the Slavonic temperament *a fonds* can realize how completely an air of gentle and courteous attention may conceal an inward fever of irritability and profundities of unsuspected boredom. All who came in contact with Tschaikowsky, will probably agree that he wore the hair-shirt of social martyrdom with perfect affability. Considering all he suffered from his dislike to publicity and shyness before strangers, it is difficult to know what motive could have been strong enough to induce him to accept engagements abroad.

His retrospective view of his visit is far more rosy. "Cambridge," he wrote from Paris to his friend and publisher, Peter Jurgenson, "with its peculiar customs, which retain much that is medieval, with its colleges that resemble monasteries, and its buildings recalling a very remote past, made a most agreeable impression upon me." And writing to a friend a few days later, he says: "At Cambridge I stayed with Professor Maitland. This would have been dreadfully embarrassing for me if he and his wife had not proved to be some of the most charming people I have ever met, and Russophiles into the bargain, which is the greatest rarity in England. Now all is over; it is pleasant to look back on my visit to England and to remember the extraordinary cordiality shown to me everywhere, although, in consequence of my peculiar temperament while there, I tormented and worried myself into fiddle-strings."

Tschaikowsky's home-coming was by no means unclouded. The shadow of death was all around him. He was received with the intelligence that Albrecht—one of his dearest friends in Moscow—had passed away during his absence. A few days later came news of the death of Count Shilovsky, while his old school friend, the poet Apukhtin, lay dying in St. Petersburg. But even these gloomy tidings failed to eclipse entirely the sense of joy and ardor that possessed him when he joined his nephew, V. Davidov, at Grankino, in the Government of Poltava. The peculiar charm and dead silence of the steppes acted like a soothing draft upon the composer's overwrought nerves, and in a fortnight he was sufficiently refreshed to return to his home at Klin, and to the orchestration of the "Pathetic" Symphony.

The work, perhaps because of the enforced interruption of his journey, did not run quite smoothly at first. "Twenty years ago," he writes to his brother, "I should have rushed it through without a second thought, and it would have turned out all right. Now I am turning coward, and have lost my self-confidence. I have been sitting all day over two pages, and yet they will not come out as I wish." To Vladimir Davidov he says: "The Symphony which I intended to dedicate to you—though I have now changed my mind—is progressing. I am very well pleased with its contents, but not quite satisfied with the orchestration. It does not realize my dreams. To me it will seem quite natural, and not at all astonishing, if this Symphony meets with abuse, or scant appreciation, at first. But I certainly regard it as quite the best—and especially the 'most sincere'—of all my works. I love it as I never loved any one of my musical offspring before."

The Symphony is actually dedicated to his nephew, and the threat contained in this letter was merely a playful one, because the composer's letters had remained unusually long unanswered.

This high opinion of the "Pathetic" Symphony is reiterated in many of his subsequent letters. To Jurgenson he says: "On my word of honor, I have never felt such self-satisfaction, such pride, such happiness, as in the consciousness that I am really the creator of this beautiful work." To the Grand Duke Constantine he wrote: "Without exaggeration I have put my whole soul into this Symphony." Tschaikowsky was easily disenchanted with his work by the adverse opinion of others, as was proved by the destruction of several early works, and by the complete revision of the Second Sym-

phony and the Piano Concerto in B Flat Minor. It is all the more remarkable therefore that his estimation of his last Symphony survived the lukewarm attitude of the press and the coldness of the orchestra at the rehearsals and after the first performance. Nothing was able to shake his conviction that this was his supreme masterpiece, or, as he himself puts it in all simplicity, "the best thing I ever composed or ever shall compose." The Symphony was first performed in St. Petersburg under the composer's conductorship, at a concert of the Russian Musical Society, on October 28, 1893. The following day, M. Modeste Tschaikowsky found the composer with the score of the Symphony before him. He had agreed to send it to Jurgenson at Moscow that very day, and could not decide upon a title. He did not wish to designate it merely by a number, and he had abandoned his original intention of describing it as a "Program Symphony." "Why program," he said, "since I do not intend to expound any meaning?" M. Modeste Tschaikowsky suggested "tragic" as an appropriate label, but this did not quite please the composer. Just as he was leaving the room the word "pathetic" occurred to M. Modeste. "Bravo, splendid!" exclaimed his brother, and immediately added to the score the name which has now become so familiar to us. This anecdote is only of importance because it serves to illustrate in a simple way how far the conjectures of the most enlightened commentators may wander from the truth. Hugo Riemann, in his thematic analysis of the Sixth Symphony, sees the solution of this title in a striking resemblance between the fundamental idea of this work and the chief theme of Beethoven's "Sonata Pathétique," of which Tschaikowsky never dreamed.



Recent Notable Poems

Things and the Man.....Collier's

"And Joseph dreamed a dream, and he told it his brethren: and they hated him yet the more."—Genesis xxxvii: 5.

Oh, ye who hold the written clew
To all save all unwritten things,
And half a league behind pursue
The accomplished fact which flouts and flings,

Look, to your knee your baby brings
The oldest tale since earth began,
The answer to your worryings—
Once on a time there was a man.

He single-handed met and threw
Magicians, armies, ogres, kings;
He, lonely mid his doubting crew,
In all the loneliness of wings;
He fed the flame, he filled the springs,
He locked the ranks, he launched the van
Straight at the grinning teeth of things.
Once on a time there was a man.

The peace of shocked foundations flew
Before his ribald questionings,
He broke the oracles in two
And bared the paltry wires and strings;
He headed desert wanderings;
He led his soul, his cause, his clan,
A little from the ruck of things.
Once on a time there was a man.

Thrones, powers, dominions block the view
With episodes and underlings;
The meek historian deems them true,
Nor heeds the song that Clio sings,
The simple central truth that stings
The mob to boo, the priest to ban,
Things never yet created things.
Once on a time there was a man.

A bolt is fallen from the blue,
A wakened realm full circle swings
Where Dothan's dreamer dreams anew
Of vast and forborne harvestings;
And unto him an empire clings
That grips the purpose of his plan.
My lords, what think ye of these things?
Once in our time is there a man?

Rudyard Kipling.

The Hidden Land.....Ainslee's

In the deepening dusk they swing their lights,
Where the lawns are is dark and the dim
trees stand;
For this is the Good Folks' night o' nights,
And they show you the way to the Hidden
Land.

"And it's will you go with us?" they sing;
"Oh, the lights are lit on the shadowy way,
And the chime of the harebells ring and ring,
And sun-dust gold is the fare you pay.

"If you'd come, you must wear the Wonder-
Cloak,
If you'd come, you must don the Magic
Shoe;
And you must be fleetier than morning
smoke
And trip it deftly as moon-moths do.

"If you'd pass the guard at the Lovely Gate,
You must carry a fern-seed in your hand,
And you must be wise in the lore—or wait
Forever withheld from the Hidden Land."

The lights swing close—"Will you go? Will
you go?"

"Whither"—you ask—"not there or here?"
Haply 'tis farther than last year's snow,
Haply more near than the dark is near.

Arthur Ketchum.

The Robin in the Rain.....Poet Lore

Hear the robin in the rain,
Not a note does he complain,
But he fills the storm's refrain
With music of his own.

Drenched and drooped his finest feather,
Yet he swings in stormy weather,
Bird and God are glad together
A-swinging in the rain.

That seer-songster's vision traces
Trails of light in darkest places
Pouring through earth's stormy spaces
The solace of his song.

Charles Coke Woods.

Songs of the Sulu Sea.....Century

Let's go down the Sulu Sea—
 I am tired of old Canton,
 Shanghai's had enough of me,
 Nothing good in French Saigon,
 Macao of the Portugee,
 All this China side's too slow—
 Let's go sail the Sulu Sea—
 Let's go back to Borneo.

On the bund at Singapore
 Chinks and Sikhs stroll up and down—
 Yellow rajas from Lahore,
 Half-baked kings to see the town.
 By this crowd I set no store,
 All this feeble Malay show—
 Say, let's sail from Singapore—
 Let's go back to Borneo!

No place duller than Penang—
 Twice I had the fever there.
 Gad! the sleepy isle can hang
 White and brown, for what I care.
 Dyak and orang-outang,
 Where they are I want to go—
 Sink or swim, leave dull Penang—
 Let's go back to Borneo!

I can see the place in dreams
 When the moon shines on the bay—
 Liquid fire the water gleams,
 Phosphorescent flames at play.
 Why, but yesterday it seems
 That we watched the turtles glow
 Like gold patches—in my dreams—
 Let's go back to Borneo!

Don't you mind the honey-bear
 Little Mina used to drill?
 The parrot that we taught to swear
 In the hut on Landak hill?
 Mina, too—I wonder where
 Now she keeps her bungalow—
 Has she still the honey-bear?
 Let's go back to Borneo!

Edward Barron.

The Life Boat.....The Idler

Boom!—boom!—
 Boom! on the gale-blown night;
 Up, wit ye well what those thunders spell,
 If ye caught their number right.

Boom!—boom!—
 Boom! over the ocean swell:
 'Tis the Two-and-One of the Longship's gun,
 And ye know its meaning well.

Boom!—boom!—
 Boom! Ah! a rocket hissed—
 Burst overhead in stars of red,
 That fall and fall through the mist.

Clamor and command and counter-cry—
 Strain of strong sinews brave,
 As the great boat glides down its slope and
 slides
 Into the seething wave.

Out on the black of waters,
 Out through the blinding spray,
 Now a waning light on the wave of night,
 Far off it battles its way.

Boom!—Boom!—
 Boom! through the gust and the gloom
 And God knows when these thirteen men—
 Boom!—boom!—boom!

C. H. St. L. Russell.

A Fragment.....Smart Set

So dark—the rain is chill, the bitter wind
 The tree-top tears, my frail nest mocks and
 rends;
 Below the birds sleep quiet, warm and safe
 Behind the sheltering hill; up near the sky
 The branches bend and snap—the wild storm
 takes
 My dwelling for a plaything; still it clings
 To the swaying bough; yet, though it bide
 or fall,
 Grieve not, my soul, that we have built so
 high.

Allen Munter.

The Fox-People.....Lippincott's

(A Japanese superstition.)

Faint lights creep out amid the bamboo
 wilds.
 Wavering and flickering with an eerie grace
 And strange contortions.

From our heart goes forth
 The prayer:

"O Shaka, save us from the fear
 That we may lose our souls, for drawing
 close
 Are the Fox-People; they who steal the
 breath,
 The mind, the life, to shape to their own sin!"
 And as we pray a forest mist steals up,
 Shutting from view the treacherous sparks
 and all

The Eastern night is fair and still again.

Elsie Cassien King.

Painters Since Leonardo

THE reference shelves of many a library will show rows of books on art and artists, paintings, and art criticism, the value of which is impaired, or even nullified by confusing classification or by a mass of dry-as-dust detail which only wearies and offends the reader. These faults cannot truthfully be laid at the door of this new book* on art and artists. It is a valuable reference book upon the great painters from the time of Leonardo da Vinci down to the present day, including the living men whose names are on the tongue with each recurring season of exhibitions. This feature makes it of special value to the student and amateur. The author is Mr. James William Pattison, for many years the class lecturer of the Art Institute of Chicago, and art critic of the Chicago Evening Journal. The book is richly illustrated, and shows one sample at least, of the greater number of artists analyzed in the text.

The Introduction is a concise note upon the Renaissance, which prepares the reader's mind for, and assists him in the comprehension of the author's work in the body of the book. We reprint it herewith.

"Europe did not awaken from twelve hundred years of Dark Ages in the twinkling of an eye. The dawn stole upon it without any demonstration. Those who have watched the dawning, when weary with watching, know the strange surprise of it—things reveal themselves a little, though still mysterious. When it is half light, the birds suddenly burst into song, and still there is no sunshine. The sunrise is a spectacular performance, wonderfully affecting men and things.

"Historians have been in the habit of commencing the story of the Renaissance with the Italian painter, Cimabue, in the thirteenth century. Possibly he is the dawn. He did observe nature closely, escaping from Byzantine formalities somewhat. If this be a correct division, then it was the Italian Masaccio (1402) who made the birds wake up. Leonardo da

Vinci was the first streak of real sunshine flung athwart the earth. The full glory of the fresh morning came with the advent of Michael Angelo, Raphael, Titian, and their contemporaries.

"Twelve years older than Masaccio was Jan van Eyck, in Flanders. He traveled somewhat, going as far as Spain, but never to Italy. He and his brother did wonderful things, but still in the Gothic manner. Formalism cannot altogether kill great talent.

"The source of the Italian Renaissance is easy to find. Apollo posed for the angels, and Venus put on her clothes to aid the artist in painting a Madonna. The breastplate of Augustus rearranged itself to make the armor of the French king, Henry II (sixteenth century). The Græco-Roman group, the 'Laocoön,' inspired Michael Angelo to execute the picture of 'Bathing Soldiers.'

"All through the Dark Ages churches were decorated in a stiff, formal fashion, priest-ridden styles showing almost no study of nature, and owl-eyed monks could see in the dark to execute many quaint and some beautiful missals; holy ivories, and shrines. This was the art of the Van Eycks, of Quentin Matsys, of Masaccio, of his pupil, Filippo Lippi, and his pupil in turn, Botticelli. Botticelli was the last of the Goths—almost at the sunrise.

"There were two places which we may call 'art schools.' No masters managed them, except as each talented man was the master of his less-informed fellow student. One of these was the monastery in Florence, where the dead Masaccio's living paintings gave forth their influence. Every one of the celebrated men of the Florentine group studied there. The other was the palace and gardens of the great Medici family, where numberless art objects, dug up all over Italy and in the Greek colonies, had been collected. The habit of collecting artistic objects had long prevailed, though for many generations no one thought much of studying them.

"Masaccio gave a lesson in sincerity;

*PAINTERS SINCE LEONARDO. By James William Pattison. H. S. Stone & Co., Chicago. \$4.00.

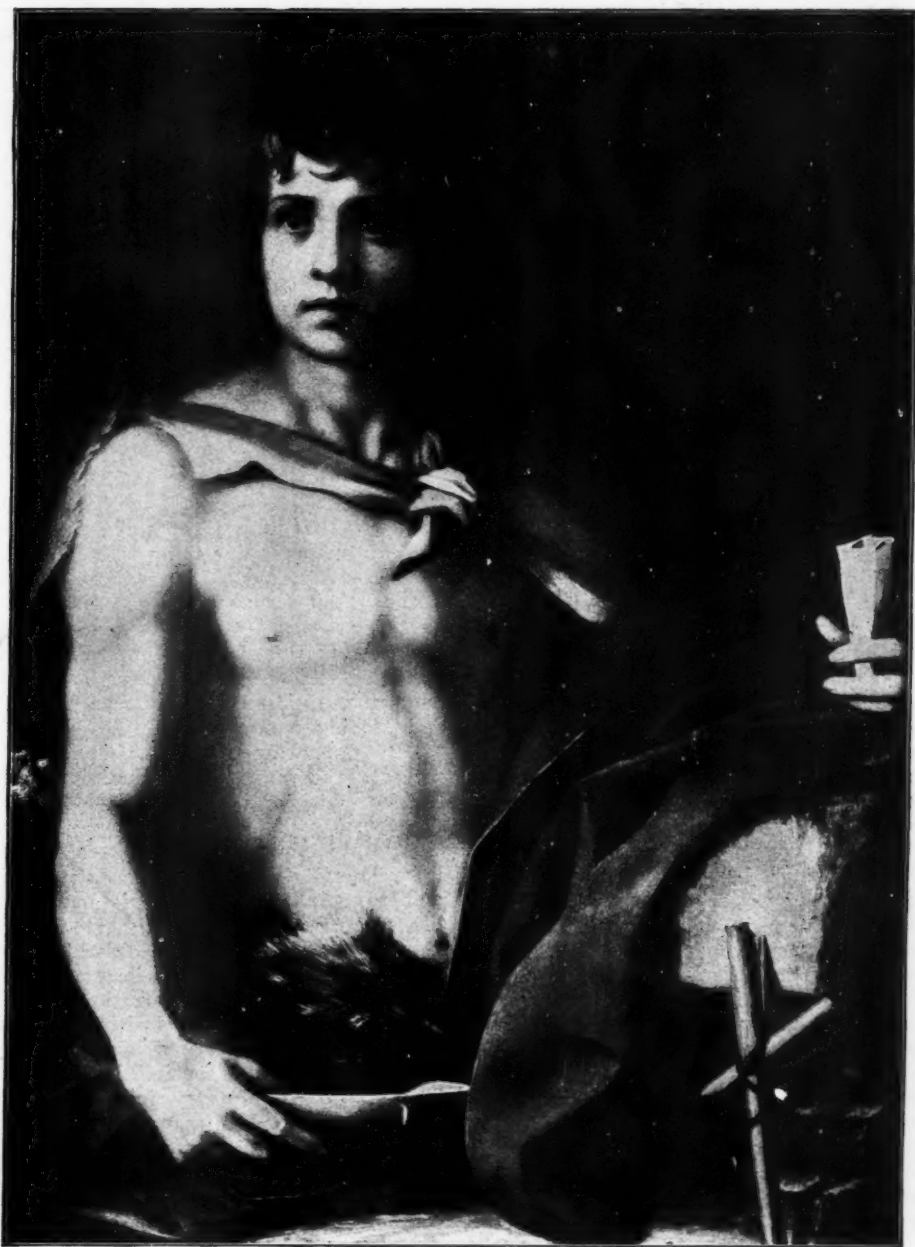


VAN DYCK—CHARLES I

these relics gave a lesson in well-regulated grace and elegance of form. It is to the study of these 'antiques' that the Italians

owe their sunrise; a light which shone all over Europe.

"The Renaissance marks the change from



ANDREA DEL SARTO—JOHN THE BAPTIST

Gothic formalisms to those of Greek and Græco-Roman origin; the one stiff, but, latterly, sincere, the other studiously ele-

gant—often less sincere—and we call it 'classical.' This classicism often followed the ancient forms so closely that many an

expert has come to grief in attempting to differentiate the two styles.

"There is another use of the word 'classical,' meaning simply any architecture, sculpture, or picture arranged in a formal manner somewhat based on the principles of formalism learned from this study of the antique.

"The landscapes of Claude Lorraine and Corot are classical in this sense, also innumerable pictures of domestic scenes, that is, most of the genre art. Certain artists in all modern periods have insisted upon following nature exactly, and admitted no artificial arrangements—these are not classicists.

"The history of the word 'genre' is very obscure. This we know: After the establishment of academies of art (following the Renaissance) those who failed to follow the laws of classical composition in figure pictures (preferring to paint nature as they saw it) were little encouraged, and the term 'genre' was applied, in contempt, to their pictures. Naturalistic figures were not considered worthy the name of 'art.' Art had to be artificial. Naturalism was vulgar. Domestic subjects were vulgar, and only suited to the taste of the common people. This was true in Japan, just as it was, in Europe. The battle goes on all the time, and will never cease, between classicism and the presentation of nature as nature is; the presentation of a subject in an entertaining and easily understood manner, or in stilted and elegant formality. It is the war between the taste of the majority fairly cultivated, and that of the aristocrats who worship their Greek—of romance in the clothes of everyday life or romance in draperies (or no clothes at all) as the ancients knew how to make them beautiful. So the war between classicism and genre is the contest between *extreme* Renaissance (Greek or Græco-Roman) elegance and the art of the people, whether it be formal or naturalistic."

The author is extremely happy in the clarity of his ideas, and the conciseness of his statements; while his literary quality is always admirable. The following passage on Manet is a fair sample of his style:

"To Manet the *rules* of painting were as smoke in the nostrils. There could be no rules for the living expression of the impression which nature made upon him. Anyone who reads Emerson's lec-

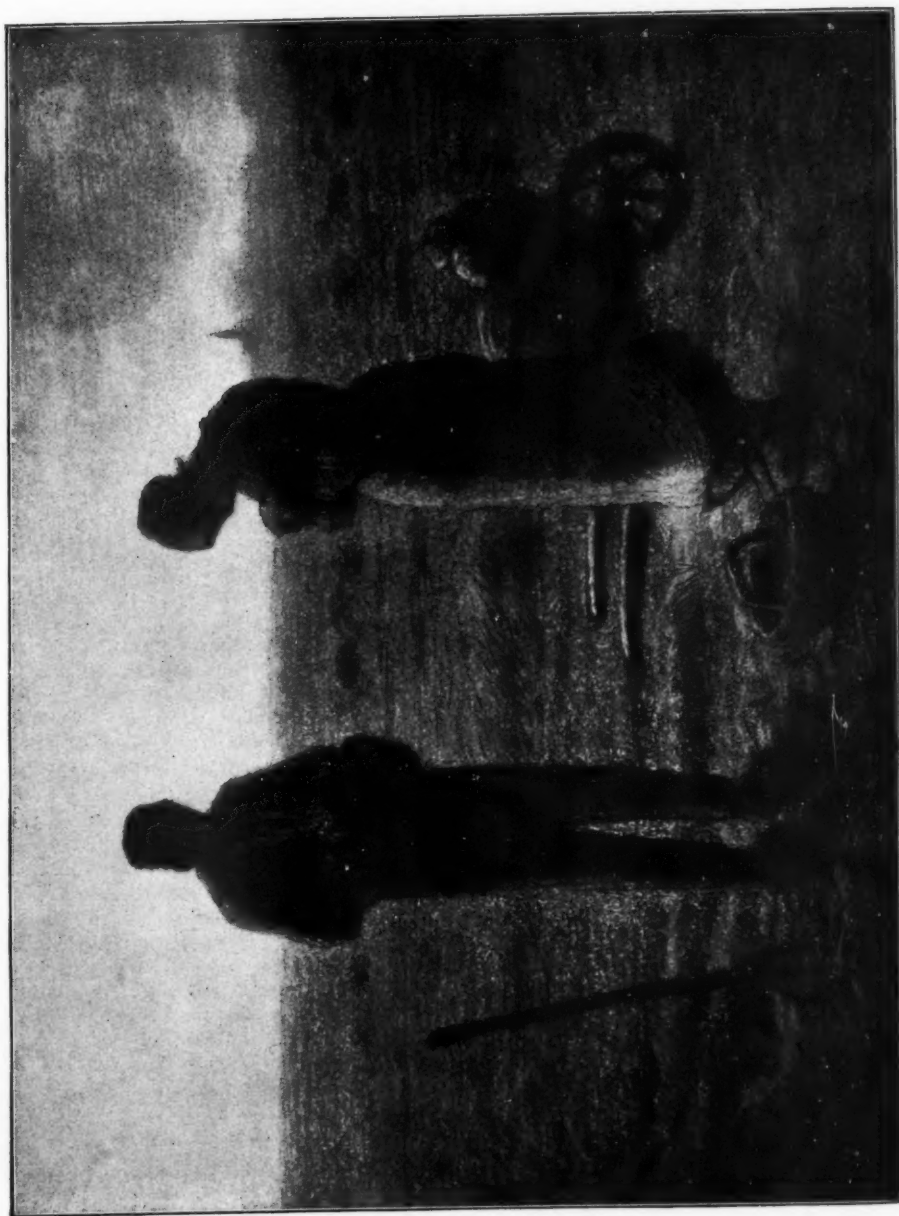
tures will see how strongly that great writer felt in the same way. Emerson wrote as Manet talked. It is possible that Rossetti felt in the same way; but he could not use his feeling to advantage. Manet was a born painter; Rossetti a born poet, a literary, not a painter man. Manet learned his technique at once; Rossetti never learned his at all. Manet's technique was not that taught in the schools, but it was a firm, bold manner of laying his paint, not a weak and bedraggled manner like that of the English-Italian. Most of all, Manet saw the 'values' in nature with astonishing accuracy. Rossetti never imagined that there were any values, as he struggled to represent every unimportant minute detail in the bushes, and painted the cannon on a far-off fortress so that the big gun sat on the ear of the unfortunate saint in the immediate foreground. All Manet's cannon went back where they belonged and tormented no saints, however closely they happened to be juxtaposed on the canvas."

Of another great modern Frenchman whose work is largely meaningless to the average individual, Mr. Pattison gives this enlightening paragraph:

"In temperament, Degas is in many respects the most artistic individual that history deals with. . . . Most people consider his art shockingly ugly; artistically inclined people look upon it as marvelous. Both are right. If it is difficult to point out the artistic qualities of his pictures when standing in front of them, what can I say in cold words? Subtlety of artistic expression, keenness of observation, rudeness of execution with astonishing command of sensitive line, and all this bestowed on a subject which offends my lady's sensibilities. . . . There is a rude poetry in it not unlike that of Walt Whitman. . . . Degas stands alone in his art, without forebears or followers, and heroically indifferent to praise or blame as long as the world allows to his genius untrammelled expression."

The recent death of Whistler gives a value to any and every utterance concerning that remarkable man. The following characterization by Mr. Pattison will be found not to be lacking in point:

"Whistler is another unaccountable



J. F. MILLET—THE ANGELUS

individual. In a measureless degree a charlatan, and poseur, his stupendous ability disarms criticism which would crush a smaller man. Some events can be accounted for, some almost accounted for—Whistler is a mystery. Every coat the man wore was planned to create an impression, every move he made was for effect—studied posturing. But Napoleon also posed, and so did Richelieu; why not this wonderful artist?

"This can be asserted of him: that he never has swerved from his purpose to paint in the way that seemed to him right, no matter how much the art world frowned or the little comprehending public scoffed. He went straight forward in the face of all kinds of defamation, crushing his enemies with a tongue and pen of extraordinary sharpness and wit—and he has won. In the matter of influence upon the art of all countries in the latter half of the past century, scarcely the like is found in any period. Velasquez himself has had no greater influence, nor Van Dyck, nor the Barbizon School."

Mr. Pattison places Velasquez at the head of the portrait painters of the world. He considers him as knowing as Hals in brush work, while much more refined; as capable of securing noble expression as Van Dyck, and still more subtle in characterization; not as rich a colorist as Titian, yet his tones of gray are the embodiment of colorfulness—possibly a more difficult accomplishment. Above all, there is an element of character-greatness displayed by Velasquez which, it may be, no man in all the world has equaled.

Touching the early days of art in America, he characterizes the painters of the Hudson River School as "sincere and honest in their work and lovable in their lives, but the art they produced is evanescent. Yet they were fortunately men of talent and they made admirable pictures, weak often, never of massive dignity, rarely well drawn, revealing utter ignorance of the use of color for the sake of color combinations and avoiding figures totally, except as slight indications of the presence of humanity in their landscapes. It was word painting, not art for the sake of being artistic. Those who had much talent painted charming pictures, but they painted, naturally enough, exactly what the public was willing to pur-

chase, and that was scenery. Americans knew little about art in those days."

The author's story of his first encounter with "The Impressionist" in Paris is well worth quoting.

"In the year 1880, in Paris, I had the pleasure of examining one of the first exhibitions of the new society calling itself 'The Impressionists.' The French, quick to see the ridiculous side of everything, laughed at it more heartily than at any new thing for a long time. As none of us knew what it meant, or how serious it was to become, as we had no idea what we were expected to see, the affair seemed a farciful eccentricity. We saw only lines of pale colors, seemingly crude, lacking in 'tone' and that 'fatness' to which we had become accustomed and which we thought essential to good painting. We did not ask for finish, but this daubing was a little too much for our comfort. Of course, the first noticeable thing was the purple or violet shadow cast by every object in sunlight. The following day I made a second visit, got my eyes accustomed to the glaring effects and went away much impressed with the sincerity, and especially the truthfulness of many elements previously considered as only eccentricities. Most of all, I found out that the sun shone in these landscapes as I had never seen it shine on canvas before, and the air seemed to vibrate wonderfully. With apologetic timidity, I approached my master, asking him to express himself. Much to my relief and astonishment, he had noted the same elements, and then and there predicted the coming influence of this movement.

"We had been accustomed to see pictures carefully arranged as to the placing of objects, so as to produce an agreeable effect upon the senses, *i. e.* semi-classical composition. Here arrangement seemed to have been abandoned utterly. It was as if one should put up his two hands before his face and paint anything which happened to appear between them. It was as if one had looked sharply at a bit of nature without any forethought and then turned his back at once and painted all that he could remember of it, stopping when his memory was exhausted. There were heads half in the canvas, half out of it, right in front with all the world beyond hinted at in a wonderful manner. Lingered distinctly in my memory are interiors of railway stations,



SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS—THE STRAWBERRY GIRL

all in luminous shadows, with many trains, the smoke reaching up in curiously but truthfully managed volume—all this in

shadow, and the sun shining brilliantly on the buildings far away at the extremity of the train-house opening. Nothing was very

plainly defined, but the 'impression' of sunshine and shadow was magnificently rendered. The selection of motives was unheard of—views along the bridges across the river Seine, with people walking through the smoke and steam thrown across the roadway by a passing steamboat, and that same brilliant sunshine over it all. How they did glimmer and how purple the shadows were! At once we began to search nature for these truths, and of course we at once found them; or, at least, we found hints of their existence. But this manager of managing light influenced everyone who worked from nature directly, and it eventually permeated the entire output of the art world. Not that everyone became an

was a Spanish one—the ability to see in a face what no other man ever could discover and note down. Sargent is next in what line of talent?

In a century or two, the art lovers will gather about the works of "the great American" and purchasers will pay enormous prices for them. This is not an exalted fancy, but beyond doubt to be a reality. Good technique would not accomplish this, but great characterization will.

"American art" is not necessarily American in subject. All subjects are alike to a good artist; it is altogether a question of the character displayed in the painting. This man's aggressiveness, independence, quick-



WINSLOW HOMER—THE BREAKERS

impressionist, but that things were inevitably changed by this new influence."

Of John Singer Sargent he says in part:

Character is what tells in Sargent's work. Who can describe character?

Much is said about the influence of Velasquez upon Sargent, but usually nothing more than technique is taken into consideration. Goya is one of his favorites also. Sargent had, more than any other that I know, the Spaniard's peculiarities of genius. Referring to the passages in this writing on Velasquez, it will be seen that his peculiarity

ness of perception, and general expertness are entirely American. Wherever he lives or whatever he paints, he will be American. It is a matter of no importance whether his sitter be a Jewess in London or Madame Fifth-Avenue.

The quotations we have given and the illustrations reprinted in this article will serve to show the quality of the book. It should take place among the first on the shelves of any reference library on art, and is valuable as well as interesting for occasional reading.

Susan Clegg and Her Friend Mrs. Lathrop

By Anne Warner

UNDER the foregoing title there appears this month a collection of short stories* by a new writer which will undoubtedly attract wide attention.

Susan Clegg at once brings to mind that other lady of sententious discourse—Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch. While they are indeed alike in many points, there is an individuality about Susan Clegg and her sayings which makes her an interesting and enjoyable person in her own way. She assumes a clearly defined outline in the mind of the reader as a result of the author's skill in allowing character to speak for itself. Her portrait is painted in the manner of the old masters—every feature and trick of

expression drawn to the life but without material accessories. We do not know the scene, nor the town, nor the home of Susan Clegg from any written word of the author, but each and every reader will have undoubtedly in mind a Susan Clegg of his own acquaintance whose surroundings will provide a local habitation and a name.

An outline of the author's personality and her portrait are given in the department, "People in the Foreground" on another page. By the courtesy of the publishers, we are enabled to give below the greater part of the first story in the book, which will serve as a good introduction to both author and creation.

The Marrying of Susan Clegg

SUSAN CLEGG and Mrs. Lathrop were next-door neighbors and bosom friends. Their personalities were extremely congenial, and the theoretical relation which the younger woman bore to the elder was a further bond between them. Owing to the death of her mother some twenty years before, Susan had fallen into the position of a helpless and timid young girl whose only key to the problems of life in general had been the advice of her older and wiser neighbor. As a matter of fact, Mrs. Lathrop was barely twelve years the senior, but she had married and as a consequence felt and was felt to be immeasurably the more ancient of the two.

Susan had never married, for her father—a bedridden paralytic—had occupied her time day and night for years. He was a great care and as she did her duty by him with a thoroughness which was praiseworthy in the extreme, she naturally had very little leisure for society. Mrs. Lathrop had more, because her family consisted of but one son and she was not given to that species of housekeeping which sweeps under the beds too often. It therefore came about

that the one and only recreation which the friends could enjoy together to any great extent, was visiting over the fence. Visiting over the fence is an occupation in which any woman may indulge without fear of unkind criticism. If she takes occasion to run in next door, she is, of course, leaving the house which she ought to be keeping, but she can lean on the fence all day without feeling derelict as to a single duty. Then, too, there is something about the situation which produces a species of agreeable subconsciousness that one is at once at home and abroad. It followed that Susan and Mrs. Lathrop each wore a path from her kitchen door to the trysting-spot, and that all summer long they met there early and late.

Mrs. Lathrop did the listening while she chewed clover. Just beyond her woodpile red clover grew luxuriantly, and when she started for the place of meeting it was her invariable custom to stop and pull a number of blossoms so that she might eat the tender petals while devoting her attention to the business in hand.

It must be confessed that the business in hand was nearly always Miss Clegg's business, but since Mrs. Lathrop, in her position of experienced advisor, was deeply

*SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP. By Anne Warner. Little, Brown & Co., Boston, \$1.00. Copyright, 1903, 1904, by the Century Co. Copyright, 1904, by Little, Brown & Co.

interested in Susan's exposition of her own affairs, that trifling circumstance appeared of little moment.

One of the main topics of conversation was Mr. Clegg. As Mr. Clegg had not quitted his bed for over a score of years, it might seem that his novelty as a subject of discussion would have been long since exhausted. But not so. His daughter was the most devoted of daughters, and his name was ever rife on her lips. What he required done for him and what he required done to him were the main ends of her existence, and the demands of his comfort, daily or annual, resulted in numerous phrases of a startling but thoroughly intelligible order. Of such a sort was her usual Saturday morning greeting to Mrs. Lathrop, "I'm sorry to cut you off so quick, but this's father's day to be beat up and got into new pillow-slips," or her regular early-June remark, "Well, I thank Heaven 't father 's had his hair picked over 'n' 't he's got his new tick for *this* year!"

Mrs. Lathrop was always interested, always sympathetic, and rarely ever startled; yet one July evening when Susan said suddenly, "I've finished my dress for father's funeral," she did betray a slight shock.

"You ought to see it," the younger woman continued, not noticing the other's start,—"it's jus' 's *nice*. I put it away in camphor balls, 'n' Lord knows I don't look forward to the gettin' it out to wear, f'r the whole carriage load'll sneeze their heads off whenever I move in that dress."

"Did you put newspaper—" Mrs. Lathrop began, mastering her earlier emotions.

"In the sleeves? Yes, I did, 'n' I bought a pair o' black gloves 'n' two handkerchiefs 'n' slipped 'em into the pockets. Everythin' is all fixed, 'n' there'll be nothin' to do when father dies but to shake it out 'n' lay it on the bed in his room. I say 'in his room,' 'cause o' course that day he'll be havin' the guest-room. I was thinkin' of it all this afternoon when I sat there by him hemmin' the braid on the skirt, 'n' I couldn't but think 't if I sit 'n' wait very much longer I sh'll suddenly find myself pretty far advanced in years before I know it. This world's made f'r the young 's well's the old, 'n' you c'n believe me or not jus' 's you please, Mrs. Lathrop, but I've always meant to get married 's soon 's father was off my hands. I was countin' up to-day though, 'n' if he lives to be a hundred, I'll

be nigh onto seventy 'n' no man ain't goin' to marry me at seventy. Not 'nless he was eighty, 'n' Lord knows I ain't intendin' to bury father jus' to begin on someone else, 'n' that's all it'd be."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"I set there thinking f'r a good hour, 'n' when I was puttin' away the dress, I kep' on thinkin', 'n' the end was 't now that dress 's done I ain't got nothin' in special to sew on 'n' so I may jus' 's well begin on my weddin' things. There's no time like the present, 'n' 'f I married this summer, *he'd* have to pay f'r half of next winter's coal. 'N' so my mind's made up, 'n' you c'n talk yourself blind, 'f you feel so inclined, Mrs. Lathrop, but you can't change hide or hair o' my way o' thinkin'. I've made up my mind to get married, 'n' I'm going to set right about it. Where there's a will there's a way, 'n' I ain't goin' to leave a stone unturned. I went down town with the kerosene-can jus' afore tea, 'n' I bought me a new false front, 'n' I met Mrs. Brown's son, 'n' I told him 't I wanted him to come up to-morrow 'n' take a look at father."

"Was you thinking o' marryin' Mrs. Br—" Mrs. Lathrop gasped, taking her clover from her lips.

"Marryin' Mrs. Brown's son! Well, 'f your mind don't run queer ways! Whatever sh'd put such an idea into your head? I hope you'll excuse my sayin' so, Mrs. Lathrop, but I don't believe anybody but you would ever 'a' asked such a question, when you know 's well 's everybody else does 't he's runnin' his legs off after Amelia Fitch. Any man who wants a little chit o' eighteen wouldn't suit my taste much, 'n' anyhow I never thought of him; I only asked him to come in in a friendly way 'n' tell me how long he thinks 't father may live. I don't see my way to makin' any sort o' plans with father so drefle indefinite, 'n' a man who was fool enough to marry me, tied up like I am now, would n't have s'fficient brains to be worth lookin' over. Mrs. Brown's son 's learnin' docterin', 'n' he's been at it long enough so's to be able to see through anythin' 's simple 's father, I sh'd think. 'T any rate, 'f he don't know nothin' yet, Heaven help Amelia Fitch 'n' me, f'r he'll take us both in."

"Who was you thinkin' o'—" Mrs. Lathrop asked, resuming her former occupation.

"The minister," replied Miss Clegg. "I didn't stop to consider very much, but it

struck me's polite to begin with him. I c'd marry him without waitin' for father, too, 'cause a minister couldn't in reason find fault over another man's bein' always to home. O' course he wouldn't be still like father is, but I ain't never been one to look gift-horses in the mouth, 'n' I d'n' know's I'd ought to expect another man *jus'* like father in one life. Mother often said father's advantages was great, for you always knew where he was, 'n' 'f you drew down the shade you c'd tell him it was rainin' 'n' he couldn't never contradick."

Mrs. Lathrop nodded acquiescently but made no comment.

Miss Clegg withdrew somewhat from her confidentially inclined attitude.

"I won't be out in the mornin'," she said. "I sh'll want to dust father 'n' turn him out o' the window afore Mrs. Brown's son comes. After he's gone I'll wave my dish-towel, 'n' then you come out 'n' I'll tell you what he says."

They separated for the night, and Susan went to sleep with her own version of love's young dream.

Mrs. Brown's son arrived quite promptly the next morning. He drove up in Mr. Brown's buggy, and Amelia Fitch held the horse while he went inside to inspect Mr. Clegg. The visit did not consume more than ten minutes, and then he hurried out to the gate and was off.

The buggy was hardly out of sight up the road when Miss Clegg emerged from her kitchen door, her face bearing an imprint of deep and thorough disgust.

"Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I don't think much o' that young man," she announced in a tone of unmitigated disapproval; "'peared to me like he was in a hurry to get done with father's quick 's he could just so 's to be back beside Amelia Fitch. I'd venture a guess that 'f you was to ask him this minute he's forgot every word I said to him already. I asked him to set some sort of a figger on father, 'n' he wouldn't so much 's set down himself. Stood on one leg 'n' backed towards the door every other word, 'n' me, father's only child, standin' there at his mercy. Said 't last 's he *might* die to-morrow 'n' *might* live twenty years. I tell you my patience pretty near went at that. I don't call such a answer no answer a *tall*. I've often thought both them things myself, 'n' me no doctor. Particularly about the twenty years. Father's lived seventy-five

years—I must say 't to my order o' thinkin' he's pretty well set a-goin', 'n' that the life he leads ain't drainin' his vitality near 's much's it's drainin' mine."

Miss Clegg stopped and shook her head impatiently.

"I d'n' know when I've felt as put out's this. 'N' me with so much faith in doctors too. It's a pretty sad thing, Mrs. Lathrop, when all the comfort you c'n get out of a man is the thinkin' 't perhaps God in his mercy has made him a fool. I had a good mind to tell that very thing to Mrs. Brown's son, but I thought maybe he'd learn better later. Anyway I'm goin' right ahead with my marriage. It'll have to be the minister now, 'n' I can't see what I've ever done 't I sh'd have two men around the house 't once like they'll be, but that's all in the hands o' Fate, 'n' so I *jus'* took the first step 'n' told Billy when he brought the milk to tell his father 't if he'd come up here to-night I'd give him a quarter for the Mission fund. I know the quarter 'll bring him, 'n' I can't help kind o' hopin' 't to-morrow 'll find the whole thing settled 'n' off my mind."

The next morning Mrs. Lathrop laid in an unusually large supply of fodder and was very early at the fence. Her son—a placid little innocent of nine-and-twenty years—was still in bed and asleep. Susan was up and washing her breakfast dishes, but the instant that she spied her friend she abruptly abandoned her task and hastened to the rendezvous.

"Are you goin' t'—" Mrs. Lathrop called eagerly.

"No, I ain't," was the incisive reply.

Then they both adjusted their elbows comfortably on the top rail of the fence, and Miss Clegg began, her voice a trifle higher pitched than usual.

"Mrs. Lathrop, it's a awful thing for a Christian woman to feel forced to say, 'n' Lord knows I wouldn't say it to no one but you, but it's true 'n' beyond a question so, 'n' therefore I may's well be frank 'n' open 'n' remark 't our minister ain't no good a *tall*.—'N' I d'n' know but I'll tell anyone 's asks me the same thing, f'r it certainly ain't nothin' f'r me to weep over, 'n' the blood be on his head from now on."

Miss Clegg paused briefly, and her eyes became particularly wide open. Mrs. Lathrop was all attention.

"Mrs. Lathrop, you ain't lived next to

me 'n' known me in 'n' out, hind 'n' front all these years not to know 't I'm pretty sharp. I ain't been cheated mor' 'n twice 'n my life, 'n one o' them times wasn't my fault, for it was printed on the band 't it would wash. Such bein' the case, 'n' takin' the minister into consideration, I do consider 't no man would 'a' supposed 't he could get the better o' me. It's a sad thing to have to own to, 'n' if I was anybody else in kingdom come I'd never own to it till I got there; but my way is to live open 'n' aboveboard, 'n' so to my shame be 't told 't the minister—with all 't he's got eight children 'n' I ain't even married—is certainly as sharp as me. Last night when I see him coming up the walk, I never 'd 'a' believed 's he c'd get away again so easy, but it just goes to show what a world o' deceit this is, 'n' seein' I have father to clean from his windows aroun' to-day, I'll ask you to excuse me 'f I don't draw the subjeck out none, but jus' remark flat 'n' plain 't there ain't no chance o' my ever marryin' the minister. You may consider that a pretty strong statement, Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' I don't say myself but 't with any other man there might be a hereafter, but it was me 'n' not anybody else as see his face last night, 'n' seein' his face 'n' bein' a woman o' more brains 'n' falls to the lot of yourself 'n' the majority, I may just as well say once for all that, 's far's the minister's concerned, I sh'll never be married to *him*."

"What did he—" began Mrs. Lathrop.

"All 't was necessary 'n' more too. He didn't give me hardly time to state 't I was single afore he come out strong 't we'd both better stay so. I spoke right out to his face then, 'n' told him 't my shingles was new last year 'n' it was a open question whether his'd ever be, but he piped up f'r all the world like some o' the talkin' was his to do, 'n' said 't he had a cistern 'n' I'd only got a sunk hogshhead under the spout. I did n't see no way to denyin' *that*, but I went right on 'n' asked him 'f he could in his conscience deny 't them eight children stood in vital need of a good mother, 'n' he spoke up 's quick 's scat 'n' said 't no child stood in absolute vital need of a mother after it was born. 'N' then he branched out 'n' give me to understand 't he had a wife till them eight children all got themselves launched 'n' 't it wasn't his fault her dyin' o' Rachel Rebecca. When he said 'dyin', I broke in 'n' said it was Bible-true 's there was 's good fish in the sea's ever was caught out of it, 'n' he was im-

polite enough to interrupt 'n' tell me to my face 'Yes, but when a man had been caught once he wasn't easy caught again.' I will own 't I was more 'n' put out 't that, for o' course when I said *fish* I meant his wife 'n' me, but when he pretended to think 't I meant him I begin to doubt 's it was worth while to tackle him further. One man can lead a horse to water, but a thousand can't get him to stick his nose in 'f he don't want to, 'n' I thank my stars 't I ain't got nothin' 'n' me as craves to marry a man's appears dead-set ag'in the idea. I asked him 'f he didn't think 's comin' into property was always a agreeable feelin', 'n' he said 'Yes, but not when with riches come a secret thorn in the flesh,' 'n' at that I clean give up, 'n' I hope it wasn't to my discredit, for no one on the face of the earth could 'a' felt there'd be any good in keepin' on. But it was no use, 'n' you know's well as I do 't I never was give to wastin' my breath, so I out 'n' told him 't I wasn't giv' to wastin' my time either, 'n' then I stood up 'n' he did too. N' then I got even with him, 'n' I c'n assure you 't I enjoyed it, f'r I out 'n' told him 't I'd changed my mind about the quarter. So he had all that long walk for nothin', 'n' I can't in conscience deny 't I was more 'n' rejoiced, for Lord knows I did n't consider 't he'd acted very obligin'."

Mrs. Lathrop ceased to chew and looked deeply sympathetic.

There was a brief silence, and then she asked, "Was you thinkin' o' tryin' any—"

Miss Clegg stared at her in amazement.

"Mrs. Lathrop! Do you think I'd give up now, 'n' let the minister see 't my marryin' depended on *his* say-so? Well, I guess not. I'm more dead-set 'n' ever, 'n' I vow 'n' declare 't I'll never draw breath till after I've stood up right in the face o' the minister 'n' the whole congregation 'n' had 'n' held some man, no matter who nor when nor where. Marryin' was goin' to have been a pleasure, now it's a business. I'm goin' to get a horse 'n' buggy this afternoon 'n' drive out to Farmer Sperrits'. I've thought it all over, 'n' I c'n tell father 't I'll be chop-pin' wood; then 'f he says afterwards 't he called 'n' called, I c'n say 't I was makin' so much noise 't I didn't hear him."

"You'll have to hire—" suggested Mrs. Lathrop.

"I know, but it won't cost but fifty cents, 'n' I saved a quarter on the minister, you know. I'd like to ask you to drive out

with me, Mrs. Lathrop, but if Mr. Sperrit's got it in him to talk like the minister did, I'm free to confess 't, I'd rather be alone to listen. 'N' really, Mrs. Lathrop, I must go in now. I've got bread a-risen' 'n' dishes to do, 'n', as I told you before, this is father's day to be all but scraped and varnished."

Mrs. Lathrop withdrew her support from the fence, and Miss Clegg did likewise. Each returned up her own path to her own domicile, and it was long after that day's tea-time before the cord of friendship got knotted up again.

"Did you go to the farm?" Mrs. Lathrop asked. "I was to the Sewin' So—"

"Yes, I went," said Miss Clegg, her air decidedly weary; "oh, yes, I went. I had a nice ride too, 'n' I do believe I saw the whole farm, from the pigs to the punkins."

There was a pause, and Mrs. Lathrop filled it to the brim with expectancy until she could wait no longer.

"Are you—" she finally asked.

"No," said her friend, sharply, "I ain't." He was n't a bit spry to hop at the chance, 'n' Lord knows there wa'n't no great urg'in' on my part. I asked him why he ain't never married, 'n' he laughed like it was a funny subjeck, 'n' said's long's he never did it 't that was the least o' his troubles. I didn't call that a very encouragin' beginnin', but my mind was made up not to let it

be my fault 'f the horse was a dead waste o' fifty cents, 'n' so I said to him 't if he'd marry any woman with a little money he could easy buy the little Jones farm right next him, 'n' then 't be 's clear 's day that it 'd be his own fault if he didn't soon stretch right from the brook to the road.

He laughed some more 't that, 'n' said 't I didn't seem to be aware 't he owned a mortgage on the Jones farm 'n' got all it raised now 'n' would get the whole thing in less 'n two years."

Mrs. Lathrop stopped chewing.

"They was sayin' in the Sewin' Society's he's goin' to marry Eliza Gr—" she said mildly.

Miss Clegg almost screamed.

"Eliza Gringer, as keeps house for him?"

Her friend nodded.

Miss Clegg drew in a sudden breath.

"Well! 'f I'd knowed *that*, I'd never 'a' paid fifty cents for that horse 'n' buggy! Eliza Gringer! why, she's older 'n' I am, —she was to 'Cat' when I was only to 'M.' 'N'

he's goin' to marry her! Oh, well, I d'n' know's it makes any difference to me. In my opinion a man as'd be fool enough to be willin' to marry a woman 's ain't got nothin' but herself to give him, 's likelier to be happier bein' her fool 'n' he ever would be bein' mine."

There was a pause.



SUSAN CLEGG AND HER FRIEND MRS. LATHROP

"Your father's just the—" Mrs. Lathrop said at last.

"Same? Oh, yes, he's just the same. Seem 't I can't remember when he wasn't just the same."

Then there was another pause.

"I ain't discouraged," Susan announced suddenly, almost aggressively,—"I ain't discouraged 'n' I won't give up. I'm goin' to see Mr. Weskin, the lawyer, to-morrow. They say—'n' I never see nothin' to lead me to doubt 'em—'t he's stingy 'n' mean for all he's forever makin' so merry at other folks' expense; but I believe't there's good in everythin' 'f you're willin' to hunt for it, 'n' the Lord knows if this game keeps up much longer I'll get so used to huntin' 't huntin' the good in Lawyer Weskin 'll jus' be child's play to me."

"I was thinkin'—" began Mrs. Lathrop.

"It ain't no use if you are," said her neighbor; "the mosquitoes is gettin' too thick. We'd better in."

And so they parted for the night.

The following evening was hot and breathless, the approach of Fourth of July appearing to hang heavily over all. Susan brought a palm-leaf fan with her to the fence and fanned vigorously.

"It ain't goin' to be the lawyer, either," she informed the expectant Mrs. Lathrop, "'n' I hav' n't no tears to shed over *that*. I went there the first thing after dinner, 'n' he give me a solid chair 'n' whirled aroun' in one 't twisted, 'n' I didn't fancy such manners under such circumstances a *tall*. I'd say suthin' real serious 'n' he'd brace himself ag'in his desk 'n' take a spin 's if I didn't count for sixpence. I couldn't seem to bring him around to the seriousness of the thing nohow. 'N' I come right out square 'n' open in the very beginning too, for Lord knows I'm dead sick o' beatin' around the bush o' men's natural shyness. He whirled himself clean around two times 'n' then said 's long 's I was so frank with him 't it 'd be nothin' but a joy for him to be equally frank with me 'n' jus' say 's he'd rather not. I told him he'd ought to remember 's he'd have a lot o' business when father died 'f he kept my good will, but he was lookin' over 'n' under himself to see how near to unscrewed he was 'n' if it was safe to keep on turnin' the same way any longer, 'n' upon my honor, Mrs. Lathrop, I was nigh to mad afore he got ready to remark 's father 'd left

him a legacy on condition 't he didn't charge nothin' for probatin'."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"So I come away, 'n' I declare my patience is nigh to gin out. This gettin' married is harder 'n' house-paintin' in fly-time. I d'n' know when I've felt so tired. Here's three nights 't I've had to make my ideas all over new to suit a different husband each night. It made my very bones ache to think o' pilin' them eight children 'n' the minister on top o' father, 'n' then the next night it was a good jump out to that farm, f'r I never was one to know any species o' fellow-feelin' with pigs 'n' milkin'. 'N' last night!—well, you know I never liked Mr. Weskin anyhow. But I d'n' know who I *can* get now. There's Mrs. Healy's husband, o' course; but when a woman looks happier in her coffin 'n' she ever looked out of it it's more'n a hint to them 's stays behind to fight shy o' her husband. They say he used to throw dishes at her, 'n' I never could stand that—I'm too careful o' my china to risk any such goin's on."

Mrs. Lathrop started to speak, but got no further.

"There's a new clerk in the drug-store,—I see him through the window when I was comin' home to-day. He looked to be a nice kind o' man, but I can't help feelin' 't it 'd be kind o' awkward to go up to him 'n' have to begin by askin' him what my name 'd be 'f I married him. Maybe there's them 's could do such a thing, but I've never had nothin' about me 's 'd lead me to throw myself at the head o' any man, 'n' it's too late in the day f'r me to start in now."

Mrs. Lathrop again attempted to get in a word and was again unsuccessful.

"I don't believe 't there's another free man in the town. I've thought 'n' thought 'n' I can't think o' one." She stopped and sighed.

"There's Jathrop!" said Mrs. Lathrop, with sudden and complete success. Jathrop was her son, so baptized through a fearful slip of the tongue at a critical moment. He was meant to have been John.

Miss Clegg gave such a start that she dropped her fan over the fence.

"Well, Heaven forgive me!" she cried—"n' me 't never thought of him once, 'n' him so handy right on the other side of the fence! Did I ever!"

"He ain't thir—" said Mrs. Lathrop, picking up the fan.

"I don't care. What's twelve years or so when it's the woman's 'as got the property? Well, Mrs. Lathrop, I certainly *am* obliged to you for mentionin' him, for I don't believe he ever would 'a' occurred to me in kingdom come. 'N' here I've been worryin' my head off ever since supper-time 'n' all for suthin' 's close 's Jathrop Lathrop. But I had good cause to worry, 'n' now 't it's over I don't mind mentionin' the reason 'n' tellin' you frank 'n' plain 't I'd begun on my things. I cut out a pink nightgown last night, a real fussy one, 'n' I felt sick all over 't the thought 't perhaps I'd wasted all that cloth. There wasn't nothin' foolish about cuttin' out the nightgown, for I'd made up my mind 't if it looked too awful fancy on 't I'd just put it away for the oldest girl when she gets married, but o' course 'f I can't get a husband stands to reason there'll be no oldest girl, 'n' all that ten cent gingham 't Shores is sellin' off 't five 'd be a dead waste o' good stuff."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

[Other matrimonial ventures follow, also without success, but all are speedily forgotten in the sudden death of Susan's father, at which point we resume the story.]

It was a week later—a calm and lovely evening—and the two friends stood by the fence. The orphan girl was talking, while Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"It don't seem like only a week!—seems more like a month or even a year. Well, they say sometimes, folks live a long ways ahead in a very short time, 'n' I must say 't, as far 's my observation 's extended, comin' into property always leads to experience, so I couldn't in reason complain 't not bein' no exception. This's been the liveliest week o' my life, 'n' I'm free to confess 't I haven't cried anywhere near's much's I looked to. My feelin's have been pretty agreeable, take it all in all, 'n' I'd be a born fool 'f I didn't take solid comfort sleepin' nights, 'n' I never was a fool—never was 'n' never will be. The havin' somebody to sleep in the house 's been hard, 'n' Mrs. Macy's fallin' through the cellar-flap giv' me a bad turn, but she's doin' nicely, 'n' the minister makes up f'r anythin'. I do wish 't you'd seen him that afternoon, Mrs. Lathrop; he did look so most awful sheepish, 'n' his clean collar give him dead away afore he ever opened his mouth. He set out by

sayin' 't the consolations of religion was mine f'r the askin', but I didn't take the hint, 'n' so he had to just come out flat 'n' say 't he'd been thinkin' it over 'n' he'd changed his mind. I held my head good 'n' high 't that. I c'n assure you, 'n' it was a pretty sorry look he give me when I said 't I'd been thinkin' it over too, 'n' I'd changed my mind too. He could 'a' talked to me till doomsday about his bein' a consolation, I'd know it was nothin' 't changed him but me comin' into them government bonds. No man alive could help wantin' me after them bonds was found, 'n' I had the great pleasure o' learnin' that fact out o' Lawyer Weskin himself. All his species o' fun-makin' 't nobody but hisself ever sees any fun in, jus' died right out when we unlocked father's old desk 'n' come on that bundle o' papers. He give one look 'n' then all his gay spinniness oozed right out o' him, 'n' he told me 's serious 's a judge 't a woman 's rich 's I be needed a good lawyer to look out f'r her 'n' her property right straight along. Well, I was 's quick to reply 's he was to speak. 'N' I was to the point too. I jus' up 'n' said Yes, I thought so myself, 'n' jus' 's soon 's I got things to rights I was goin' to the city 'n' get me one."

Miss Clegg paused to frown reminiscently; Mrs. Lathrop's eyes never quitted the other's face.

"There was Mr. Sperrit too. Come with a big basket o' fresh vegetables 't he said he thought 'd maybe tempt my appetite. I d'n' know 's I ever enjoyed rappin' no one over the knuckles more 'n' I did him. I jus' stopped to take in plenty o' breath 'n' then I let myself out, 'n' I says to him flat 'n' plain, I says, 'Thank you kindly, but I guess no woman in these parts 's better able to tempt her own appetite 'n' I be now, 'n' you'll be doin' me the only kindness 't it's in you to do me now if you'll jus' take your garden stuff 'n' give it to some one's poor 'n' needin'.' He looked so crestfallen 't I made up my mind 't was then or never to settle my whole score with him, so I up 'n' looked him right in the eye 'n' I says to him, I says, 'Mr. Sperrit, you didn't seem to jus' realize what it meant to me that day 't I took that horse 'n' buggy 'n' drove 'way out to your farm to see you; you didn't seem to think what it meant to me to take that trip; but I c'n tell you 't it costs suthin' for a woman to do a thing like that; it cost me

a good deal—it cost me fifty cents.' He went away then, 'n' he can marry Eliza Gringer if he likes, 'n' I'll wish 'em both joy 'n' consider myself the luckiest o' the three."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.

"'N' then there's Jathrop!" continued the speaker, suddenly transfixing her friend with a piercing glance,—“there's even Jathrop! under my feet night 'n' day. I declare to you 't upon my honor I ain't turned around four times out o' five this week without almost fallin' over Jathrop wantin' me to give him a chance to explain his feelin's. I don't wish to hurt *your* feelin's, Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' it's natural 't, seein' you can't help yourself, you look upon him 's better 'n' nothin', but still I will remark 't Jathrop's the last straw on top o' my hump, 'n' this mornin' when I throwed out the dish-water 'n' hit him by accident jus' comin' in, my patience clean gin out. I didn't feel no manner o' sympathy over his soapy wetness, 'n' I spoke my mind right then 'n' there. 'Jathrop Lathrop,' I says to him, all forgettin' how big he'd got 'n' only rememberin' what a bother he's always been, 'Jathrop Lathrop, you let that soakin' be a lesson to you 'n' march' right straight home this instant, 'n' 'f you want to think of me, think 't if I hear any more about your feelin's the feelin' you'll have best cause to talk about, 'll be the feelin' o' gettin' spanked.'"

Mrs. Lathrop sighed slightly.

Miss Clegg echoed the sigh.

"There never was a truer sayin' 'n' the one 't things goes by contraries," she continued presently. "Here I've been figgerin' on bein' so happy married, 'n' instid o' that I find myself missin' father every few min-

utes. There was lots o' good about father, particular when he was asleep. I'd got so used to his stayin' where I put him 't I don't know 's I c'd ever get used to a man's could get about. 'F I wanted to talk, father was always there to listen, 'n' 'f he wanted to talk I c'd always go downstairs. He didn't never have but one button to keep sewed on 'n' no stocking to darn a *tall*. 'N' all the time there was all them nice gover'ment bonds savin' up for me in his desk! No, I sha'n't consider no more as to gettin' married. While it looked discouragin', I hung on 'n' never give up hope, but I sh'd be showin' very little o' my natural share o' brains 'f I didn't know's plain 's the moon above 't 'f I get to be eighty 'n' the fancy takes me I c'n easy get a husband any day with those bonds. While I could n't seem to lay hands on no man, I was wild to have one—now't I know I c'n have any man 't I fancy, I don't want no man a *tall*. It'll always be a pleasure to look back on my love-makin' 'n' I wouldn't be no woman 'f down in the bottom of my heart I wasn't some pleased over havin' 's good 's had four offers inside o' the same week. But I might o' married, Mrs. Lathrop, 'n' Heaven might o' seen fit to give me such a son 's he give you, 'n' 'f I hadn't no other reason for remainin' single, that alone'd be s'fficient. After all, the Lord said 'It is not good for man to be alone,' but He left a woman free to use her common sense 'n' I sh'll use mine right now. I've folded up the pink nightgown, 'n' I'm thinkin' very seriously o' givin' it to Amelia Fitch, 'n' I'll speak out frank 'n' open 'n' tell her 'n' everybody else 't I don't envy no woman—not now 'n' not never."

Mrs. Lathrop chewed her clover.



Science and Invention

Radium Emanations Cause Death

Radium still offers mysteries for solution, and the one mentioned in the following excerpt from the "Scientific American" of August 6th, is not one of the least astonishing:

In a paper recently read before the Académie des Sciences, M. Curie brings out some of the physiological effects of radium. The emanation given off by radium causes the death of the smaller animals, when breathed by them. He used an apparatus in which the animal is placed in a confined space, and is made to breathe air which has been charged with the emanation. A large jar is filled to one-third with pumice-stone soaked with potash. Above this is a support which confines the animal (a guinea-pig) in the upper part of the jar. Oxygen is introduced into the jar to keep up the animal's respiration, while the carbon dioxide which he gives off is absorbed by the potash. The radium emanation is sent into the jar by another tube at the beginning of the experiment. At the end of a certain time, varying from one hour to several hours, the respiration of the animal becomes short and abrupt; he rolls himself up in a ball with his hair standing on end. Then he falls into a profound torpor, and his body becomes cold. Before the animal finally succumbs, his respiration has fallen as low as six per minute. The effects of ozone are eliminated in this case, as it is transformed to oxygen by the potash.

An examination of the animal showed an intense pulmonary congestion. The composition of the blood was modified, especially as regards the white corpuscles, and their number is diminished. The tissues of the animal are found to be radio-active. When the body of the guinea-pig is placed on a photographic plate wrapped in black paper, it gives an image in which the hairs are very clearly defined. All the different tissues have a photographic action. The hair shows the greatest effect, and the skin but little. The heart, liver, and brain possess this property; and especially the lungs. This action may be due to two causes, according to M. Curie; either the induced radio-activity of the tissues, or the presence of the emanation dissolved in the humors of the body. In the above experiments, he shows that radium has a toxic action not only when applied to the exterior of the body, as he has already observed, but when it is introduced into the interior of the body by respiration.

N-Rays Emitted by the Human Body

M. Charpentier has been more successful with Blondlot's N-rays than many other investigators, and his recent discoveries in connection with them really remind one

strongly of that aura which theosophists claim can be seen by persons endowed with the proper qualifications of occult knowledge surrounding the human body, and changing its form and color with the respective temperaments. With the occult, we have nothing to do, but the following statement of M. Charpentier in "*Comptes Rendus*," quoted from the "Scientific American" Supplement, No. 1492, is sufficiently remarkable to be given in these columns:

M. Charpentier has successfully repeated some of Blondlot's experiments on N-rays, and has observed that they are emitted by the muscles and nerves of the human body, when in a state of activity. He worked with a barium plantinocyanide screen brought to a state of faint luminosity by means of a piece of radium inclosed in black paper. The luminosity of the screen was enhanced whenever N-rays fell upon it. "I recognized at first," he says, "that the small phosphorescent or fluorescent object became more luminous when brought near the body. Further, this increase is more considerable near a muscle, and is the greater, the more strongly the muscle is contracted. It is the same in the neighborhood of a nerve or a nerve center, where the effect increases with the degree of activity of the nerve or nerve center." The effect is transmitted across aluminum and other bodies transparent to N-rays, and stopped by moist paper, and partly by lead. The rays may also be reflected, refracted, and condensed. They are not an effect of heat, for they are transmitted through several layers of aluminum, separated by air spaces. Neither are they an effect of stored sunlight, since they remain the same after nine hours spent in complete darkness. M. Charpentier points out the great importance of these physiological actions in view of the fact that we now have a direct external reaction of an excited nerve. He also describes a process for mapping out active muscles in the living subject, notably the heart, which is a muscle in a continuous state of activity.

Mountain Climbing by Electricity

One scarcely knows whether to laugh, to cry or to be sedately thankful that the Jungfrau can be climbed sitting in an electric car. In sheer helplessness at the bare idea, we can only exclaim, "What would Ruskin have said?" The Jungfrau is one of the most majestic mountains in the Bernese Alps, and the gleaming white of the snow mantle spread over its slender shape has earned for it the title by which it

is known. It is 13,670 feet above the sea level, and for some eight years the vandal hands of the practical, have been tearing a road to the top, mostly through tunnel, to enable those who either have not the nerve or the energy or the time to ascend in the legitimate way. What will become of the Alpine Club? However, "Electricity" thinks the achievement a triumph of engineering skill, and in these unromantic days esthetic considerations are of little moment. Here is the story which is enough to make a mountain climber betake himself to the Himalayas:

The past six years has seen electrical propulsion applied to mountain climbing. There have been a number of such railways built in this country, but far more have been constructed abroad. Probably the most recent, and by far the most important of these, is that to the top of the Jungfrau in Switzerland. The road is nine and one-half miles in length, and in that distance rises 6,883 feet. Grades of 25 per cent. are frequently met with, and with a view to overcoming them, a new electric locomotive has been adopted, which differs materially in detail from the locomotives in use on other mountain roads. The locomotive weighs 16.8 tons, and is equipped with two 150 horse-power 450 to 600-volt three-phase motors, running at 750 revolutions per minute. A speed of five miles per hour is maintained on both the up and down journeys. Special arrangements are provided for regulating the speed of the locomotive on the down grade—when disconnected from the line—between the normal speed and 5 per cent. of this. To insure perfect safety, three independent sets of brakes are provided, one operated by electricity and controlled automatically; a second worked by hand, and which applies bronze shoes to the driving axle of the locomotive; and a third, known as the emergency brake, which can be made to grip the track. As an example of what can be done in the way of mountain climbing by electricity, the Jungfrau railway stands foremost, and will hold its own until some day a railway, which is now in contemplation, is built to the summit of Mt. Blanc, the highest peak in Europe.

Imagine Shelley addressing Mt. Blanc in one of the finest odes in any language from the back seat of an electric car!

Apparatus for Preventing Sea-Sickness

The "Technical World" gives an account of an invention intended to prevent or, rather, to mitigate the "rolling" of ships at sea, which is a cause of sea-sickness. It may be questioned whether "pitching" is not the more conducive to the malady, but it will be something gained for those traveling by sea, if they can be relieved of the try-

ing rhythmical motion experienced on board many vessels.

An ingenious device just brought out by a distinguished naval engineer, Mr. O. Schlick, of Hamburg, Germany, seems well adapted both to augment largely the period of oscillation of the rolling movement, and to diminish, at the same time, the amplitude of the oscillation, both effects being based on the gyroscopic action of a fly wheel installed on board, which rotates rapidly. The vertical axis of the apparatus is enabled to perform a pendulating movement in the central plane of the ship. The latter, on account of the rapid, continuous oscillations of the wheel, is rendered insensitive to the effect of wave motion, so as to eliminate practically any rolling movement. As the effect exerted by the device is rather energetic, even with the smallest lateral oscillations of the ship, there will be no propagation of the motion, thus avoiding the production of any strong balancing movement, in contrast with what is observed in the case of drift keels, which are not brought to act before the rolling movements have assumed a high intensity.

As regards the underlying principle of the apparatus, it should be remembered that a rotating body will oppose to any inclination of its axis, a resistance the higher as the rotation is more rapid, and the weight of the body more considerable. As soon as an inclination of the ship, for some reason or other, is produced at right angles to its longitudinal axis, the fly wheel will be inclined at a considerable angle, thus producing a torque which, in addition to slackening considerable the oscillations of the ship, will greatly diminish the amplitude of the oscillations. Now, as these two factors are alone capable of counteracting the influence of waves, with regard to the production of rolling movements, a ship fitted with this device will not be able to perform any rolling movement of appreciable intensity, while the fly-wheel frame suspended in the interior of the ship oscillates gently. The energy transmitted to the ship from the wave motion is thus transferred to the fly-wheel frame, and eliminated by the braking device fitted to the latter. The ship body itself will only effect this transmission of energy from the waves on to the fly wheel, a very slight inclination of the ship being sufficient, as inferred from the theory of gyroscopic motion.

As the forces producing the rolling movement of a ship need not be of an excessive intensity (in fact, it is well known that twenty to twenty-five men running in proper time from one side to the other of the deck of a large steamer will produce rather considerable rolling movement of the ship), the weight of the apparatus also need not be very great. Mr. Schlick calculates that in the case of a ship 6,000 tons in weight, a ten-ton fly wheel, four meters (13.12 feet) in diameter will be quite sufficient. There will be no difficulty in using the Schlick apparatus on ships of moderate dimensions, such as, for instance, cross-channel steamers, on which it will largely contribute to augmenting the comfort of the passengers.

Medical Questions of Popular Interest

The Great White Plague

Now that the infectious character of tuberculosis has been, and is still being, impressed upon the mind of the laity, there is danger that, in the effort to "stamp out" consumption, the principles of humanity and common sense may be violated. Because the terrible disease is placed in the same category as smallpox, it does not follow that it is of the same, or even of a similar, nature. The tendency of the lay mind is ever to rebound to the utmost limit of the pendulum of justice, and ignorant and unreasoning fear frequently induces a disregard of truth. It is, therefore, a cause for thankfulness, in the interests of many sufferers, that we have so sensible and conservative an article as that on "The Great White Plague," by Dr. John B. Huber, in "The Popular Science Monthly" for August. Without in any degree lessening the importance of the crusade against tuberculosis, he says:

May we hope to fight tuberculosis with any measure of success? Yes, indeed. To do so two objects must be kept in view: We must destroy the bacillus; and we must render the organism of the individual resistant to infection. The disposition of the tubercle bacillus is theoretically extremely simple. Tuberculosis as an infectious disease is totally unlike certain others, as for instance, diphtheria or scarlet fever. One cannot be sure, after having been half an hour in the same room with a diphtheria patient that he will not contract the disease. If, however certain very elementary precautions are taken one may live with a consumptive for months or years without jeopardizing his health. It has been truly said that there is no place where one is less likely to contract consumption than in a scientifically conducted sanitarium for consumptives. For instance, all the dust in one of Dr. Trudeau's cottages at Saranac Lake, was gathered together and a culture made from it; and this culture, when injected into a guinea-pig, was insufficient to give this little creature tuberculosis. And we may observe in passing that consumptives who have been cured in such institutions, go out as well trained, medical missionaries teaching others the habits of sanitation and cleanliness they have accustomed themselves to. Nor is any other community likely to be as healthy as one in which such a sanitarium is situated.

The sputum of the consumptive must be destroyed; and our government inspectors must see to it that no tuberculous meat and milk get into our markets. These are practically the only sources of tubercular infection we need

fear, and if these things were thoroughly attended to there would be no danger of infection. There are many indeed, who have in this direction an unnecessary, and not altogether dignified, dread.

Fallacies in Vital Statistics

It used to be said that "figures cannot lie." This was changed into "You can make figures mean anything you wish," when the world had become accustomed to "cooked" balance sheets. One would suppose, however, that in the case of vital statistics the skill and experience of the compilers would eliminate any possibility of error. Dr. F. L. Wachenheim, in the "Medical Record" for July 23, nevertheless, undertakes an indictment against these periodical statements by which we are accustomed to measure progress or retrogression.

Vital statistics have become a veritable hobby, not only with physicians and sanitary boards, but with the public at large. In every city and State the deaths from the various causes are more or less carefully totalled, a synopsis of these reports is scattered broadcast through the medium of the daily and medical press, whose readers assiduously compare the rate per thousand inhabitants of their own community with that of their neighbors and rivals. I pass over the absurd attempt often made, to furnish accurate statistics of births; in this country, at least, the enforcement of the various laws concerning the registration of births is little more than empty pretense; the city of New York, whose populace is rather more than ordinarily prolific, until recently, regularly reported a birth-rate rather lower than that of Paris. The best proof of our deficiencies in this respect, is afforded by the ridiculously low figures in the scanty American statistics of illegitimacy; most of the illegitimate births are simply not reported at all. As to mortality reports, a study of even those most reliable will suffice to convince us that vital statistics are a notably conspicuous example of tables that are quite useless as a basis for profitable conclusions, unless subjected to a thorough, critical investigation.

Criticizing the census returns, Dr. Wachenheim says:

The basis of all vital statistics must be an accurate estimate of the total population. Unfortunately, in the United States, the decennial enumeration is rarely made with anything approaching true correctness; repeatedly, as in 1870 and 1890, the Government tables have been thoroughly vitiated by gross negligence on the one hand and positive fraud on the other. The

census of 1890 may, indeed, be justly regarded as a statistical calamity, the ambitious scope and gigantic scale of its vital reports giving a painfully misleading impression as to their real value; the intentional and unintentional errors of said enumeration have caused many of its tables of mortality to be just so much waste paper, a positive impediment to scientific progress.

The importance of this is self-evident. We are constantly talking about our advances in hygiene, of the dangers of the hurry and bustle of life, of the mistake of this or that mode of living; but how can we judge about these things, if the very facts upon which we institute comparison, are garbled? Dr. Wachenheim gives instances in support of his contention. He states that in 1890, Omaha was credited with some 40,000 inhabitants which were non-existent, while the Bronx was robbed of 200,000 who lived in the borough. He points out that you cannot charge the Bronx with a heavier death rate than other parts of New York, simply because there are located hospitals filled with patients from Manhattan. Nor, again, is New York to be charged with a higher death rate than some other places, unless you state the fact that it is a center of a flood of immigration, the lowest class of which settles down in its pool.

Passing on to diseases, the writer shows that the supposed increase in deaths from cancer is due to imperfect methods of reckoning, and that;

In view of the corrections indicated, it would not be surprising if, after all, the dreaded increase of this terrible affliction should be little more than a bug-bear.

Much has been said of late about the frequency, greatly increasing frequency, of heart-disease, as an indication of the evil of the wear and tear of modern life. We are assured, however, that in Philadelphia, taking the figures of 1890 and 1900, there has been a positive decrease. In fact, we may agree with the conclusion:

Up to the present time, all that can be said for the whole series of mortality tables, as published, is that they are plausible, and create an optimistic (occasionally pessimistic) impression; of true scientific value there is hardly the faintest trace. Let us hope that some day the blind worship of the fetish of crude vital statistics will be relegated to the limbo of other pseudo-scientific superstitions. Any deductions drawn from those we have, are almost certainly erroneous and a bar to real progress in this branch of medical science.

Food Preservatives

It is to be hoped that we shall soon have an authoritative statement, to be followed by suitable legislation, upon the question of preservatives in food. Putting aside, for the moment, the commercialism which induces some to preserve food in any shape and by any means that will put it on the market, the climatic and economic conditions of this country are such that it is difficult to see how the population is to be fed unless there is some safe way in which perishable articles of food can be preserved until they are put into the hands of the consumer.

Some medical authorities assure us that salicylic acid in certain proportions, sufficient for the preservation of fluids, is positively innocuous.

Others as firmly warn the consumer against letting the drug pass his lips.

It is evident, then, that the use of boric acid or borax should be peremptorily forbidden. On the other hand, here is a matter which deserves to be followed up. We quote from an article printed in "American Medicine" of July 30, in which E. von Behring has shown that:

When boric acid or borax equivalent thereto, in small quantities not exceeding half a gram a day is given in food, no notable effects are produced immediately. If, however, these small doses be continued for a long while, as, for instance in one case fifty days, there are occasional periods of loss of appetite, bad feeling, fulness in the head, and distress in the stomach. When boric acid or borax in equivalent quantities is given in larger and increasing doses, there is a tendency to the development in a more accentuated form of the symptoms above described. The most common symptom developed is a persistent headache, a sense of fulness in head with a clouding, to a slight extent, of the mental processes. When doses are increased to three grams a day, these symptoms are established in the majority of cases, but not in every case. The effect of the administration of borax upon the weight of the body, is well marked. Its continued use decreases the desire for food, and interferes with the digestion of food already in the alimentary canal, and produces in certain cases a persistent headache and bad feeling, and discomfort in the region of the stomach. Its final effect in diminishing the weight of the body is not doubtful. This tendency becomes so well fixed that it is not entirely eliminated for several days after the administration of the preservative ceases.

In the World of Religious Thought

Edited by Owen R. Lovejoy

"Being Dead, Yet Speaketh"

"There is, to my mind, no contrast between the moral duties which each individual owes and the moral duties which each community, each state, each nation owes. Every injunction which Christ laid upon men as individuals he laid upon men collectively, though he had little to say about distinctly public duties, because the people whom he addressed had no citizenship, and did not act as a civic body. But what he said to them collectively was all a fulfilment of what the Jewish prophets said to the people in their national capacity, and there was no distinction between the duties he laid down to each individual and to his followers collectively. To the individual he said, "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." And when the same duty was expressed collectively, he said, "Inasmuch as ye did it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye did it to me." He told the individual he should treat every other person as he would wish to be treated. He told them collectively, that they were bound to treat every person as they would treat Him. The duty laid upon society was laid in even more solemn form than the duty laid upon the individual.

Now these duties which we have collectively are to see that, as citizens, our stand is for righteousness,—local, state, national, international. In all these relations we are bound by the same law which rests upon us as individuals. We, as Christians, have duties to the State, and I wish that in the pulpit more could be said about those duties to the State. Even the old text for the non-interference of religious people with politics, "Render unto Cæsar the things which are Cæsar's," would make a very pointed text in most communities for sermons demanding that citizens render to the public what belongs to the public. It is as great a crime to take from the public what belongs to it as to take from the individual what belongs to him."—*Charles B Spahr, from an address before the New York State Conference of Religions.*

Dangerous Prophecy.

One of the most dramatic moments in the life of Jesus was that in which he closed the sacred book, after reading to his fellow-citizens of Nazareth a few words from the prophecy of Isaiah, and said, "To-day hath this scripture been fulfilled in your ears." The words of the book were not new to them; often had the scribe read them in the services of worship and the faith of the people had been transmitted from generation to generation that the time would come in which it would be possible for one to say:

The Spirit of the Lord is upon me,
Because he anointed me to preach good tidings
to the poor.
He hath sent me to proclaim release to the
captives,
The recovering of sight to the blind,
To set at liberty them that are bruised,
To proclaim the acceptable year of the Lord.

Not a Jew in Nazareth would have dared utter a word against the reasonableness of hope in such a prediction. Possibly, while he was reading there were not a few in the

synagogue who felt deeply that the words had never been uttered with quite the beauty and fulness of promise with which Jesus read them.

But when he added—To-day this scripture is fulfilled—the entire situation was altered. Confusion tore the congregation into a formless mob. Worshipers of God were transformed in a moment into a vigilance committee to rid the community of this dangerous person who had dared defile their sacred place and holy faith.

Yet what had happened? Only this: that Jesus had ventured to remove the time element from a beautiful vision. Instead of placing the emphasis upon the time in which desired events were to transpire, he directed attention to the manner of their fulfilment.

The marvel of a prophecy is never an element of difficulty. Indeed it sometimes seems that the most wonderful flights of hope, and the most glowing pictures of an ideal future are the more commanding over the faith of the multitude.

If the Nazarene had pointed to the fulfilment of the ancient prophecies in the restoration of the chosen people under the leadership of Nehemiah and Ezra he would have been hailed as the champion of established faith; or if he had said, Rejoice, ye people! for the day will surely come in which the blind shall receive their sight and the captives will be released and the poor shall receive the Good News, therefore let us wait with patience for the "acceptable year of the Lord," they would have hailed him as the second and greater prophet quite worthy to stand as successor to those enshrined in the traditions of the nation. But Jesus did neither. The past did not greatly concern him, and the future did not absorb his attention. Hence to the popular mind he became at once an element of danger, while to the world's growing intelligence he becomes increasingly suggestive and inspiring.

The fulfilment of prophecy does not depend upon the time element. It depends solely upon the ripening of character. It is not the inevitable result of a fortunate combination of circumstances produced by the magic of an infinite manipulator. It is the direct and natural fruit of personality. The transformations that have marked the progress of racial development have been wrought. Men think the fulfilment of prophecy is something to be waited for in faith; it is rather something to be brought to pass, and that only is worthy to be called "faith" which dares undertake to bring it to pass.

A depressing volume of practical unbelief is contained in the brief reply with which noble ideals are brushed aside and social programs of high ethical order are discredited—"O, that would be the millenium! It would be splendid but you and I will never live to see it!" A Christian man was recently heard to flout a certain political theory because, he said, "it is as impracticable, as far from the thought of this decade, as the Golden Rule."

A man for many years prominent in public life in America once clarified the atmosphere for a certain discussion by the statement that "We face a condition, not a theory." The expression was applicable, but it has since served as the refuge for many a social coward. It is quite true that the history of human society is composed of a succession of specific conditions which must

be faced. It is no less true that we perpetually face a theory—a theory of human society which asserts its radical improbability and ultimate perfection, and which, to this end, imposes the personal responsibility of a militant faith. And however boldly men may face certain particular conditions, the rejection of this "theory" is equivalent to the confession of a succession of costly struggles to end in ultimate failure. If we were to live as Jesus lived, moved by the inspiration which actuated his thought and action—some great vision of the seers of old, some glorious prophecy of the heralds of the Golden Age, would be fulfilled every day.

New Wine in Old Bottles

The contention in Scotland over the possession of the property of the Free Church is not directly a topic in the world of religious thought, but belongs in the world of institutional history. There is one feature, however, which demands a word of comment. The final decision turned upon the denial of the right of a Church to change its form of doctrinal belief, and thus the decision becomes of vital significance in the world of religious institutions. The logical application of the principle maintained by the Court of Law Lords would render any Church organization liable to the loss of all its material possessions whenever any one member thereof could prove that the organization had departed at any point from the articles of belief held at the time the property had been acquired. In other words, the church which sees, or believes she sees, any new revelations of truth, and desires to follow in the light of that truth, must be prepared to "leave all and follow." As the Western Christian Advocate succinctly comments: "such doctrines would doom a Church to maintain an absolutely hidebound, changeless, ironclad polity and creed for all time. Under a law such as the Supreme Court of the House of Lords has laid down there could be no life, no alteration of interpretation, no doctrinal progress, no enlargement of view, no change of policy from generation to generation."

As to the sympathy so universally expressed for the great Free Church so suddenly stripped of all her splendid equipment of building and other property, there are many sincere friends of this body who are wondering whether it may not be worth all

the cost of annoyance and inconvenience to give the world a demonstration of what a "Church" can do for society when placed in the position of her Master who "had not where to lay his head."

A Religious Problem

Notable progress has been made since the day when an English lord stalked out of his church with an indignant protest that "religion is all right in its place, but when the preacher assumes to criticise a man's private character he is going too far!" To the general recognition of the right of religious principles to rule in the domain of personal life is being rapidly added the recognition that the same principle must rule in all those relations which unite men in society—even in the hotly fought "industrial field." The extent to which the religious press is devoting attention to the study of the complicated problems of our industrial life, and the candor and courage with which delicate questions are handled, are admirably illustrated by a recent symposium in *Zion's Herald*.

The question propounded was, "What modification of our present social and industrial system would, in your opinion, best tend to secure industrial peace, promote the general welfare, and establish permanent justice among all parties in the present strife?" It is difficult to give an adequate summary of the replies received from clergymen, teachers, authors, presidents of universities, bishops and others. But extracts from a few of these letters will serve to show that the industrial problem is no longer to be regarded as a question in abstract economics, but is rather to be approached as a problem in ethics which finds no solution outside the application of the religious principle.

Bishop D. A. Goodsell of the Methodist Episcopal Church says, "It is folly to say that the interests of the employers and employed are identical. It is the interest of the employer to get his work done in a long working day as cheaply as possible. It is the interest of the working man to have as short a day and as high a wage as possible. . . . That the future is to have some form of joint ownership and common interest, slower and smaller rewards for capital, greater security of tenure of place, etc., I believe. If the wage system continues, it will be modified and made more tolerable by con-

cessions drawn from Christian socialism." Bishop Henry C. Potter affirms that it is not a question to be solved by any "system, for it involves the matter of a *spirit*." He prophesies the inevitable failure of any attempt to solve the problem by legislation. He says: "On the side of the employer there needs to be a deepening of the sense of human brotherhood, and an awakening of the consciousness of stewardship in all the relations of life. On the part of the workingman there needs to be some intelligent recognition of the fact that force is the poorest of all arguments . . . and that the grace which he needs to cultivate most of all is the grace of *patience*."

Mr. Edwin D. Mead speaks hopefully of the many measures taken by governments and voluntary organizations to ameliorate the conditions and believes that "The Industrial Arbitration Court of New Zealand and such state provision for publicity and conciliation as Charles Francis Adams and others are commending point the way to the better industrial order which is imperative." He believes that the present industrial system, which is distinctly paternal, "will be followed in some future—I believe a nearer future than many men divine—by a genuine industrial democracy . . ."

Prof. Charles R. Henderson of the University of Chicago speaks of the contribution churches and religious newspapers can make toward industrial justice by "providing for competent and sober discussion of the topic; in which discussion not only the representatives of capitalistic management, lawyers, and economic teachers shall be heard, but also men directly identified with the trade union and socialistic movements." Prof. John Ward Stimson believes that there must be a "more vital education . . . of public conscience and comprehension . . . most of all in the real advantage to all true citizens of public ownership in a more scientific and Christian co-operative commonwealth, where the cornerstone should be a more complete and inspiring industrial education." The only word of apparent discouragement because of the immensity of the problem, appears in the reply of Dr. H. K. Carroll, who affirms that "there must be ground on which the employer and the employee can meet; there must be a point at which their interests can be joined and harmonized. But nobody knows where it is."

Nature. In and Out-of-Doors

Edited by Robert Blight

Fox-Farming in Alaska

In "Out West," Professor Edmond S. Meany, of the University of Washington, gives an interesting account of the farming of foxes on the islands in Prince William Sound in the south of Alaska. The fox thus protected is the blue variety of the Arctic fox, commonly called the blue fox. The summer coloring of the Arctic fox is a variable brown above and a yellowish white below, while near the skin the fur is a dull blue. In extreme arctic climates the winter coloring becomes snow white, the coloring we usually think of in connection with the Arctic fox, but in less extreme places the fur becomes wholly of the blue color of the under fur of summer. Hence this variety has received its name. The fur, although not so valuable as that of the silver fox, is much sought after, and thus a considerable industry has originated in the islands off the coast, the animals being protected and only those affording the best pelts being slaughtered. Prof. Meany says:

The enterprise is rather unique, and has been in operation only about ten years. It is an effort to preserve the harvest of furs, which is made possible by the numerous Alaskan islands unpeopled by either natives or whites. At the same time these islands are free from the natural enemies of the fox. Little or no effort is therefore needed to protect the young foxes from other animals.

The word "farming," though in common use to describe this work, is hardly appropriate, unless the accompanying word "fox" is made to carry enough atmosphere of wilderness to rob the "farming" of all idea of culture. A fox-farm is simply a wild island seized upon by some enterprising white man, who proceeds to make it an undisturbed home for families of foxes. He feeds these foxes with considerable care, and at a proper time he selects the best ones to be killed for their furs.

Feeding the foxes prevents their migration to other islands, or to the mainland, in search of fresh hunting fields. The foxes have shown that they are good swimmers by leaving islands where they have been disturbed, or poorly fed, and migrating to larger islands, or to neighboring points of the mainland. Feeding the foxes also seems to encourage the rearing of large litters of young ones. The foxes become accustomed to the man who feeds them, and readily familiarize themselves with the specially

constructed feeding houses. These houses are sometimes provided with floors swung on pivots, which are clamped tight during the whole year until the date selected for trapping, when, by pulling out a few plugs, the feed house is transformed into a fine trap. This scheme is not universally followed. Some of the farmers set out numerous small box-traps, so as to catch as many as possible before the alarm is spread from burrow to burrow. The house trap is not as successful as would appear, for another reason. The blue fox is a mating creature, and the pairs rear their separate families. It often happens that a strong family will take possession of the feed house and drive the weaker ones away. Paddling about one of these islands at night, I heard what were probably the arguments in one of these cases of ejection. There was much heated fox-talk, and finally, hearing a note of triumph in the barking, I felt as though I could almost see, in the distant haze of night, the vanquished fox sneaking off with his brood to a new feeding place. These unneighborly qualities make it necessary for the men to multiply the feeding places as fast as their crop of fox families increases. This knowledge he must gain by constant watchfulness. One farmer, more methodical than the others, said that he caught up all his young foxes each year to take account of stock. The others laugh at this scheme, saying that it is just the way to drive the foxes away; for no animal is more sensitive over such familiarities, and they also become more difficult to catch after each new experience. Every up-to-date dictionary defines the word "foxy" as crafty or tricky. It is best not to try to fondle or count such creatures while they are yet alive. Every effort to tame or to domesticate these blue foxes has failed. Little ones have been caught and taken into cabins where they ate food greedily enough; but they would snap and snarl at every attempt to pet them. At the first chance, they would escape to the secluded burrows of their mates under the spruce trees. When the full-grown fox is in the trap, he is inspected, and, if found to be in trim fur, he is taken out with specially contrived wooden tongs and killed in the most expeditious way. The carcass is then destroyed or buried, for, whatever other meanness is chargeable to the fox, he can not be called a cannibal. It is also claimed that he will not eat the flesh of birds of prey. In his native state he apparently delights most to eat birds and birds' eggs. Scientists have observed that he eats large quantities of insects, especially beetles; and the old fable of the fox and the grapes is legendary evidence of what every vineyardist knows—that a fox will eat fruit.

The food provided by the fox farmer for his queer live-stock consists wholly of fish. Every

summer the streams of Alaska abound with salmon. The hump-back and the dog-salmon are not considered first-class for packing or canning, but they are caught by thousands for fox food. The entrails are removed, and the fish are hung up for a couple of days to let the water dry out. Then they are packed away in tanks or barrels as tight as may be, with oil poured in to fill up the crevices, and to "float" the top of the vessel. The oil used to preserve this food is the most difficult part to obtain, the hair-seal being one of the principal sources of supply. But the most steady and reliable supply of oil comes from the liver of the dog-fish. These fishes are caught in large numbers by longset lines. So, for a short time in the summer, the fox farmer has a busy season preparing oil and catching salmon for his winter supply of fox food.

A Peep at the Okapi

The sensation caused by the bringing to Europe skins of a new member of the giraffe family, discovered in 1899 by Sir Harry Johnston, in Uganda, can scarcely have died away in the minds of naturalists. The discoverer did not see the animal living in its native habitat, but obtained the skins from native hunters. Now comes intelligence that the animal has been seen by a white man, but one hesitates to accept the news. An authority not likely to be in error gives the height of the Okapi at the withers as four and one-half feet. It will be seen from the following paragraph, taken from the "Scientific American," that the animal seen stood between ten and eleven feet. The discrepancy is bewildering, unless Sir Harry Johnston's specimen was a very young one.

Major James Harrison has just returned to England after a prolonged journey through the dense forests of Central Africa, during the course of which he saw the Okapi in its natural habitat. Major Harrison penetrated the Stanley Forest to the region peopled by the pygmies, in search of this animal. His efforts in this country were, however, not successful, so he directed his way to Jabir, and thence into the great forest of De Melley. This forest is particularly dense, the trees being thickly interwoven with dense creepers and tangled undergrowth; in fact, it could only be penetrated by cramping on the hands and knees, a most difficult and arduous operation. On the sixth day after he had entered this forest, his party encountered the spoor of the okapi. This was followed for several hours, when suddenly the party came upon the animal some fifteen feet in front of them. The animal was startled by their approach, and before the major could obtain his rifle from one of the natives accompanying him, the animal had darted into the thick undergrowth. The view that the hunter obtained, however, was sufficiently long to enable him to observe its general characteristics. The animal stood between ten and eleven feet in height, was of a

general tawny color about its body, and was striped over the loins. The truth of Major Harrison's story is vouched for by the natives and pygmies who accompanied him on the expedition, and they say he is the first white man who has seen the animal in its native wilds.

Red-Eyed Vireos Asleep

The following passage, taken from an article by Francis H. Herrick in "Bird-Lore," is interesting as an observation of a kind not often made. All living things, with the possible exception of the protozoa and some other very simple forms, seem to require a daily period of rest. Even plants may be said to sleep, although there is reason to think that no reparative process goes on during their rest, as there does in the case of animals. Still, they close their flowers and bend their petioles at certain hours. One fact in Mr. Herrick's record is very noteworthy—the soundness of the sleep of the bird under observation. Probably the fatigue induced by the maternal duties of the day was overpowering.

When the young vireos were a week old I began to watch their nesting habits at night more closely, and found that, while the male apparently roosted nearby, the female invariably slept on the nest. At from fifteen to twenty minutes after sundown she was regularly at her post, and even at this hour usually fast asleep. So profound indeed were her slumbers, that I could often enclose her in my hand and stroke her feathers without awaking her. She slept with her head twisted back and buried deep in the feathers between the shoulders. An apparently headless trunk, or a little ball of feathers, was all that could be seen, and the only motion discernible came from the regular pulsations of breathing.

In this manner the mother apparently passed the night, unless disturbed. When aroused by a ruder movement of the hand, she would peck feebly at a raised finger, but if not further molested the eyes would gradually close, and the heavy head, turning slowly on its axis, settle down on the soft cushion again. If actually driven off she would return in a second, and in another moment would be fast asleep.

On a quiet evening, just after sundown, the camera was mounted on a suitable platform, and two photographs were made of this sleeping bird without awaking her. In the first the plate was exposed for five, and in the second for twenty minutes, both yielding good prints, allowing for the regular movements of respiration.

The sleeping habits of birds do not appear to have received much attention, and are often difficult to observe. That they vary not only in different species, but with the season and other conditions is obvious. When not breeding, many of the smaller perching birds seek the dense coverts or foliage, which afford protection from cold as well as from enemies. Grouse are sometimes found enclosed in light snow. Quail

huddle in dense coveys on the ground, where they pass the night; birds of prey, like hawks and eagles, sleep at odd intervals by day or night, with the head buried in the feathers of the back. The diurnal sleep of owls and goat-suckers is more readily observed. The male robin has been known to pass the night at a long distance from its nest. In a community of the great herring gull, which knows no repose by day or night, the old birds take frequent naps at all hours, and either while on the perch or the nest. This gull will occasionally doze with head drawn in and eyes closed, but usually conceals its head in its feathers, like a hawk or vireo. But, if at such times the gull is dull of sight, its hearing is keen, for at an alarm it will suddenly throw up its head, and with outstretched neck scream loud enough to be heard for half a mile. Some of the pheasants sleep with the head either drawn in on shortened neck, or turned back and concealed. So far as I have observed, the same bird always turns its head to the same side in sleep, and this seems to follow as a matter of course from the force of habit.

Plant-Creation

On more than one occasion the pleasure which the practise of hybridizing affords the amateur gardener has been alluded to in these columns, but there is such an excellent editorial upon the subject in "The Independent," of New York for August 4, that no apology is needed for reverting to it. Few operations in the garden offer greater interest, while the delicacy of manipulation is, in itself, an education.

Plant-breeding is a term coming into common use among enthusiastic fruit growers. Fifty years ago, when Mr. Downing wrote his famous book on fruits and fruit-growing, we had not got beyond the idea that species were something created, and that their limitations could not be broken into. To-day, the word *species* stands for little more than *variety*. It means a variety somewhat better established in its habits of growth and fruitage. We are even beginning to hear of two families crossing, and intermarrying, like the cherry and the plum. Mr. Burbank has a new fruit, which he has created out of the plum and the apricot, naming it *plumcot*. Of course, the failures are more numerous than the successful crossings—even when the most skilful art is used. When Mr. Burbank undertook to cross the dewberry with the pollen from the apple, quince, pear, cherry, strawberry, and other Rosaceæ stock, he secured something like five thousand seedlings. It was the most curious lot of plants the eye ever rested on; some like raspberries, some like strawberries, and some like the apple. But of all this crowd very few gave any blooms at all, and of those that did only two bore fruit. Of the fruit one resembled a large blackberry, and the other a mulberry. Alas for the experiments! neither of the new fruits bore any seeds. Here was a very promising creation run at once to the ground. Mr. Burbank was compelled to burn up sixty-five thousand hybrids in one bonfire, and he

tells us that it took fourteen more bonfires before he had cleared his grounds.

Hybridization is certainly a very uncertain process, but one success, in a lifetime, one might almost say, repays. Nature has been hybridizing through the ages, and yet of some species there has been only a single representative during the historical period. Mr. Burbank says about the work of hybridizing:

Preconceived notions and all personal prejudice must be laid aside; we must listen patiently, quietly, and reverently to the lessons which Mother Nature has to teach. Man has found at last that he is a part of the universe, which is eternally unstable in form and eternally immutable in substance

"The Independent" points out how "weeds" have been "ennobled" by cultivation and selection, and describes the process of hybridizing as practised by Mr. Burbank, proceeding to give a scientific comment which is worth reading:

It is not difficult for anyone to see that after you have broken up two species and mixed their characteristics, the amount of permutations may be almost infinite. Break up the hereditary drift, and the recombinations, under influence of environment, must go on until by some means you can stop it. The lima bean, for instance, is very fixed in its hereditary wilfulness; it does not like to cross with other beans; but when its aristocracy is overcome, and you secure crosses, these crosses must be made stable in order to be valuable. This is another part of the plant-breeder's work. He has now to grow his choice seedlings separate from each other for a number of generations, until habit again becomes fixed. This difficulty, of course, does not occur in the same way among trees which can be propagated by scions, as well as by seed.

Heretofore, Nature has had to do her cross-breeding and her pollenizing as she could. It has been said that "Nature abhors above all things inbreeding." For this reason she created bees and covered them with hair, and gave them an instinct to feed on pollen and honey. These little messengers, diving into flower after flower, and distributing the pollen from one to another, have worked out a good many problems, and probably achieved some very remarkable results that we attributed to supernatural power. Hereafter, evolution will be in the hands of man. New plants, new flowers, new fruits of higher quality and greater beauty, will be the law. The time is not far distant when every horticulturist will consider himself a failure if he does not do more than simply cultivate; he must also create.

A concrete example will perhaps best exemplify the importance of the principles laid down in the preceding article. Even the unprofessional mind will appreciate the mischief which carelessness about the chance hybridizing by insects and about

selecting the best specimens for the progenitors of the race does in the production of cantaloupes for market. "The Irrigation Age" says in an article on "Cantaloupe Seed:"

The cantaloupe now known as the Rocky Ford was originally Burpee's Netted Gem, but under the favorable conditions which prevail in the arid regions of Colorado, it was developed into a melon surpassing in quality the parent stock, and its superior merits have won for it a new name and a popular reputation.

In the early days of the cantaloupe industry at Rocky Ford the growers relied on Eastern seedsmen for their supply of seed, and to a certain extent had satisfactory results, until the growth of the industry exceeded the supply of reliable seed, when a number of growers were supplied with seed which produced a mixed lot of varieties, wholly unfit for market as Rocky Ford cantaloupes. The loss not only fell heavily on the disappointed grower, but through the agency of bees and other insects carrying the pollen, the injury was easily transmitted to neighboring fields of choice melons, producing crosses of an undesirable nature.

On account of the introduction of these mixed strains, and the varying ideas of seed selection, the Rocky Ford cantaloupe lacks uniformity in many respects. A large percentage of melons are unmarketable on account of size and form, which render them unfit to crate. Defective netting and thin, soft flesh are also common imperfections. Because of these defects the growers sustain a loss that could be largely prevented by planting a better grade of seed.

In connection with this it would be well for professional farmers and amateur gardeners to read a striking article in the July number of "Country Life in America," called "A 'Flyer' in Cantaloupes." Mr. Hale, the writer, paid great attention to the seed used, giving as much as \$2 and \$3 per pound, when the usual price was only thirty cents. The result was that he got \$4 and \$5 per crate, when the usual market price was \$2.50 and \$3. "The Irrigation Age" continues:

The cantaloupe is a product of years of systematic selection, and it requires the same methods to maintain its excellence as were employed in its development. Without care in selection, the natural tendency of all cultivated plants to vary will soon cause a good strain of cantaloupes to revert to an undesirable type.

The wide reputation of the Rocky Ford cantaloupe has created a great demand for Rocky Ford seed, as it is claimed to produce a higher grade of cantaloupes than seed from other States, and each year large quantities are saved

to fill this demand, but, unfortunately, for the industry, the quality of this supply is not what it should be. It is principally produced from the cull piles. After frost, at the close of the shipping season, everything in the line of a cantaloupe, green or ripe, large or small, is gathered and run through a melon seeder with no attempt at selection. This seed is bought by the jobber and seedsmen for ten to twenty cents per pound, and when it is on the market it can not be distinguished from well-selected seed, and doubtless is sold as such.

These words of Mr. Philo K. Blinn, of the Agriculture College of Colorado, have a practical application for all amateur gardeners. We too often rely upon the riff-raff of the garden, that which is left after all our wants are supplied, for the seeds of the following year. It is possible for each one of us to secure special strains, of even commercial value, it may be, by noting the finest, the earliest, or most striking specimens, and reserving them for seed.

Electricity and Vegetation

The genus of plants mentioned in the following paragraph is a curious one. *Tillandsia* is a genus of the Pineapple family. Some of the species are "air-plants," or epiphytes (not parasites). The one spoken of here may possibly be the one called "Spanish Moss," used for stuffing pillows. In some of the genus, the base of the leaf is dilated into a bottle-like receptacle which catches the water running down the channeled leaves, and so supplying the traveler with a pint of water at need. The "Technical World" says:

An occurrence of electro-botanical interest has recently been observed in the Brazilian town of Petropolis, which lies near the city of Rio de Janeiro. Among the commonest plants of that part of the world is a parasitical (epiphytal) plant known as the *Tillandsia*. It has very small seeds, each of which is provided with a growth of long, light hairs. At any time of high wind, these seeds are blown long distances, to take root and grow wherever they finally arrive, as, for instance, on the trunks and branches of trees. Seeds of the *Tillandsia* have attached themselves to the wooden poles and the wires of the electric-light installation, and have grown there in far greater luxuriance than when in more usual situations, in many places covering the wires with their long green garlands studded with red and white flowers. This is attributed to the effect of the strong light of the electric lamps.

Educational Questions of the Day

The Public Purpose in Education

One of the most striking recent utterances on the subject of Education, is an article in "The Independent" of New York, August 4, 1904, entitled "The Public Purpose in Education," by the President of Yale University. Dr. Hadley says:

In these days of active commercial enterprise, a man who appears before the public as a champion of any theory or system is at once met with the question, "Does it pay?" The educator is confronted with this enquiry as often as anyone else—perhaps oftener, because he is using other people's money in channels where the return for its expenditure is not always obvious. Some school and college men complain of this question as unfair, and try to avoid answering it. I believe that it is better to meet it squarely—simply insisting that it be asked intelligently, and that we answer it in its entirety instead of confining our attention to some part, which is mistaken for the whole. The advocates of higher education have everything to gain by accepting the challenge which it involves. If they care to take up this question with care and intelligence, they can show that those parts of our school system which are condemned as unpractical or sentimental, are often the very ones which, from the public standpoint, represent the most vital and necessary investment of the Nation's money.

He then considers the pecuniary advantage of primary education and of attendance at a technical or professional school. There can be no doubt that there is such an advantage. Considering the modern specialization which is found in professions and in business, he writes thus:

To the question whether, as a matter of dollars and cents, it pays a man to go to college, or even to the high school, I do not conceive that any general answer is possible. It depends almost entirely upon the man. During the years which he spends in non-professional study in these secondary schools, he has grown older without earning money, or making definite preparations to earn money. The years thus spent make it harder for him to fall into the routine of daily business life. So far they represent a loss rather than a gain in earning power. They give him, on the other hand, the advantage of entering business with greater maturity of judgment and wider knowledge of outside affairs, than would have been possible if he had gone from the primary school directly into the office or shop. So far they are a gain. Whether the gain offsets the loss, or whether the gain is enough greater than the loss to pay for the time spent, depends upon differences of individual character. It may be said in a rough

way, that these years thus spent in secondary study, diminish the assurance that a second-rate man will make a second-rate success, but increase the chances that a first-rate man will make a first-rate success.

But the question arises whether there is not something beside money-getting to be considered. This country is no longer a mere colony, working its way up to prosperity. Agriculture and commerce are all very well in such a stage, and people in that stage may be pardoned for constantly asking in its narrowest sense, "Does it pay?" We are a nation, pledged to the best in Government, in Literature, in Art, in Science. Are not these factors in life? Dr. Hadley thinks they are, and, therefore, he will change the commercial question into, "Does the existence of these schools and colleges increase the Nation's happiness and prosperity enough to make these institutions worth as much to the public as they cost it?" Very ably, indeed, does he urge "the recognition of the paramount importance of the public purpose in education," and expresses his belief that our best American schools and colleges have, as their fundamental purpose, the fitting the citizen for self-government in a free commonwealth.

There are two things which to-day, as in generations past, I think are characteristic of most of our colleges, and which, I am sure, are characteristic of the college which I know best. On the intellectual side they aim to give their pupils a chance to decide how they can best serve the public—in what work they have the best prospect of honorable influence for themselves, and full performance of their duties to their fellow men. On the moral side they subject the student to a set of influences which tend to take him out of himself, and make him feel that he is part of a community to be served loyally and unselfishly, wherein each member can take more pride and pleasure in his contribution to the success of the whole, than in the attempt to lay that whole under contribution to his own success. It is this public spirit which distinguishes the true college or university from the group of professional schools. It has been well said that the university is not a school, but an atmosphere.

It is cultured men, in the highest and best meaning of "culture," who have made the most enduring marks on the pages of history, and culture is not a matter of mere

lectures and recitations. It needs a peculiar "atmosphere" and that is found in the university.

An International Auxiliary Language

The subject of a common medium for the interchange of thought among the nations of the world, has experienced a revival. Two articles appear in "The Monist" for July: "An International Auxiliary Language" and an editorial criticism of Dr. W. Ostwald's "*Die Weltsprache*." In "The Independent" of New York, for August 11, also, there is an explanation of the new language, "Esperanto," by its originator, L. L. Zamenhof. In the first of these we read:

An active campaign is being carried on in France with a view to securing the adoption of an international auxiliary language. There would be no occasion to speak of it if the commission established for this object cherished the chimera of giving to an artificial language the value and use of a living language. The present is an undertaking that is being conducted in a practical way, and which deserves examination. I do not mean by this that I regard its success as easy, or even probable. For indeed, a first observation forces itself upon everyone who faces this question of a common linguistic medium with an open mind. Even if this instrument were found and adopted by academies, and prescribed by governments, what would be its office and scope?

Now, if we weigh carefully the conditions of the success of a language, the extent of its actual possession "I mean the number of those who speak it", its political influence, its simplicity, etc., it will appear convincingly that the English language has the greatest chance. German presents difficulties which embarrass the efforts made to propagate it. French world-policy by its weakness compromises the success of the French language, despite advantages on its part. In brief, and without pushing this discussion too far, it seems that the struggle must come in the future between two or three of our living languages, so that the adoption of an auxiliary language would not yield a permanent result. But leaving aside these conjectures regarding a possible evolution, let us consider the question of immediate utility.

These conservative words of M. L. Arréat of Paris, the author of the article in question, cover nearly the whole ground of the question of an artificial language. It will be noticed that he regards English favorably as the basis of a universal tongue. Dr. Ostwald, however, raises many objections to the use of English, of which the following is characteristic:

There are national objections that have to be considered, but in addition great practical interests are at stake. The nation whose lan-

guage would be raised to the prominence of a world-language, would, through this circumstance alone, acquire an enormous technical advantage before other nations, because its books and its newspapers would be read everywhere. Its news, its catalogues, its advertisements, would be understood everywhere, and so no other nation which had not, as yet, utterly lost its instinct of self-preservation, could wittingly accede to such a measure. Together with its language will also be transferred the world-conception, the views of art and science of the favored nation, and if, instead of a new artificial auxiliary language, we would accept one of the living tongues, we would not be able to protect our own mother speech against unfair influences and infringements so as to neglect it, and to prepare for its final disappearance.

To this the Editor of "The Monist" wisely replies:

Professor Ostwald objects to the introduction of English as a world-language, because, together with the language, we would come into possession of the entire world-conception, including the views of art and science that have been deposited in English speech. We would say, that far from being a disadvantage, this is a preference for English, and, closely considered, the English literature and the English sciences are not national, but international. How much of the German and French literature, science, arts, has been incorporated and is still being incorporated, into the English language! In fact, English, especially since the rise of the United States, has become the receptacle of human, of international thought, and there is nowhere in the world a proposition of importance uttered in any language but it is at once translated into English, and becomes accessible to the English-speaking world.

"Esperanto" does not aim at being a world-language. Dr. Zamenhof, in "The Independent," says:

Esperanto is a neutral compounded language which aims at supplying men of divers nationalities with a means for mutual intercourse. Many erroneously fancy that Esperanto seeks to supplant existing tongues, whereas nothing of the kind is desired. At home and in the family circle all will ever converse in the national idiom: Esperanto will but serve them as a basis for communicating with those who are ignorant of their language.

Regarding it in this light, the light in which the defunct Volapuk was regarded, "Esperanto" appears to be a very simple means of universal communication. Tolstoy says that he learnt to read an article in not more than two hours. But we fall back upon M. Arréat's words: "We may well doubt whether an artificial language will translate easily the movements of thought," movements which have grown with the ages and have produced shades of meaning often almost inexpressible.

The Drama

Edited by Eckert Goodman

The Season Opens

The "closed season" is over; the "open season" is upon us and already the first killing has been made. Here and there, too, hunters or rather "sportsmen"—for there is no game like your dramatic game—have returned empty-handed from the first meet of the year; while others, not trusting too far their own prowess, or being by nature careful, have been shooting tame birds. All of which, interpreted literally, means that several new plays have been produced, the first failure at least in one instance recorded and a number of former successes revived. And the game? In the main it is the ever same tame pigeon, which the proprietor of the preserves would have us believe are wild pheasants and quail. There has been report, too, of big game, but so far the first great killing of the season remains to be discovered. Let us drop the metaphor and get down to facts.

Revivals

To begin with, there are the revivals, or to be exact, the renewals—plays which were stopped by the hot weather last spring when they were still popular, and which are now used as a sort of prologue to the regular season. Mr. Collier is again appearing in "The Dictator," the Richard Harding Davis farce; Miss Crossman begins a short metropolitan season in Mr. Belasco's clever comedy, "Sweet Kitty Bellairs," and the "County Chairman," Mr. Ade's rural play with its record run, returns to Wallack's. "The Eternal City," and "Checkers," and "The Girl from Kays," and "Are You a Mason?" complete fairly well the list. It is evident from this that managers are not taking unnecessary risks with their new productions. A presidential campaign staring them in the face, the memory of a disastrous preceding year always in mind, and weather none too favorable—all these causes and others tend to make them conservative. They are thus waiting until the last possible moment, until at least most people have returned

from the country. So they have had recourse to the successes of last season, few as they were. For two or three weeks these will draw and then they will have used up the last shred of their popularity in this city and be ready for new fields. Meanwhile, it is quite as pleasant to see again a good play a season old as to witness some new play of questionable merit.

New Plays

Of the new plays produced, all have up to the present time been either musical comedies or comedies. Of the latter "Military Mad" and "Jack's Little Surprise" are fair examples of the run. There is not much to be said about these plays except that they are to be commended for cleanliness. It is rather a connotation upon what we have been witnessing, when the freedom from objectionable matter is hit upon as a commendatory phrase. Nevertheless it is good to see that playwrights have at last come to a realization that laughter can be induced by other means than suggestive dialogue or situation. For the rest, these plays are fairly amusing, the one, an adaptation from the German and aspiring toward comedy, the other an out-and-out farce. Neither seems to have met with extraordinary popular success. The truth of the matter is that in order to succeed, a comedy these days must be out of the ordinary. Moreover, thanks to such writers as Captain Marshall, Mr. Carton, and Mr. Barrie, we have come to demand something more than a mere laugh from them. They must be original, or fanciful, or piquant, something more than merely funny.

Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch

An example of this is "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch," which has just made its New York début. This dramatization of Mrs. Rice's two stories, "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" and "Lovey Mary," has been very cleverly done. There was no one really great theme in the books; neither is there in the play. In both cases

it is pure character study, with the play having slightly the better of it. The causes which led this comedy to success on the road last year are not hard to discover; they are the same which brought success to the books—quaintness of humor with a background of pathos, characters of convincing vitality and refreshing originality, and, above all, a breezy spirit of Americanism. Taken as a play *per se*, it is not a masterpiece in any sense of the term. It is episodic, rather a series of pictures than one consistent, developing plot carefully worked out to inevitable fulfillment; rather a number of little plays grouped about a motivating theme—the love-affair of Miss Hazy and Mr. Stubbins. The “struggle” which is the basal principle of every play is all but impossible to find. The program calls the piece a “character comedy of heart interest;” if the accent be put strongly upon the word *character* this will serve to epitomize it as well as anything.

This play is, as a matter of fact, a forceful example of the value of real characterization as opposed to the drawing of “types.” Every minor part here has a prominence which directly affects the whole. It is the always changing diversity of human nature that holds you, whether it be the snappish inquisitiveness of Mrs. Eichorn or the cheery philosophy of Mrs. Wiggs herself. Not that this is the highest form of characterization, that perfect art of which a dramatist like Mr. Pinero is a master, whereby the author makes his people so vivid that they henceforth become real men and women whom you can recognize in your next-door neighbor and oftener in your own mirror. A Sophy Fullgarney or Maldonado acts as she or he does because it is his or her very nature, and the nature of humanity within them, that forces them. They are not merely true to the situation in which their creator has been pleased to place them; they are true to human nature as a whole and to the whole social order of conditions. The characterization of “Mrs. Wiggs” is much simpler, much more superficial, much more on the surface. It is therefore to the ordinary playgoer more appealing in that it is the more understandable and recognizable. It deals merely with the primary colors, and has no shadings or tints. It is wholesome, straightforward. It aims straight at the heart-strings; the other has a way of joggling the mentality.

All this is not said in disparagement of “Mrs. Wiggs,” which is really a delightful play well worth the seeing. It is sunny and optimistic; it has sentiment without being sentimental; it is worthily produced and is deserving of the support which it has received and will doubtless continue to receive. It belongs vaguely to the “Old Homestead” and “David Harum” type of play and it will stand comparison with either.

Musical Comedy

To turn now to musical comedy. If there is one thing more than another that the new plays of this sort have accentuated it is that musical comedy, so-called, grows each day less musical and less comical. Some of the managers have recently taken to designating them by other terms, such as “musical cocktails,” etc. It is a favorable sign when they thus dare to call a spade a spade. For, let the fact be spoken *sotto voce*, they are, in the main, plotless, musicless, and footless. Musical comedy has practically degenerated into vaudeville. In doing so it has grown hobbies and developed set tricks. One of them makes a hit with a certain sort of song; every one after that for ten years following will have a like song. Think for yourself in how many you have heard what might be called the “zoological” song, wherein you hear about a sentimental gold-fish, or a hooting owl, or a jumping kangaroo, or a spider, or what you will; and the “astronomical” song, concerning the man in the moon and the evening star and other planetary people; and the “botanical” song, about the lady who receives violets and pansies and magnolias; and the “geographic” song, telling of sirens in the lands of Timbuctoo or Zanzibar, together with places and countries on no map; and the “gastro-nomic” song, which sings the delights of the cuisine and the table. You might thus pigeon-hole musical comedy according to such fixed rules. We now take these things as a matter of course, expecting so many of them in each production, and then proceed to judge the play by the novelties it offers. The producers themselves have evidently noticed this, and the result is a greater striving than ever for striking and unusual “effects.” Taken all in all, the prospects for musical comedy are not so bright as those of other branches of the stage.

C h i l d V e r s e

Reversed Perpetual Motion St. Nicholas

"I wondah," said Sambo, "whah I'd go
Ef I turned back-somasets on de flo'
Jes' on an' on an' out ob de do',
An' nebah, nebah stopped no mo'.
I 'spces I'd git inter yiste'day sho'—
An' mebbe inter de day befo'."

Norman D. Gray.

In the Doll Room Pittsburg Bulletin

I'm going out a little while,
And you must promise, Dollie,
To sit as quiet as a mouse,
And not go romping o'er the house
With pussy cat and Polly.

For pussy's claws are very sharp,
And they are sure to scratch you;
Or, if you get in Polly's reach
She'll give an awful! awful! screech,
And with her beak she'll catch you.

And don't go mussing up your things,
Or get your dress in creases;
Don't put your hands up to your hat,
Your bangs are loose—remember that—
And they may come to pieces.

Don't pull the buttons off your shoes,
Or laugh when Polly chatters;
You mustn't mind her talk a bit,
But only shut your eyes and sit
And think of other matters.

And promise, Dollie, not to pout
It makes you look so simple;
For every time you frown, you know,
It makes the nasty wrinkles grow,
And spoils your pretty dimple.

You'd better go to sleep, for then
I'll have no cause to scold you;
By-by, my dear—now try and see
How good you really can be—
Remember what I told you.

A Cheap Tour Around the World . . . St. Nicholas

'Most every evening, after tea,
I travel far as far can be;
I grasp the wheel with both my hands,
And soon I'm off for foreign lands.

I see all countries that I can:
Alaska, China, and Japan,
Then round by Italy and Spain,
And very soon I'm home again.

Then up about the Polar Sea,
Where bears and walrus stare at me.
At other times I take my way
To distant Burma and Malay.

In every land, down to the sea,
The people rush to look at me.
"Good luck to you," I hear them say;
I wave my hand and speed away.

Our dining-room is everywhere;
My ship is just a rocking-chair:
I cruise about the world, at sea,
'Most every evening after tea.

Thomas Tapper.

The Adventures of Little Katy . . Harper's Magazine

Little Katy wandered where
She espied a Grizzly Bear;
Noticing his savage wrath,
Katy kicked him from her path.

Little Katy, darling child,
Met a Leopard, fierce and wild;
Ere the ugly creature sped off,
Little Katy bit his head off.

Katy, in her best blue cape,
Met a furious angry Ape;
But his rage received a check,—
Little Katy wrung his neck.

Little Katy met a lion,—
From starvation he was dying';
Though misfortune hadn't crushed him,
Katy stepped on him and squashed him.

Little Katy, near the Niger,
Met a big, bloodthirsty Tiger,
Tied a brick around his throat,
Went and drowned him in the moat.

Little Katy had a fuss
With a Hippopotamus;
Though the beast was somewhat weighty,
He was soon knocked out by Katy.

Little Katy flushed with ire
As a hungry wolf came nigh her,
So impertinent was he,
Katy chased him up a tree.

Little Katy, once, by chance,
Met a drove of Elephants.
Katy, fearing they might crowd her,
Scattered 'round some Persian powder.

Carolyn Wells.

The Library Table

The Yoke

THE novelist who undertakes to weave a story about any of the old Biblical records has, confessedly, one of the most difficult tasks. The requirements of local setting are exacting, and added to this difficulty, characteristic of faithful work in any fiction based on ancient or historic events, is the greater difficulty of so handling Bible records as to blend them into the narrative, without sacrificing either art on the one hand, or reverence for the "sacred" on the other. The achievement of the author of "The Yoke"* presents an inspiring contrast to the familiar efforts in this field. The story of the departure of the Israelites from the bondage in Egypt is told with an imaginative vigor and artistic self-control which will compel admirers of Georg Ebers—who had vowed that nothing could ever be added to his Egyptian novels—to acknowledge that his mantle had fallen to a worthy successor. A young Egyptian sculptor, who has rebelled against the unnatural art of his people, while seeking to realize his vision by carving in stone a statue of the goddess of love, meets and falls in love with Rachel, a Hebrew slave girl. His efforts to rescue her from the unholy passion of the king's chief counsellor and his increasing revolt against the traditions of his people are woven into the Bible narrative of the plagues of Egypt and the Exodus. The hero, "the only Egyptian first-born that lived" after the last of the plagues expatriates himself and becomes a worshipper of the God of Israel. The story would have been strengthened by a consistent effort to show that the general superstition of the times accounted for a belief that Jehovah wrought the desolations pictured in the Bible tradition, a position the author evidently maintains, save for the

few unfortunate lapses into conventional "belief." It was hardly necessary to picture her hero as the only Egyptian whose loyalty to the enslaved people led him to attempt their welfare. It was still less necessary to try to picture the "hovering Presence" which manifested itself as "Gust after gust of icy air swept down on his head, as if winnowed by frozen wings." The day is past for such conceptions of divinity to deeply impress the intelligent. Aside from such slight defects the story is spirited and rich in action, yet held well within the bounds of literary art. The characters are such as command interest, while the love elements—the test of skill—are delicately blended. The lessons of self-abnegation and heroic faith are uplifting and healthy. Those whose ideals lead them to ignore conventional forms and the rules of the ritual will doubtless learn from experience something of the truth brought home to the young Egyptian sculptor that "Law is a most inexorable thing. It is the governor of the Infinite. It is a tyrant which, good or bad, can demand and enforce obedience to its fiats. It is a capricious thing which drags its vassals—the whole created world—after it in its mutations or stamps the rebel into the dust while the time-serving obedient ones applaud." Indeed the life of ancient Egypt is rendered strikingly modern. Had the author resisted the temptation to use sacred magic, portraying Moses the towering figure in intellect and virtue, rather than in occult resources, we believe the work could have been strengthened without offending the enlightened faith of either Jew or Christian. The book is one of the few best stories that have come to our notice.

Owen R. Lovejoy.

Human Work†

THOSE who read Mrs. Gilman's books on social subjects are prepared to find in them original theories, and her latest, "Human Work," is no exception

to this rule. In her own words "this book is a study of the economic processes of society, explaining the immediate causes of a large part of our human suffering, and suggesting

*THE YOE. By Elizabeth Miller. The Bobbs-Merrill Company, Indianapolis. \$1.50.

†HUMAN WORK. By Charlotte Perkins Gilman. McClure, Phillips & Co., New York. \$1.50.

certain simple, swift, and easy changes of mind by which we may so alter our processes as to avoid that suffering and promote our growth and happiness."

It is impossible to present in a short notice an adequate description of the author's theories or to do justice to the undoubted cleverness of much that she says, but an idea may be given of one or two premises upon which she insists, and upon which her theories of social evolution are based.

The chief of these is the fact that Society must be considered as an organic form of life, dependent for health upon the well-being of its component parts as is the human body, and suffering in the same way when any of the members are diseased. "The proposition is that Society is the whole and we are the parts: that that degree of organic development known as human life is never found in isolated individuals, and that it progresses to higher development in proportion to the evolution of the social relation; that a man is, individually, a complete animal . . . but that as a human being he is but a minute fraction of a great entity. . . ."

Mrs. Gilman calls attention to the fact that what may be termed our inherited ideas are most of them entirely unfit for the present state of society which has outgrown them, and impresses upon us the idea that "if members of a given society persist in maintaining and acting upon social ideals of a previous age, they are injurious to their society and so to themselves." She then enumerates the following errors common to most of us:

1. The Ego Concept. "This is the universal assumption . . . that human beings are separate entities, like the lower animals."

2. The Pleasure-in-Impression Theory. This may be briefly described as the theory that pleasure consists in getting, rather than in doing. "We still commonly associate pleasure with impression, with things we are to get, to have. Whereas, in fact, our pleasure depends far more largely upon what we do."

3. The Pay Concept. The general theory of future reward as an incentive to work.

4. The Want Theory. Closely allied to the Pay Concept. The theory that "man works to gratify wants, and that if his wants are otherwise gratified he will not work."

5. The Self-Interest Theory. Expressed

by the saying "self-preservation is the first law of nature."

6. The Pain Concept. A belief that pain and difficulty are good for us.

7. The Law of Supply and Demand. The theory that the former is equal to the latter.

These ideas Mrs. Gilman considers more or less mischievous fallacies, and that their existence to-day is the result of our having inherited them from an earlier age of social evolution, and put them away in what she calls "the thought-tight compartments" in our brains, never troubling to think them out for ourselves. Her refutation of these errors contains much that is interesting, if not always convincing.

Closely connected with her proposition that Society is an organic whole, are her views on work, a word which she considers synonymous with life. If an eye is unable to see, it is in fact dead; it is not serving the body of which it is a member—it is not living. "Work is the most conspicuous feature of human life." Where work is looked upon with contempt, development is arrested. The more *social* the work, that is, the greater number of people it benefits, the higher it is. Work is human growth, and the reason that America is leading the world industrially is that the false idea that work is degrading has never obtained anything of a foothold here except at one time in the Southern States where "the popular error, that work was proper only to slaves, arrested development in many lines."

"To work is to make something or distribute something." It is the giving-out of energy which has been stored in us in one way or another for this very purpose. Every man and every woman owes this to the great body of which they are members, and they are "good" or "bad" as they discharge or neglect this duty one to another.

It is impossible to give more than a very general idea of the main purpose of Mrs. Gilman's book, which is written with her accustomed lucidity of style and clearness of simile. Some of her theories may be open to question. It is quite possible, for instance, that the reason that certain ideas have lasted so long in our social system is owing to the fact that there is a certain degree of truth in them. She is indignant with the theory that a man works to gratify his wants and will not work unless obliged to do so, and yet experience shows us that such is often the lamentable case, and it will

take more than one book on the subject to eliminate from the mind of man the idea of his own personality—the entity of the individual. But the book is, like all the

author's work, original, forceful, and stimulating, whether or no her ideas commend themselves to our reason.

Mary K. Ford.

The New Testament in the Christian Church*

PROFESSOR MOORE has placed the public under a heavy debt of gratitude by the publication of his Lowell Institute lectures in a volume with the above title. The work is candidly critical, rather than dogmatic, and furnishes the reader, as it proposes to do, "with material for the formation, criticism, or confirmation of his own opinions." The author's special fitness for the form of discussion he has conducted, the historical rather than the philosophical approach to the problem of authority, is proven by that rare faculty of reproducing the very atmosphere of each period under discussion, so that the reader can easily imagine himself in the midst of the events portrayed. Between the early days of Christianity, when "For the believer, the essence of Christianity consisted, not in the acknowledgment of a book, not in adherence to an organization, not in the confession of a creed, but in the imitation of a life," and the middle or close of the second century, when the New Testament Canon was substantially complete as now, the Church equipped with an elaborate machinery of organization, and the Creed so established that it had already become venerable and authoritative, a great gulf of mystery has seemed to be fixed. Professor Moore deftly bridges the gulf, not by stretches of imagination, but by the application of principles well known to historical interpretation. And while the conclusions at which Christianity has arrived, in creed, government and appeal to authority, are not such as command universal acceptance to-day, he clearly describes the perfectly natural processes by which these historic positions were reached, and justifies each age for its part in the process. "To ask when the New Testament arose is simply to ask when the necessity for such an external authority and the feeling of dependence upon the elder generation gained ascendancy over the fresh consciousness of spiritual power which had marked the earliest Christian time." He acknowledges that the final

boundary of the Canon fell somewhat arbitrarily, but insists that the features of importance were already so well established by the consensus of Christian thought that they were adopted without division or discussion.

The author's definition of inspiration as "psychologically normal, perfectly human, without being less divine" is probably a definition which will meet with general acceptance among Protestant Christians, though there are still those who will hesitate to acknowledge that "Such influence leaves the freedom, the initiative, the consciousness of the man receiving the revelation, as natural, as much unimpaired, as is his attitude in the utterance of any other thought." But certainly this theory accounts for all the individuality appearing in the different books.

Two chapters on "Canonization and the Origin of Church Government" and "Canonization and the Beginnings of the History of Doctrine" are written in the same spirit and the argument based on the same principle. One sees how, while the Church was conquering the world, it was itself being wrought upon by the conquered society until it gradually became dependent upon the appeal to dogmatic authority. "The dogma was the Hellenization of Christian thought, as the monarchical episcopate was the Romanization of its life, and the Canon the externalization of its spirit and enthusiasm." The chapter on "The Idea of Authority" is aggressive, but reverent and patiently considerate of the position of others, and it will be difficult for even the most orthodox defender of the faith to oppose the author's argument that it is the "authority of God which has seemed to us to lie behind and to be manifested in the authority of sacred books, of Christian institutions, of doctrines and ritual and, it is no irreverence to say also, of Christ himself. Christ said of his own authority that it was that of God." To the question whether, within the universe of things as we now see them, the Scripture, with its claims to inspiration and authority, can maintain its place, he answers by asking

*THE NEW TESTAMENT IN THE CHRISTIAN CHURCH. By Edward Caldwell Moore. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50 net.

whether these words "revelation and inspiration" can "be divested of associations and assumptions which to-day hinder rather than help the apprehension of the thing which they seek to describe." And he believes that, despite the desolating processes that have characterized so much of Biblical critical discussion, the outlook is bright, and that "as the dissolving of the medieval way of thinking of the authority of the Church brought men more truly under the mastery

of Christ himself, so the discovery that the inspiration of the Scripture is the inspiring Christ, and the authority of Scripture is that of truth and of God himself, will be to us not a loss but an immeasurable gain."

Written in plain and beautiful style, in which all technical mysteries of expression are avoided, the book will become a delight and inspiration to a multitude of readers who have neither training nor patience for "theological works." *Owen R. Lovejoy.*

The Diary of a Musician*

THE average musician is none too desirable a member of society, but if "The Diary of a Musician" be genuine he is even more objectionable than is generally supposed. As a matter of fact, it is easier to believe that Miss Dolores Bacon is responsible for more than the editing of a book which, in its endeavor to portray the artistic temperament, has merely succeeded in giving us a most unpleasant study of cold-hearted egoism.

The diary begins when the subject of it is a young boy working on his father's farm in Bohemia and his one desire is to go to Prague for a musical education. This is finally arranged, and we follow the steps of this young person through his studies at the Conservatory, his first success at Vienna, and his triumphal career in Berlin, Paris, London and America.

He has numerous intrigues with women: the gentle Ludmila, his fellow-student, of whose death he hears without a regret, as by this time he is in love with a Russian countess, with whom he leads a stormy existence made up of alternate love-making and quarreling; the English girl, who kills herself after he leaves her—all these love affairs are represented as being the natural accompaniment of genius, but which impress the reader more as a very ordinary form of sensualism.

An entry in the diary reads thus: "Heaven has burst upon me. My soul is flooded with joy and happiness. On the 11th I received a sadly misspelled and obscure note, bearing no date or address. . . . In all my life I have never known such perfect happiness as these few, strangely scrawled words have

brought me: 'Monsieur X—, will you come and see your daughter? I do not know if this will reach you. I shall take good care of her.' Signed, 'Elise Benoit.' Addressed 'Monsieur X—, Europe.'"

He has no recollection of Elise Benoit, but hunts her up, finds her to be a French peasant, and is quite enraptured with the baby, whom he at once accepts though he has not the faintest recollection of the mother! He consents to go to America as he wishes to make money for his daughter, and a few pages are devoted to his experiences in New York. His manager conceives the idea of marrying him to a Hungarian countess for the sake of the advertisement, and he consents. He returns to Europe, marries the countess at Dover, and leaves her the same day for France, to see his little daughter. He finds the child's mother so much improved in every way that he resolves to get rid of the countess as soon as possible and marry Elise, and the book ends with a burst of enthusiasm over the child, and the extraordinary announcement that he is going to be "like an American husband."

It has been suggested that Kubelik is the hero of this book, a suggestion which is borne out by the illustration, but it is hard to think so badly of one's fellow-creatures as to believe the diary to be genuine. The author has tried by means of a vehement style of writing to convey the idea that a genius holds the pen, but something has gone wrong, for the impression left is not that we are reading the story of a genius but that of a man who unites to his undoubted musical ability the ignorance of a peasant with an unbridled license and a heartless selfishness seldom so shamelessly revealed.

Mary K. Ford.

*THE DIARY OF A MUSICIAN. Edited by Dolores M. Bacon. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.50.

Glimpses of New Books

Biography

James Lawrence. By Albert Gleaves. Lieutenant-Commander, U. S. N. G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$1.35.

This volume of the "American Men of Energy" Series is an admirable life of Captain James Lawrence of "Chesapeake" fame, to whom is ascribed that saying which has become a by-word in the navy: "Don't give up the ship." Lieutenant-Commander Gleaves has carefully collected from many sources the materials for his work, and has arranged them in a setting of a very readable and interesting style. As Captain Lawrence's period of service comprised the destruction of the "Philadelphia" in the harbor of Tripoli, the remarkably successful cruise of the "Hornet," and the historic duel between the "Chesapeake" and the "Shannon," in which Lawrence lost his life, the book should be read by all who desire to appreciate, at its true value, the work of the American Navy in the days of "wooden walls."

Edward Lincoln Atkinson. By Charles Lewis Slattery. Longmans, Green & Co., New York. \$1.00.

Edward Lincoln Atkinson was the Rector of the Church of the Epiphany, New York, who was accidentally drowned at Manchester-by-the-Sea on August 1, 1902, in his thirty-eighth year. While especially appealing to the clergy and laity of the Protestant Episcopal Church as the life of a man of remarkable personality, the volume may well find a larger body of readers among all those who appreciate steadfastness of purpose and unremitting energy in well-doing.

History

Historic Highways, Vol. 12. Pioneer Roads, Vol. II. By Archer Butler Hulbert. Arthur H. Clark Co., Cleveland, O.

The roads dealt with in this twelfth volume of the interesting "Historic Highways" are the Old Northwestern Turnpike, from Winchester, Va., to Parkersburg, West Va.; the Genesee Road, beginning at Fort Schuyler and running to the Genesee River through the cities of Syracuse and Utica in the State of New York; and the Catskill Turnpike from the Hudson River to the Susquehanna, at Wattle's Ferry. In connection with the first, the narratives of journeys by Thomas Wallcutt and Samuel Allen are given; extracts from the "Journal of a Tour to Niagara Falls in the year 1805," by Timothy Bigelow, give a picture of the second; and passages from Dickens' "American Notes," show the general condition of pioneer roads. The volume fully maintains the interest of its predecessors.

Travel

Kings and Queens That I Have Known. By Helene Vacaresco. Harper & Brothers, New York. \$2.00.

These interesting sketches by Mlle. Vacaresco originally appeared in an English magazine, but they are in every way worthy of permanent

book form. The talented writer, as a traveling companion of her queen, Elizabeth of Roumania, known in literature as "Carmen Sylva," visited most of the European courts. Moreover, the romance connected with her own life, by which she nearly became related to some reigning sovereigns, procured for her a degree of intimacy which crowned heads rarely grant even to a "maid of honor." The sketches are characterized by a kindly and natural tone not usually associated with royalty, for being accustomed daily to the surroundings of courts she was able to observe the chief actors without embarrassment. They will be read in a republican country with interest and will show that even monarchs are privileged to enjoy many of the pleasures of simple domesticity. Perhaps the most delightful of all the sketches is that of Queen Victoria in her summer home at Balmoral.

Japan as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Illustrated. \$1.60 net.

The books written about Japan and Russia are legion. Everyone who has been in the vicinity of either country appears to be possessed with a mania to write an encyclopedia on both. This book and its companion are a refreshing exception to the prevailing type. Unlike a book hastily thrown together for the market, at some critical moment in history, this is a volume collating the mature thought and the descriptive essays of recognized authorities on the subjects treated. A sympathetic treatment of the history and life of the Japanese people is assured by the extensive use of native authors, while such students of the social life, ethics, and religious ideals of Japan as Sir Edwin Arnold, Lafcadio Hearn, Isabella Bird Bishop and many others, give the volume a truly cosmopolitan character. Chapters devoted to the description of cities, mountains, temples and palaces of the wonderful little empire, are delightfully enriched by choice illustrations. Much of the book is devoted to a study of the manners and customs of the people, and those who have been accustomed to think of Japan as one of the old civilizations will be particularly interested in the portion devoted to "Arts and Crafts" and will be surprised to learn the extreme modernity of the chief arts of the country. The closing chapter on "Present Conditions" is supplied by the editor and is a convenient and well-written summary.

Russia, as Seen and Described by Famous Writers. Edited and Translated by Esther Singleton. Dodd, Mead & Co., New York. Illustrated. \$1.60 net.

The editor's success with "Japan" has led her to make a similar compilation descriptive of Russia, and the choice of material is as wisely and artistically made as in the former. Three essays by Prince Kropotkin, Jean Jacques, Elisee Reclus, and W. R. Morfill give a description of the country and race which, to the general reader,

will be found of great value. The larger portion of the volume is devoted to descriptions; important cities and provinces being pictured in generous detail. Especial interest attaches to the essay on "Finland," "this land of civilization, progress, and, above all, humanity," written by Harry DeWindt, and to the essays on Poland by Thomas Mitchell, "The Volga Basin" by Antonio Gallenga, and "The Trans-Siberian Railway" by William Durban. Students of sociology will find valuable material in the chapters devoted to "High Life in Russia" and "Rural Life in Russia." The former, written by the Countess of Galloway, is not intended to be critical of the court life of the great empire, but cannot conceal the military foundation of the entire governmental structure, while the pictures of the great banquet hall of the court where two thousand guests are seated at once—the royal family with great generals, provincial governors and princes—presents a graphic background for the picture in the "Rural Life" written by Lady Verney. The women "toil at the same tasks in the field as the men, . . . and the mortality is excessive among the neglected children who are carried out into the fields, where the babies lie the whole day with a bough over them and covered with flies, while the poor mother is at work. Eight out of ten children are said to die before ten years old, in rural Russia." Those whose knowledge of Russia has been chiefly gained through the writings of Count Tolstoy and Ivan Tourgheniev, will be surprised to find no contribution from them in the volume. However, considering the purpose of the book, this is probably not a defect. The work is richly illustrated.

Nature

Our Mountain Garden. By Mrs. Theodore Thomas. The Macmillan Company, New York. \$1.50

Theodore Thomas, the eminent musician, bought a tract of twenty-five acres of wild, uncultivated land on the southern slope of a mountain in New Hampshire. Mrs. Thomas shows "what we can do without a hot-bed, hose, greenhouse or gardener, on a wild, rock-strewn mountain-side, in a climate where frost can come every month in the year; where the mercury goes twenty degrees below zero in winter; and where water and fertilizers are at a premium." The book is an admirable one and deserves a high place among the many works of recent date which deal with the making of a home. Without any special knowledge of gardening but with a sincere love for nature, Mrs. Thomas created a little paradise, and her list of plants cultivated in it will astonish the sympathetic reader. Few books are so encouraging as this to those who seek, by a close contact with nature, to refresh themselves after an arduous city life and to lay up a store of reserve force for further duties.

A Summer in New Hampshire. Compiled by Mary M. Currier. Rumford Printing Company, Concord.

In the words of the preface, this is "a New Hampshire book celebrating the charms and glories of the Granite State, and written by those who have known and loved her." That is just what it is—an apotheosis of New Hampshire, by her children. The poems are well selected.

the illustrations are well executed, and the printing is very dainty. The volume is a worthy tribute to a State renowned for its rugged beauty.

Folk-Lore

The White Canoe, and Other Legends of the Ojibways. By Elizabeth Monckton. Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

This little book is strikingly Indian in design, narrative and illustration. The legends were not unearthed from musty books "but by word of mouth, in the lodges and around the campfires during one long, lazy summer, when I strayed with wandering bands of Indians from one camping ground to another." The author facetiously claims in the introduction that there are no defects in the book, and indeed, the lover of folk-lore will grant the beauty and suggestiveness of these tribal traditions. The analogy between these and some of the early Bible legends, is striking, and withal they are good stories. "The White Canoe" and "The Origin of the Robin" are particularly sweet and reveal the tenderness in the Indian life. The book is richly illustrated with reproductions of original pyrographic drawings on birch bark, by the author.

Kwaidan. By Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston & New York. \$1.50.

A certain quality in the writings of Lafcadio Hearn, which makes them very enjoyable, is difficult to describe. It is not purely Oriental, like that very essence of story-telling, fanciful, imaginative and unquestioningly credulous, which we find in the "Thousand and One Nights"; and far less is it Occidental, with an ever diligent search for the Why and the Wherefore, the Whence and the Whither. It is rather the dreamy restfulness of a virile mind beholding the vagaries of childhood, unwilling to disturb its peace by the unrest of reason, and yet unable entirely to throw off the spirit of reason. Unless the reader has experienced somewhat of this himself, he cannot fully realize the indescribable charm of those glimpses of Old Japan with which Lafcadio Hearn has refreshed us. If he has experienced it, he knows, better than words can tell, the quality to which we have referred.

In no work of this author, so thoroughly in sympathy with Old Japan as it was before it was swept by the recent torrent of Occidental civilization, are the characteristics of Lafcadio Hearn more manifest than in "Kwaidan." It is a collection of weird and fantastic tales, such as can only originate in the childhood—the elfish childhood—of a race; and it is well that they have been rescued from the oblivion which might have fallen upon them, and rescued by so sympathetic a hand. The reader, after being thrilled by the ghostly, will be surprised to find how interesting such prosaic things as ants and mosquitoes become under Japanese influence.

Miscellaneous

The Real New York. By Rupert Hughes. 100 Illustrations by H. Mayer. Smart Set Publishing Company, New York. \$1.50.

Shall we call this a "guide-book" to New York? Such it really is, notwithstanding the air of fiction that surrounds it; and a very good guide-book it is. Its plan is very ingenious. In a train

delayed by a wash-out, there are a young lady from San Francisco, going to study art in Paris; a Chicago drummer bent upon having a good time in New York and on showing New Yorkers how inferior their city is in this respect to his own; and a preacher from Terre Haute intent upon gathering specimens of New York's wickedness to illustrate his sermons on his return. These are met respectively by a member of New York's best; a reporter, who rejoices in the cognomen of "Ananias" Blake; and a Southern poet resident in the city. Other characters there are who enrich the glimpses of city life, but these are the chief. The result is astounding. The young lady finds New York good enough for a permanent home; the drummer determines to get back to "old, innocent Chicago," while there is something left of him, and the preacher, full of the beauty of New York's charity and cultivation of all virtues, leaves to impress Terre Haute with its example.

Much real information is interspersed with the tale; there is rapid and interesting movement; the salient features are admirably chosen, and the whole book is full of bright and healthy humor. The illustrations are remarkably clever and telling.

As a Chinaman Saw Us. Edited by Henry Pearson Gratton. D. Appleton & Co., New York. \$1.25.

As we cannot have the power so much longed for by Robert Burns, "to see ourself as others see us," the next best thing is to know what some clever outsider really thinks of us. Without entering upon any speculation as to who is the eminent Chinaman to whom we are indebted for these caustic letters, or debating as to whether or not the letters are a genuine correspondence written without a thought of publication, it may be granted that the writer had unusual opportunities for observing American habits and character at close range. Exception may, of course, be taken to some of his views, for Oriental humor and Oriental standards of thought and conduct are very different from their Occidental counterparts. It will, however, be conceded that our critic is a genial one, and that occasionally he had strong provocation for his strictures. The marvel of the book is the breadth of observation which is noticeable, and the gist of its humor lies as much in the atmosphere of patronizing which pervades it, as in any sense of congruity or incongruity. Many a smile will be raised by the evident complacency with which this "heir of all ages" regards the neo-civilization of "the American who is neither Jew, Gentile, Greek, Roman, Russe, or Swede, but a new product, *sui generis*, and mostly Methodist." The volume is one to be read, marked, learned and inwardly digested, for there are some truths here which it is just as well to be acquainted with.

Fiction

From the Cliffs of Croaghau. By Robert Cromie. The Saalfield Publishing Company, Akron, O. \$1.50.

From the "Cliffs of Croaghau" on the West Coast of Ireland to the forests of northern South America is a "far cry," but Mr. Cromie manages it. A London stockbroker inveigles a doctor whose health needs a change to go to that remote part of Ireland, and then leads him into a scheme

for finding some gold which is hidden in the forests on the northern border of Brazil. There is a mysterious maiden who is supposed to be "cranky," and for her sake the doctor consents to make one of the party. A vessel is provided and they set sail, equipped with men and arms, with some others who are leaders in the expedition. There are some good descriptions of West Ireland life, some incidents on board ship, and some thrilling adventures in the travels by land. The money was deposited by revolutionaries, and needed no discovery, only conveyance to the coast. But the stockbroker is recouped, and as he and the doctor get wives, they cannot be said to have lost by the journey. The gold may possibly turn up again in the foundation of "The United States of South America." It is a passable story.

The Napoleon of Notting Hill. By Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

Mr. Gilbert K. Chesterton has assumed the rôle of a prophet and given us a picture of some of the London boroughs as they will be a hundred years hence, when the London County Council has become effete, and the King of England "is chosen like a juryman upon an official rotation list." As may be supposed, the whole story is "an immense joke," although much of it goes far beyond a joke. We are not of those who cavil at British humor, for Britain, even Scotland, has produced some excellent humorists; but it is difficult always to tell where the humor comes in when reading Mr. Chesterton's production. Possibly, as has already been said of John Kendrick Bangs' work, there is a philosophy in it, and this may be that the humorist who derides and the fanatic who adores may contribute equally to a catastrophe. While, however, qualifying our appreciation of the humor, it must be said that the book is a clever one, excellently put together, and will well repay reading. The point that the humorous king restores the medieval paraphernalia of courts in ridicule, and the "Napoleon" venerates them so much that he will die for them, is well taken. Possibly there exists in this country two such opposite views on paraphernalia connected with some of our associations and societies.

A Broken Rosary. By Edward Peple. John Lane, New York. \$1.50.

"A Broken Rosary" is a clever and dramatic romance of the days of Louis XV., and to be true to the type there must be blood, love and intrigue in it. All these are found. The story opens with the murder of a young French nobleman by a friend whom he is trying to save from the results of drunken gambling. The murderer becomes a member of a branch of the Dominicans called The Brotherhood of the House of Peace, and by his good deeds earns the name of "The Good Samaritan." One of the most famous of the courtizans of Paris undertakes, for a wager with a rejected lover, to effect his ruin, and succeeds so far as to induce the monk to renounce his vow and plan an escape to England where they may enjoy their love. In the process, however, she herself learns the meaning of love, and on acknowledging this to the man with whom the wager has been made, is attacked by him, and she kills him in self-defence. The climax is sufficiently tragic, for the monk repents and is

exiled to a foreign mission field, while the courtesan finds refuge in a convent. The story is vivid and full of action and incident; and it will be found thrilling reading of a kind unlike much of the colorless summer fiction.

Forestfield. By Robert T. Bentley. The Grafton Press, New York. \$1.50.

"Forestfield," the name of a Southern mansion, is a tale of the South immediately before and during the Civil War. The fortunes of a typical Southern family are followed from affluence to poverty, presenting a picture of melancholy interest. The book is carefully and calmly written, in perfect accord with the evident spirit of the supposed narrator, a physically feeble man who is tutor in the family. Its pictures of domestic life on the plantation, of slave stealing and selling, of the sacrifices for patriotism, and of the ravages and hardships of war time, are well drawn. The finale is one of deep pathos. A wonderful dream is recorded in which the narrator sees the colored race take leave of the United States for a tropical land in the year 1913.

In the Dwellings of the Wilderness. By C. Bryson Taylor. Henry Holt & Co. \$1.25.

This is a weird tale of three Americans who explored a buried city in an Eastern desert. They came across a tomb bearing an inscription which forbade them to open it. Persisting in doing so they released the Jinn confined within the mummy of a woman. The spirit was a peculiarly vicious one, and entrapped first one and then another of the laborers and two of the explorers. One of the latter barely escaped with his life, but the other was lost. Finally matters got to such a pitch that the exploration had to be abandoned. The tale is well told and the descriptions of desert scenery and atmospheric effects are remarkably well done. In the terror which pervades the story we are strongly reminded of some of Edgar Allen Poe's work.

Azalim. By Mark Ashton. L. C. Page & Co., Boston. \$1.50.

"Azalim" is a tale of the life and times of Jezebel, wife of Ahab, king of the Ten Tribes—that is, of the kingdom of Israel—and not as the sub-title says, of "Old Judea." The Kingdom of Israel was totally distinct from the Kingdom of Judah in Ahab's day.

There is an old proverb, "give a dog a bad name and hang him;" and assuredly Mark Ashton has availed himself to the full of the odium usually attached to the name of Jezebel. Azalim is an Israelite shepherd who is taken prisoner by the Syrians. Jezebel lustfully casts her eyes upon him and stops at nothing to make him her paramour. Deceived about his own betrothal in the Land of Israel, he falls a victim to her wiles, but gets the prophet Elijah to marry them. She casts him off and marries Ahab for the sake of power and wealth, having first persuaded her father to murder the king of Sidon. The whole story is decidedly sensational and the local coloring is good; but, as the author supposes the reader to be familiar with Biblical history, the striking events in Ahab's reign are only lightly touched upon, the interest depending mainly on fiction. It should be remembered in reading the book that there is no warrant for this depraved character of Jezebel. She

was only a "Lady Macbeth," the masterful wife of a weak ruler, devoted to the faith in which she had been brought up, and imbued with the spirit of the age in her tyranny. Nor is there any reason for believing that Ethbaal was other than the lawful king of Sidon, although he probably did usurp the throne of Tyre after assassinating Pheles, the king.

A Daughter of Dale. By Emerson Gifford Taylor. The Century Co., New York. \$1.50.

"Dale" is a university situated near the town of "Oldport." The "Daughter of Dale" is the granddaughter of a favorite professor renowned for his scholarship. A wealthy relative has just graduated, and if he follows the wish of his dead father he will devote his life to the development of the family estate. The professor, however, wants to see him a scholar, and the granddaughter devoted to her university, is just as anxious that he should take a post-graduate course. Perhaps the young man himself has some subtle desire to be within reach of the professorial library for another year. Whether this be so or not, he stays. How he wins the traveling scholarship, how the maiden finally is the one to urge him to throw away the prize, the reader will find pleasure in discovering, for the story is a rarely good one, full of fine descriptions of the life at "Dale." He will probably come to the conclusion, also, that "scholars" are born, not made, and that for a goodly portion of the human race young love and the free life where one can learn "the winds' secrets and the birds'" are better than the narrow cell of the scholar's study.

In Assyrian Tents. By Louis Pendleton. Jewish Publication Society of America, Philadelphia.

This is a better story of Bible times than one usually meets with, for no violence is done to the history with which so many are well acquainted. The period is that sung of by Byron in "The Assyrian came down like a wolf on the fold." Hezekiah and Isaiah are introduced, but the main incidents lie in the camp of the Assyrians and are connected with Sennacherib. Uriel, a young Hebrew, hearing the insulting message of Rab-Shakeh at the wall of Jerusalem, sets out for the Assyrian camp with the intention of assassinating Sennacherib. Being captured by the Assyrians, he secures escape from death and the favor of the king by his powers of song. He is raised to dignity and companionship, and conceives an affection for the Assyrian monarch, and is spared the crime of murder by that strange visitation which is recorded in the Bible narrative. The book is a good one for Sunday-school libraries.

Violina. A Romance. By Mary Ives Todd. Broadway Publishing Company, New York.

"Violina" is a story of a young woman from Maine, of Polish and Italian extraction, a distant relative of Paganini on the mother's side, and a musical genius by heredity on the father's. She goes to Italy to study, falls in love very hastily with a man who poses as a Pole, marries him, also hastily, and finds him to be a scoundrel. The narrative admits of a good deal of guide-book description which is used as padding for a story of no great merit. The volume is probably a "first effort."

Among the October Magazines

Inoculating the Ground

"Did you vaccinate your land this year?" was the startling question I heard one farmer ask another the other day. "Well, I guess," he replied. "You remember that corner field which I gave up as hopeless last year? Well, when I heard about the yeast cakes the Government was giving free with the promise that they'd make clover or alfalfa grow where we farmers couldn't raise anything but weeds, and thin weeds at that, I thought I'd send for several of the cakes. When the cakes came, I vaccinated the field according to instructions, planting it in alfalfa. I tell you, I've had three whopping crops, and I've got off that formerly worthless field five times more than I've been getting off my best land, and I've got some pretty good land, too."

We have grown accustomed to the idea of being vaccinated. Some of our most dread diseases have been vanquished or checked by inoculation—smallpox, diphtheria, rabies, and, we hope, the plague—but to cure sterile ground and make it bring forth fruit in abundance by inoculation is something so strange and revolutionary that we should not believe the statement were it not for convincing and irrefutable facts.

Mr. Gilbert H. Grosvenor thus begins a striking and interesting article in the October "Century" on a recent remarkable discovery in scientific agriculture, well worth the attention of both specialists and ordinary readers.

Henry James and America

The visit of Henry James to this country gives special interest to the article concerning him and his works in "Scribner's" for October. The author says:

He was born of American parents, his earlier childhood was passed in New York, where, he tells us, he spent a large part of his time poring over the pictures in "Punch," yielding himself to the appeal of their trans-Atlantic suggestions, and dreaming of Drury Lane and Kensington Gardens. When he was twelve year old he was taken abroad and his schooling was carried on in France and Switzerland. At sixteen he came back to continue his studies at Harvard. Finally when he was six-and-twenty he went to Europe to live the rest of his life there, chiefly in England. Once only he has returned for a visit of a few months' duration. As he is now well past the middle years, it is immediately apparent how small a part America has played in creating his environment and forming his associations, and it is the more interesting to observe that his attitude toward Americans, after all has been said—and certainly it is not a little—shows extraordinary sympathy and comprehension. He

has written between thirty and forty novels and long stories, and in two-thirds of them, at least, is portrayed the American character with the scrupulous care of a mind ardent in the pursuit of truth. These wonderful types are as flexible and pure of outline, as nervously alive, and as beautifully expressive as any to be found in English fiction. They appear against the backgrounds of British and Continental life provided for them, surrounded by an air of their own, a clear medium of innocence enriched by intelligence. They are acutely interested by the world that lies about them, and abundantly susceptible to new impressions; but what strikes one most forcibly in regarding them as a group is the depth of their temperamental refinement, their inability to think coarsely of their relations with their fellow-beings. They represent their nation on its most exquisite side—youthful, bright, incorruptible, confiding, expectant. And almost with one accord they bring this unsophisticated, receptive temperament to the deep wells of civilization, where the intensity of their thirst becomes apparent. They are continually leaving the keen, thin atmosphere of their native society to expand and ripen in the mellow and brilliant world to which Mr. James invites them, and which returns them rejoiced, or sometimes chastened, but singularly unspotted and unimpaired.

Plain Truths About the Tsar

The remarkable article concerning the Tsar, published recently and anonymously in the "Quarterly Review" (London) is reprinted in "The World's Work" for October. The author is "a Russian official of high rank" and few articles have attracted such general attention. We quote from the article as follows:

THE TSAR AS A BUSINESS MAN

A great deal has been written about the Tsar's love of peace, his clemency, his benevolence, and his fairness; but the Russian authors of these eulogies belong to the category of flatterers, who, when his Majesty sleeps, are busy quoting profound passages from his snoring. His reputation as a staunch friend of peace, is but the reflex of the views laboriously impressed upon him by M. de Witte, whose whole policy, good and evil, was based upon peace. But, owing to the defective condition of that faculty by which the mind traces effects to causes and calculates results, all he does contributes to bring about the very ends which he abhors.

In the conduct of state affairs, the Tsar is reserved and formal. Like his father, when presiding over a committee or council, he listens in silence to the opinions of others, almost always withholding his own. He sometimes

departs from this rule when he wishes to give a certain direction to the discussion. It was thus when M. de Plehve brought in the bill to enlarge the arbitrary powers of provincial governors, proposing that these officials should be the representatives not only of the government, but also of the autocrat, and should, therefore, share his powers. The Emperor then opened the sitting with a few words to the effect that he concurred in that view. In his study, he is generally busy signing replies to addresses of loyalty, or writing comments on the various reports presented by ministers, governors and other officials. He is encouraged by his courtiers to believe that all these replies and comments are priceless; for even such trivial remarks as "I am very glad," "God grant it may be so," are published in large type in the newspapers, glazed over in the manuscript, and carefully preserved in the archives like the relics of a saint. But the most interesting are never published; and, of these, there is a choice collection. Here is one: A report of the negotiations respecting the warship *Manchur* was recently laid before him by Count Lamsdorff. The tenor of it was that the Chinese authorities had summoned the *Manchur* to quit the neutral harbor of Shanghai at the repeated and urgent request of the Japanese consul there. On the margin of that report, his majesty penned the memorable words: "The Japanese consul is a scoundrel."

Submarine Warships

"Steaming Under Water" is the title of a striking article in October "Outing," by Franklin Matthews. It deals with submarine navigation as concerned chiefly with war. The history, the gradual development, and the final success of the submarine warship is given clearly and makes interesting reading. The author says:

The endurance of these boats is remarkable. With all the batteries charged, and air tanks filled with forty cubic feet of air at a pressure of two thousand pounds to the square inch, it is estimated that the *Adder* and *Moccasin*; both of whose trials have been acceptable to the government, can run four hundred knots on the surface at a speed of eight and one-half knots, and five hundred knots at a speed of six knots. In the awash condition one of these ships could travel three hundred and forty knots at a speed of seven knots, using the gasoline engine. In a submerged condition, using, of course, the electric motor entirely, the boat could go twenty-seven knots at a speed of seven knots, or thirty-five knots at a speed of five and one-half knots. Going three knots an hour while submerged, it is estimated that such a boat could travel one hundred and twenty-five knots without coming to the surface.

As to the invisibility of these boats, there occurred what might be called a truly wonderful exhibition about three years ago with the *Holland* in lower New York Bay. The water was exceedingly rough. Two large tug boats were crowded with spectators to witness the evolutions of the boat. It was to run a mile toward

the sea and come up three times in the mile. When the boat dived, the wind and water caught the stern and turned the boat completely around. Then it disappeared. After waiting a minute or two, the tugs went over the course indicated. Nothing more was seen of the *Holland* for more than an hour. Practically everyone thought it was lost. Here were more than one hundred persons, all keeping a sharp lookout, and knowing exactly what the boat was to do, straining every nerve to keep watch of it, but unable to find it. The boat made the trip all right, came to the surface as directed, but was carried half a mile out of its course by the tide and current, and yet no one could see it. What chance would a battleship have against such a craft, especially if it was not known definitely that there was one in the neighborhood? The government has required a twelve hours' test of the machinery of these vessels, whereas, big warships have only a four hours' test.

The Marquis Ito on the Japanese Army and Navy

Of quite unusual interest is the article in October "Leslie's Monthly" on "The Future of Japan," by Marquis Ito. In view of recent achievements of Japan on land and sea in the war with Russia, the sentences following are worth reading:

I have always recognized the vital importance of a supremely efficient navy and army. The former is made the more important by our insular position. Our programme of naval expansion laid down after the Chinese War in 1895, is practically completed, and Japan possesses now a homogeneous and powerful modern fleet. In its numbers are included several of the largest and best armed battle-ships and cruisers, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that the Japanese sailors and officers are fully as efficient in every respect as the ships they man. Our navy is largely of British construction, and we have made that country our model in this department, although, following the principles that have enabled us to make our progress in the past, we are always anxious and ready to take advantage of improvements from any source.

Although it has been necessary first of all to develop our fleet, the army, too, has not been neglected. It has been more than doubled of late, and has now a war footing of over five hundred thousand men. The bold experiment of conscription, tried at the beginning of the New Era, has proved itself on many occasions—notably the Satsuma Rebellion, the Chinese War, and the Boxer outbreak. On the last occasion, the Japanese army was enabled to play a very great part in the relief of Peking, and show to the other allies a striking illustration of organization, morale, personnel, and equipment; and this efficiency and thoroughness are to be found through and through our army system. First based on French, and later on German models, with foreign instructors, the Japanese army has since developed a model of its own, and has proved its capacity of training and further developing itself.

A Dramatic Incident in the Life of George William Curtis

The following tribute to George William Curtis, by Carl Schurtz, is quoted from an article in the October "McClure's," which is rich in historical and personal reminiscence.

Among the most inspiring recollections of my life is a scene I witnessed in the Republican National Convention of 1860, which nominated Abraham Lincoln as its candidate for the presidency of the United States. The Convention was about to vote upon the Republican platform reported by the Committee on Resolutions. Then arose the venerable form of Joshua R. Giddings of Ohio, one of the veteran champions of the anti-slavery cause. He confessed himself painfully surprised that the Declaration of Independence had not found a word of recognition in that solemn announcement of the Republican creed, and he moved to amend the platform by inserting in a certain place the words: "That the maintenance of the principle promulgated in the Declaration of Independence and embodied in the Federal Constitution, that all men are created equal; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights; that among these are life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness; that to secure those rights governments are instituted among men, deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed, is essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." The Convention, impatient, as such assemblages are apt to be at any proposition threatening to delay the despatch of business, heedlessly rejected the amendment. Mr. Giddings, a look of distress upon his face, his white head towering above the crowd, slowly and sadly walked toward the door of the hall.

Suddenly, from among the New York delegation, a young man of strikingly beautiful features leaped upon a chair and demanded to be heard. The same noisy demonstration of impatience greeted him. But he would not yield. "Gentlemen," he said in calm tones, "this is a convention of free speech, and I have been given the floor. I have but a few words to say to you, but I shall say them if I stand here until to-morrow morning." Another tumultuous explosion of impatience, but he did not falter. At last his courage won, and silence fell upon the assemblage. Then his musical voice rang out like a trumpet call. Was this, he said, the party of freedom met on the borders of the free prairies to advance the cause of liberty and human rights? And would the representatives of that party dare to reject the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence affirming the equality and rights of men? After a few such sentences of almost defiant appeal, he renewed the amendment to the platform moved by Mr. Giddings, and with an overwhelming shout of enthusiasm, the Convention adopted it.

The young man who did this was George William Curtis. I had never seen him before. After the adjournment of that day's session I went to him to thank him for what he had done. We became friends then and there, and remained friends to the day of his death.

The Origin of Mont St. Michel

Few writers of travel sketches have a larger audience than Mrs. Pennell, and her article in the October "Century" will delight both old and new readers. "In the Peril of the Sea" is the title, and its significance is shown in the paragraphs which follow:

Had there been no earthquake and rising of the waters, the story of Mont St. Michel would be very like that of any other medieval abbey in France: the story of saintly monks and miracles, of shrines and pilgrimages, of piety expressed in noble architecture, of love of art and learning, of increasing wealth and power and abuse of it, of reform and revived ardor and fresh relapse, and finally, the Revolution. Only Mont St. Michel answered too well as a prison to be destroyed. And when jailers and prisoners had got done with it, enough was left to be turned into a national monument in 1870.

The First Trans-Continental Railroad

The trans-continental trip with all its luxuries of travel and panoramic effects of scenery, is now accepted so much as a matter of course that it is difficult to realize the wonder created by the finishing of the first railroad across the Continent, well within the memory of the present generation. This notable achievement is described in the October "Harper's" by Frank H. Spearman. One of the interesting incidents described is the accidental discovery of the crossing of the Black Hills.

Preliminary lines had been run, but no final location had been made west of Laramie City, where town lots were sold in April, 1868. General Dodge had already solved the vital problem of the pass across the Rockies, by getting lost one afternoon in the Black Hills—if it is fair so to describe the accident which led to the remarkable discovery. For over two years all explorations had failed to reveal a satisfactory crossing of this secondary range known as the Black Hills, which, on account of their short approaches and their great height, is the most difficult of all the ranges to get over. On this occasion General Dodge, returning from a Powder River campaign, leaving his troops, with a scout and a few men rode up Lodge Pole Creek along the overland trail, and struck south along the crest of the mountains. Indians beset the little party before noon, and got between them and their trains. Holding the Indians at bay with their Winchesters, they retreated. It was nearly night when they finally escaped the enemy, and meantime, they had ridden down an unknown ridge that led out of the hills and clear to the plains without a break. That night General Dodge told his guide that if they saved their scalps, he believed they had found the crossing of the Black Hills: over this pass the trains of the Union Pacific run to day.

Magazine Reference List for October, 1904

Artistic, Dramatic and Musical

- Advice to Girls with Dramatic Ambitions
 Woman's Home Companion
 Authors from an Artist's Standpoint.. Pearson's
 Great Theatrical Syndicate, The
 Leslie's Monthly
 Italian Villas and Their Gardens..... Century
 Old English Sacred Drama..... New Lippincott
 "Othello" Harper's
 Royal Academy, The..... Scribner's

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- Archbishop of Canterbury, The
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 Senator Hoar at Home..... National
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 James, Henry..... Scribner's
 Kuropatkin, General..... Review of Reviews
 Maeterlink, The Belgian Shakespeare
 Chautauquan
 Watson, Thomas E..... Review of Reviews
 Wives of George IV..... Munsey's

Educational Topics

- Home Education..... Chautauquan
 Spread of Vacation Schools, The.. World's Work
 Yale Summer School of Forestry, The
 World's Work

Essays and Miscellany

- American Books in England.... World's Work
 Ancient Bruges..... Four-Track News
 Bacteriology vs. Contagious Disease
 Chautauquan
 Clermont..... Four-Track News
 Elmwood..... Four-Track News
 Extent of the Universe, The..... Harper's
 Freemasonry..... Munsey's
 Frontenac..... Harper's
 Governor's Island..... Four-Track News
 How the College Girl Celebrates Hallowe'en
 Woman's Home Companion
 "In the Peril of the Sea"..... Century
 Italian in the United States, The.. World's Work
 Language We Speak, The..... Munsey's
 Last Challenge, The..... Outing
 Little Tyrant of the Burrows, The.... Harper's
 Personality of the Tsar, The..... World's Work
 Recollections of a Mosby Guerrilla... Munsey's
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 Togo, the Man and the Admiral..... Century
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 Vivid Pictures of Great War Scenes
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Historical and Political

- Afterglow of the French Revolution
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 Battle of Yalu River as I Saw It, The
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- Behind the Vail in Russia..... National
 Cossacks, The..... Century
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 From Blacksmith to Boss..... Leslie's Monthly
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 Twentieth Century Belgium..... Chautauquan
 War of 1812, The..... Scribner's

Religious and Philosophical

- Shakers of Mount Lebanon, The
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Scientific and Industrial

- Berlin's Unique Printing Telegraph.... National
 Cotton Pickers, The..... Outing
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 Moulders, The..... Scribner's
 New York Subway, The..... World's Work
 Rebuilding a Great Railroad..... World's Work

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- Every Man's Duty Regarding Tuberculosis
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 Great Questions in Life Insurance, World's Work
 Newer Aspects of the Industrial Conflict, The
 Review of Reviews
 Publicity about Corporations.... World's Work
 Real Dangers of the Trusts, The..... Century

Travel, Sport and Out-of-Doors

- Climbing Canada's Highest Peak..... Outing
 Domestic Trails of Bob White..... Outing
 How Atlantic Greyhounds are Named
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 How Trees are Transplanted..... Outing
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 Nature Study..... Chautauquan
 One Way to Pick a Horse..... Outing
 On the Nile..... Harper's
 Steaming Under Water..... Outing
 Twentieth Century Deer Hunting..... Outing
 Yankee Horse, The..... Outing

Humor from Many Sources

A Good Story Denied but Not Spoiled

The famous story about Tim Campbell, in which he abrogated the Constitution, dates back to the time when he was in Congress. It was said that he asked Mr. Cleveland, who was then President, to make a certain appointment.

"But it would be unconstitutional," said Mr. Cleveland.

"Ah, Mr. President," expostulated the Congressman, "what is the Constitution betwene frinds?"

Mr. Campbell denied this story to the day of his death.

"I have been guilty of a million crimes," he was wont to say, "but never did I cast contumelious scorn upon the Constitution of the United States."—N. Y. Sun.

A Case of Mistaken Identity

Residents of a certain part of Spruce Street have often seen two charming old ladies, twin sisters who look so much alike that no one ever bothers to distinguish between them, coming out from one of the houses. The fact that they both dress almost alike makes it still harder to tell them apart.

Someone who knows the old ladies very well, relates that Ann, while making a hurried departure for one of the big department stores last week, put on Susan's bonnet by mistake. In walking through the store she came suddenly in front of a full length mirror, and stepped back in astonishment, saying: "Why, Sue; I didn't know you were coming down-town this morning."—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A Japanese Fable

From "Japan of To-Day," by James A. B. Scherer (J. B. Lippincott Co., Philadelphia), we take this charming example of Japanese humor:

Once upon a time—so runs the story, which I quote from memory—a certain bald retainer called upon his lord and master, to have a long talk about various matters pertaining to the management of the large estate. It was winter, and when the noble lord came in, he saw to it that a liberal supply of glowing charcoal embers sent forth their grateful heat from a brazier set between them on the floor. Thus they sat flat upon the mats and talked, the retainer now and then uttering exclamations of astonishment at the wisdom of his sage employer, who was known far and wide for his sound sense and un-failing presence of mind. The while they talked, this latter quality received fresh and convincing illustration. For the charcoal, snappy and saucy in the frosty air, suddenly sent a glowing ember leaping into the very lap of the stately lord, full upon his handsome apron

of brocaded silk. The bald retainer flew all to pieces in his helpless anxiety to relieve the situation—gazing wildly around for some implement to remove the red-hot coal, and sputtering like a sperm-whale in his excitement. But meanwhile, the master, with a calm remark to the effect that it was of no consequence whatever, had quietly inserted his hand beneath his silken apron, and, with the skilful "chuck" of a boy playing marbles, had shot the saucy fire-ball back into its proper place before it had even scorched the precious silk. When the excited retainer at length comprehended what had happened, he sat back upon his haunches speechless with admiration, unable to do anything but utter an occasional "Naruhodo!" of rapt amazement over such marvelous presence of mind. He had learned a lesson—ever hereafter would he strive to emulate the matchless wisdom of his lord. Meanwhile, the lord sat talking as though nothing had happened, to his faithful, if somewhat abstracted, servitor, whose thoughts were now fixed on loftier themes than tenantry and rents. Would that he might have opportunity to imitate the wisdom of his master! As luck would have it, the opportunity was not long delayed. For the malicious charcoal once more vented its fiery spleen, a living coal leaping this time straight for the flat bald head of the retainer, where it lay and glowed with wrath. It was now the master's turn to become excited. He looked from side to side for some implement of relief; he clapped his hands wildly to summon the maid—and exclaimed:

"Why, man, that coal will burn straight through into your stupid brain!"

But the retainer sat perfectly cool and collected, an expression of calm and elevated superiority upon his suffering brow.

"Never mind," he murmured; "it is of no consequence whatever,"—and, mindful of his lord's example, reached up and chucked himself under the chin!

Working by the Day

John D. Rockefeller, jr., was talking to his Sunday-school class about industry.

"Our industry," he said, with a faint smile, "should not be of such a nature that the remark once applied to a certain Scot could ever be applied to us.

"I'll tell you what the remark I allude to was.

"Two old farmers were walking down a road near Dunfermline when one of them pointed to a distant field and said, shading his eyes from the sun:

"That figure over there—I wonder if its a scarecrow."

"He stopped and regarded the figure very attentively for a space. Then he concluded, in a satisfied tone:

"Yes, it's not moving. It must be a scare-crow."

"But the other farmer had sharper eyes and a better understanding, maybe, of certain types of human nature.

"No," he said dryly; 'no, it's not a scarecrow. It's a man working by the day.'"—*Tribune*.

For years a little girl, says a friend of CURRENT LITERATURE, had been in the habit every morning of saying a prayer in verse, two lines of which were:

"All through the day, I humbly pray,
Be thou my guard and guide."

One day when she had finished, her aunt was electrified by the child exclaiming, "Aunt Emma, that is the most foolish prayer I ever heard. What do I want a garden guide for?"

A statesman dined with an Illinois minister, and amused himself by talking with the minister's small boy. "Look here, Joe," he said, "I've a question to ask you about your father." "All right," said Joe, gravely. "Well," said the guest, "I want to know if your father doesn't preach the same sermon twice sometimes?" "Yes, I think he does," Joe replied, with just a little twinkle; "but the second time he always hollers in different places from what he did the first time."—*New York Tribune*.

Then and Now

In	What
days	would she
long	say if she
ago (in	saw girls
the six-	to-day with
ties you	skirts
know) when	clutched
grandma	so tight-
went walking	ly they
she held	all
her skirts so.	look
this	way?

Inland Printer.

Breaking the News

Mr. Nolan had acquired a great reputation for tact, so that when Mr. Cassidy fell from a ladder and broke his leg it was quickly decided by all the workmen that Mr. Nolan should bear the tidings to Mrs. Cassidy.

"He broke the news gradual," said Mr. Leahy to his wife that night, "and by the time she learned the thruth she was as ca'm as a clock, they say Oh, he's the great man, is Timothy Nolan!"

"How did he do it?" asked Mrs. Leahy, impatiently.

"Like this," said Mr. Nolan's admirer. "He went to the house and rang the bell, and he says,

'Thin Dinnis is not dead, Mrs. Cassidy, or you'd niver be so gay lookin'."

"Dead," she screeches. 'Who said he was dead?'

"Thin it's not true he's near to dyin' wid the smallpox, either," said Timmy Nolan, 'or you'd niver be lookin' so amazed."

"Smallpox!" she cries. 'Has he got the smallpox, Timmy Nolan, and been tuk to the hospital widout me sayin' good-by to him?'

"Sure an' he has not," said Timmy Nolan, in a comfortin' tone. 'It's only that he broke a few bones in his leg, fallin' from a ladder, an' I'm sent ahead wid the news."

"It's you that's a true friend, an' you have lifted a big load from me heart," said Mrs. Cassidy, and she gave a warm shake to his hand and went back to her washin'."—*Youth's Companion*.

'Appy-Jappy! P. J. T. New York Globe

We've sized up fightin' men across the seas,

An' some of 'em was good an' some was not.

But ye can take them any ways ye please,

The Jappy is the finest of the lot.

'E's as nimble as a newly wedded flea,

'E's as vicious as a bloomin' stingin' hant,

'E's so small that when the Russian enmee

Tries to shoot 'im, why Lor' bless yer soul,

they can't.

Then 'ere's to ye, 'Appy-Jappy, with the bias

to yer heye.

Ye've a lot o' gods too many, but ye'll drop

'em by an' by;

Oh, ye're all Jamaica ginger, an' yer like we

couldn't spare,

For yere Providence's physick for the grouty

Russian bear.

There's only forty 'airs upon 'is face,

An' none of 'em is more 'an 'arf a hinch;

'Is skin 'e stole out of a mummy-case,

'E'll measure five-foot-two upon a pinch.

'E'll bankit on a biscuit for a week,

An' 'ave 'is dissipation hout in tea;

When slaughterin' 'e's just as mild

As when squattin' 'mong 'is yaller familee.

Then 'ere's to ye, 'Appy-Jappy, an' the mis-

sus an' the kid.

The mikado said "Do-Rusko!" an' ye blandly

went and did.

Ye slammed 'em with torpedoes while ye

tried to comb yer 'air.

An' ye made 'em run to 'Arbin when ye

walked to take the hair.

'E 'asn't any carpet on the floor,

'Is furniture is mostly in 'is pack;

'E never 'as a lock upon the door,

A burglar's always welcome to 'is shack.

With nothing 'ere or yon to fret about,

'E'd just as soon the bucket kick as not,

If only in a fight he'd get knocked out,

'E'd do the hari-kari on the spot.

Then 'ere's to ye, 'Appy-Chappy, in yer hem-

pire o' Japan,

Ye're a poor benighted 'eathen, but a first-

class fightin' man,

Too childish for to worry, and too wise for

feelin' blue,

Ye can wallop all the nations—well, hexcept-

ing one or two.

Open Questions

1080. One of the sailors here, telling how he managed to get a boat safely between the islands and the mainland into the harbor in a dense fog at night, said he heard "the rote of the waves on the island." What is the origin of the word rote in that sense?

E., Sorrento, Me.

[The CENTURY DICTIONARY gives as local, England and United States, "The sound of the surf before a storm." Rote is there given as old English for "way, a doublet of route," but another use, old and of Celtic origin, is a stringed instrument of music and Chaucer is quoted as follows: "Well couthe he synge and pleyen on a rote." The monotonous sound of the primitive harp or fiddle is, therefore, the probable cause of this use of the word. Webster describes the instrument as "of the hurdy-gurdy kind," which suggests the interminable as the thought carried in "the rote of the sea."]

1081. If you have books or know where I can get readable books concerning the African continent, please give me names, prices and grades.
MISS STELLA SMITH, Zion City, Ill.

[Apply to any large publishing house for price-list of books on the subject, stating particularly what part of Africa information is wanted about, and the character of the books, whether concerning travel, history or geography. Publishers' price lists give a school manual, George Philips, 55c.; "British Africa," Funk & Wagnal's, \$2.50; "Africa and Its Explorers," by R. Brown, Cassell, four volumes at \$2 each; Harpers have one at \$2.00; and Appletons "Actual Africa," at \$5.00. The Boston Public Library has a bulletin of books about Africa, 1894; and the explorations by Dr. Livingstone, Henry M. Stanley, and the entertaining Paul du Chaillu are always of interest. There was much adverse criticism of du Chaillu's African books because of his incredible stories of gorillas and pygmies, but later exploration fully sustained his statements.]

1082. Can you tell me the author of the following lines?

CHARLES E. JACKSON, Pittsburg, Pa.

Slumber on, beloved one,
All the night is lone and still.
Slumber on, then, all my own,
May my image thy dreams fill.

Like pale moonbeams o'er thy bed
May my love that vigil keep,
O'er thy soul a halo shed,
Guard thy spirit in its sleep.

1083. Will you kindly tell me where the following quotation from Chopin can be found? "One arrives at art only by roads barred to the vulgar, by the road of prayer, of purity of heart, by confidence in the wisdom of the Eternal and even in that which is incomprehensible."

FANCHON KLINE, Portland, Ore.

[In some letter to a musician, if at all; we have not found it by searching, but a reader may be able to find it. "Frédéric Chopin, as a Man and Musician" (by Friedrich Niecks) gives excerpts from many letters, and Moritz Karasowski, in "Frédéric Chopin: His Life Letters and Works," gives more fully letters to his friends and family.]

1084. On several occasions reference has been made to the "seven greatest novels." Is there such a list? If so, I will thank you to name them in your "Open Question Department."

L. PEYTON LITTLE, Lynchburg, Va.

[We have not sufficient space to name them, for their name is legion; but to oblige our correspondent we will print a number of lists if our readers care to suggest the most likely candidates. The question is not limited, as it should be, to those written in English, for the difference of language, nationality and religious and social institutions is a great bar to any general comparison of world literature, such as would be implied in a list such as is called for in this question. There are great works of fiction that are translated into all languages which have literature, Cervantes, Rabelais, Le Sage, Bunyan were known beyond their countries' bounds. But, taking the question in its limited sense, "Ivanhoe," "Vanity Fair," "Tale of Two Cities," etc., would all find advocates who would include these works in the seven best. A reader of Scott would not like to omit the "Heart of Midlothian," or "The Antiquary," nor would Thackeray's admirers be content with one representative, while the "Pickwick Papers" could only be excluded on the same ground that would exclude "The Innocents Abroad." Some such order of excellence may be arranged for a special purpose, but it could not find general acceptance.]

1085. Would it be asking too much of you to request a list of say fifty of the best novels published this year?

MRS. J. WEBB TURNER, New London, Mo.

[This question can best be answered a little later. Nothing like a satisfactory list could be given at present, but a collation of book reviews ought to give an answer to the inquiry. We have not read fifty novels of this year's crop. Some very promising novels are appearing new from the press, and some that have been published serially are now in proper form. If a list be sought for a library the list of books most called for will serve as an index to popularity, and booksellers furnish lists of the best selling novels.]

1086. Will you kindly inform me from what publishers I may obtain the following books: "The Life of William Morris," by Mackail; "The Legend of the Brier Rose," by William Morris; "The Story of the Scarlet Cardinal," by Gene Stratton-Porter? And please give me prices of each. Did you not publish an excerpt from the last-named book? If so, please give date of copy.

JANIE MADDOX, Stone Mountain, Ga.

["The Courtship of the Cardinal" was published in *CURRENT LITERATURE*, September, 1903, an excerpt from "The Song of the Cardinal," by Gene Stratton-Porter. The book is published by The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Indianapolis.

"The Life of William Morris," by John William Mackail, is published by Longmans, Green & Co., New York and London, in two volumes. The price of the second edition is \$3.60, net. "The Legend of the Brier Rose" is apparently not published separately, nor can we find a poem of that title. Perhaps the poem you wish is included in the "Pre-Raphaelite Ballads," A. Wessels Co., New York.]

1087. Where was "The Land We Love" published? It was a Southern magazine, and contained an account of the Indian fighting in the Valley of Virginia, by Mrs. Margaret Lewis.

W. C. D., Yonkers, N. Y.

["The Land We Love" was published at Charlotte, N. C., from May, 1861, to March, 1869. It was merged into the "New Eclectic." The sixth volume, January, 1869, contained the valley manuscript, "The Commonplace book of Me, Margaret Lewis, née Lynn, of Loch Lynn, Scotland, being a nest for my soul's repose in the troublous time which hath befallen."]

ANSWERS BY CORRESPONDENTS.

1070. "Oh, were you ne'er a Schoolboy" is a little poem found in McGuffey's readers forty or fifty years ago. I think it was in the Second Reader, McGuffey's Eclectic Series, and the lesson was embellished with a gorgeous illustration of the charge on the geese.

I have not seen it for nearly fifty years, but I think I remember it correctly, and enclose it herewith.

DANIEL M. HAMMACK, Los Angeles, Cal.

Oh, were you ne'er a schoolboy,
And did you never train,
And feel the swelling of the heart
You ne'er shall feel again?

Didst never meet far down the street,
With plumes and banners gay,
While the kettle for the kettledrum
Played your march, march away?

It seems to me but yesterday
Nor scarce so long ago,
Since all our school their muskets took
To meet the fearful foe.

Our captain was as brave a lad
As e'er commission bore,
As brightly shone his new tin sword,
A paper cap he wore.

Our muskets were of cedar wood,
With ramrod bright and new,
With bayonet forever set,
And painted barrel, too.

We charged upon a flock of geese,
And put them all to flight,
Save one old sturdy gander,
That thought to show us fight.

But ah, we knew a thing or two,
Our captain wheeled the van;
We routed him, we scouted him,
Nor lost a single man.

1072. I have a typewritten copy of the poem wanted. I obtained it from a lecturer on the life and works of Eugene Field. It was written at quite an early age. I will send a copy of it if you desire it.

PAUL J. SWIGART, Huntingdon, Pa.

The verses with lines "If I darst but I darsn't" do belong to Eugene Field and can be found on page 90 of his volume "Songs and other Verse." The title of the verses is "The Limitations of Youth."

HELEN M. GILLING.

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ARTHUR W. PINERO

From a Drawing by Rothenstein